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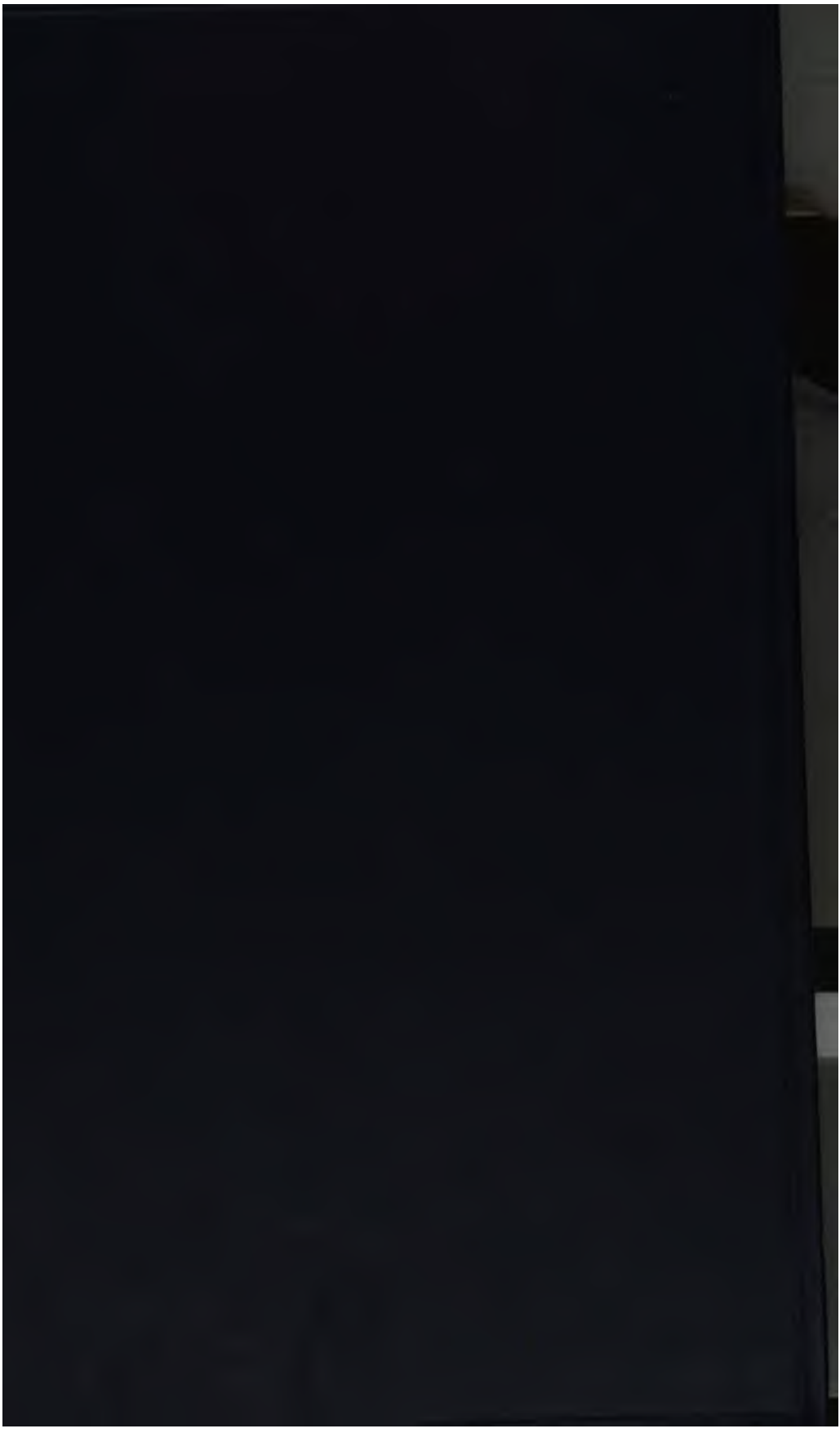

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MEMORIALS OF TWO SISTERS

LYRA GERMANICA

HYMNS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

CATHERINE WINKWORTH

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Catherine Winslow

MEMORIALS OF TWO SISTERS

SUSANNA AND CATHERINE WINKWORTH

EDITED BY THEIR NIECE

MARGARET J. SHAEN

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA
1908

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PREFACE

It is thirty years since Catherine Winkworth died, and those who read this book will naturally wonder what is the reason of its tardy appearance.

After her death her eldest sister, Susanna, was asked by many friends whether she could not write some slight memorial of her. With that object in view, Susanna collected all the available letters. Unfortunately the four or five most valuable series had all been destroyed, very possibly because they were so interwoven with confidential matter that their recipients were unwilling they should be seen by any eyes but their own, for during the whole of her life Catherine's sympathy and judgment were sought by all her friends in their most intimate concerns. However that may be, Susanna regretfully came to the conclusion that the material no longer existed which would have enabled her to give an adequate picture of her sister. She therefore decided against publication, but she collected a large number of general family letters, such as were of great interest to the immediate relations, though quite unsuitable for a larger circle of readers. To these letters she added the connecting narrative up to the year 1858. Her death, before she was able to complete the story, was a

great loss to the interest of the remaining years. A few of the long letters from Susanna herself were not included in her original scheme of the book, but she gave them to me shortly before her death, with permission to include them if I wished to do so.

These privately printed records have been lent to a few friends, and several of these from time to time have expressed a strong wish that a large portion of the book might be published. For many years this seemed impossible, but the weight of such requests gradually accumulated, and the final impetus was given about a year ago by the very warm interest and admiration expressed by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. He urged that the picture of family life of sixty years ago had an interest of its own, and to preserve that, I have left in various little details, trivial in themselves, but such as make the general picture more vivid. I can scarcely hope to have steered quite clear between the equal dangers of too much and too little. I have, however, received invaluable help in the repeated prunings necessary to reduce over twelve hundred pages to about a quarter of that amount, from my friends Mrs. Litchfield and Miss Astley, from Mr. W. H. Peet, who has also very kindly supplied the bibliography and many of the footnotes, and most especially from my aunt, Miss Winkworth, the youngest sister of Susanna and Catherine, to whom I am also indebted for the little account of her stepmother, and for most of the connecting links in the last few years.

I have not, as a rule, put in signs of omission in the letters, because, from their frequency, they would have been annoying; but I have been careful that the meaning of what is left should never be altered by the omissions made.

I desire heartily to thank Sir Maurice de Bunsen, Major-General Sir F. Maurice, Miss Gertrude Martineau, Mr. W. Crum Ewing, Sir F. A. Channing, M.P., Mr. J. R. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Mrs. J. A. Symonds for their courteous permission to publish various letters which much enhance whatever value this book may possess.

MARGARET JOSEPHINE SHAEN.

ARISAIG, *July 1st*, 1908.

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MEMORIALS OF TWO SISTERS

CHAPTER I

1827–1844

My sister Catherine was born in No. 20, Ely Place, Holborn, on the 13th September 1827.

Our father, Henry Winkworth, was then in business as a silk manufacturer, in partnership with his elder brother Thomas, and a Mr. Bell. He was the youngest son of the Rev. William Winkworth, who came of a Berkshire family, of whom he was the last survivor, his only brother, who went into the navy, dying young, unmarried. My grandfather chose the Church, and threw in his lot with the then unpopular Evangelical party; but, a few years after his ordination, was elected by the parishioners, chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark. That parish, which was one of the very few in which the parishioners elected the incumbent, was at that time a stronghold of the new Evangelical teaching, which was beginning to convulse the Establishment. Many prophesied that unless its teachers were expelled, the Church would be broken up; but the prophecy proved futile, as all similar ones have done since. The first sermon ever preached in the Church of England for a Missionary Society was preached in my grandfather's church, and he was the intimate friend of Romaine, Cecil, Newton, Rowland Hill, and the other devoted men who were awakening

a new religious life in the nation. He was a fine-looking man, of noble and winning manners, and possessed remarkable influence over those with whom he came in contact. He early received the appointment of chaplain to Horsemonger Lane Gaol, a prison in which many political offenders were confined; and, in this capacity, he attended the notorious Colonel Despard,[1] and was said to have converted him before his execution, and received his confession. The Government valued my grandfather's services so highly that he was marked for promotion, but just as preferment was about to be offered him, he had an apoplectic seizure, and after a few months' illness, died before he was fifty-four, leaving his widow with a very small income on which to bring up four sons under nineteen and a little daughter of seven.

My grandfather left behind him a very valuable library, particularly rich in curious old ecclesiastical books, his family having been connected with the Church for many generations. During my grandmother's absence from home, her co-executor sold the library in ignorance of its value, and she found it impossible to regain possession of it without a lawsuit, which she could not afford. She has often told us of her grief at this loss, for her sons' sake as well as her own. When they had attained a suitable age her eldest son received from Government an appointment as navy surgeon, her youngest—my father—as clerk in the Transport Office, her other two sons went into business.

Our mother's family was also actively concerned in the great revival which at that time concentrated the best religious life of the nation. Her father,

[1] Executed in 1803 for conspiring to murder George III.

Stephen Dickenson, was the eldest son of a wealthy yeoman, who owned the farm of Stone Court and some outlying property at Pembury, in Kent. When only eighteen, he was turned out of doors penniless, by his father, for becoming a disciple of Whitefield, and refusing to join in any worldly amusements. Having thus no capital, but possessing a great love of books and knowledge, he took a labourer's cottage, where he opened a village school, an innovation in those days, when even respectable farmers' sons were barely taught to read and write. He proved an apt teacher, and his school succeeded so well that in a short time he was able to buy an adjacent piece of waste woodland, which he cleared and brought into cultivation with his own hands with so much skill that it became the most productive hop-garden of the neighbourhood. Adding, by degrees, other bits of land, he gave up his school, and settled at Pembury as one of the small landowners then so numerous in Kent, but now nearly extinct. They were a most independent class of men, and could hold their own, if need were, against both squire and clergyman.

My grandfather Dickenson was a magnificently-built man, handsome, witty, and vehement; strong-willed and high-tempered, but always gentle and deferential to women. He used to tell us much about our grandmother, and made us love her, though we had scarcely known her, as she died when I was five. The view from Pembury to the north was bounded by a long green line of distant downs, on one of which shone a white spire. He would say to us: "Do you see that little white dot on the hillside? That's East Peckham Church, and that's my star: I look at it every day of my life. That's where I first

saw your dear grandmother. They put me into a great square pew, just opposite the very sweetest girl I ever looked at; and when it came to the singing, her voice was as sweet as her face. Before the last Psalm was over, I said to myself, 'Please the Lord, that woman shall be my wife.' And before the year was out so she was."

He was enthusiastically fond of the country, and would tell us the names of every bird and flower we saw; but though a capital rider, he would never join in either hunting or shooting, calling them "vain and cruel diversions." He heartily pitied the people who had to live in towns, and always spoke contemptuously of London, as "that big black ant-hill." When my mother married, she went to live there, and he gave her a larger dowry than her sister who was settled in the country, saying: "My dear, it's because I do feel so much for you, being shut out from the sight of the green meadows." Though living quite out of the world of letters, and reading scarcely any but religious books, he cared for every bit of knowledge he could get hold of, and in his old age was delighted to witness the beginnings of the popular education which he had been longing for all his life. I well remember how, in riding along the scattered village, he would pounce down upon the little urchins playing in the road, and put them through an examination in spelling and tables, exclaiming to me sometimes, with a beaming face: "Why, Sukey, I can't puzzle them with spelling any word nowadays!" He generally ended by stooping down from his horse, and clutching the best boy in his big right hand, lifting him up behind him, then telling him to cling tight, gave him a ride to the next stopping place.

His youngest brother, Daniel, was also turned out of his father's house, some years later than himself, on account of the change in his religious views. The two brothers became members of the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, at Tunbridge Wells, of which they were deacons for more than fifty years, both dying in extreme old age. They were alike men of ardent piety, consistent lives, and intelligence above the average. The life in their households was very similar to that depicted by Mrs. Beecher Stowe in her stories of rural Puritan New England homes. Besides the regular family worship, always conducted extempore by the head of the house, nothing special was undertaken without prayer, and the Scripture injunction, "if any be merry let him sing psalms," was literally followed, hymn singing being the constant recreation when the work of the day was over.

When in old age, they desired to leave a chapel as a legacy to their native village, in which, at that time, according to Evangelical phrase, "the Gospel was not preached" in the parish church. For this purpose our grandfather gave a piece of his land, while Uncle Daniel, who had no land of his own, contributed the bricks and mortar. The vicar, hearing of the proposed chapel, was so much incensed that, although under great pecuniary obligations to the Dickensons, he incited Lord Camden's steward to send Daniel Dickenson a notice to quit, unless he desisted from building the chapel. To his wife's lamentations that this meant ruin, our uncle replied: "I was turned out of my father's house at seventeen for my religion, and, if it be the Lord's will, I can be turned out of my farm at seventy for His sake." However, when Lord Camden came to hear of it, he

was not inclined to lose so good a tenant, and ordered the notice to be withdrawn.

I have described these Pembury households as showing the influences under which our mother's character was moulded. Thus it will be seen that our childhood was passed in the warmest atmosphere of Evangelical devotion, and our early heroes were all great missionaries or preachers. I remember my father's saying: "I could listen to Mr. Sibthorp (his favourite preacher) on my knees, and heaven seems to open before me as he speaks." While still quite children we were sometimes taken to three services on Sunday, besides teaching in Sunday-school;[1] and a missionary meeting at Exeter Hall was the greatest delight of our lives.

My father began life in a Government office, and valued his quiet post in the Civil Service on account of the leisure it gave him for drawing and painting, of which he was very fond. He had, I rather think, been for a short time previously in a merchant's office, but what I distinctly remember hearing from his sister and himself was, that he entered his first situation at seventeen, with a salary of £60 a year, and that he not only never cost his mother anything from that time, remunerating her for his board and lodging, but also contrived to pay for drawing lessons, and to take little walking tours for sketching in his brief holidays. He was all his life, to the last day, passionately fond of travelling, and till quite middle age, he used to say, did not know what it was to tire with walking. He would have liked to be a landscape painter, but could not afford it. However, in his leisure hours he sketched a good deal for sale,

[1] We were set to teach before we were twelve.

in consequence of which we possess hardly any of his earlier drawings, but only those which he did when he resumed his pencil, after the age of seventy.

Catherine was a delicate child, equally remarkable for the lateness of her physical, and the precocity of her mental, development. She had thick, straight, dark-brown hair, and her very large, bright, dark eyes were her chief beauty. I well remember her, at eighteen months, sitting at table in the high chair, eating meat chopped up, and chattering quite plainly, though without a tooth in her head; neither did she run alone till she was three years old. When our parents went to Manchester, they left Emily and myself behind, with our grandmother Winkworth and her daughter, Aunt Eliza, who had lived with us while in Ely Place, and we went to live at Islington, where Aunt Eliza undertook our education.

Our mother, whose removal to Manchester had separated her from all her own relatives, made a companion and friend of Catherine almost from babyhood; a relation, which certainly stimulated at once the intellectual precocity of the child, and also the natural goodness of her disposition. I have heard many outside the family declare that she was the most utterly unselfish person they ever knew; and I, who was old enough when she died to be some judge of character, and no longer necessarily to deem my parents infallible, can assert that I never in my life knew any one so absolutely refined in thought and word. She was, too, remarkable for good sense and judgment, one to whom every one around her instinctively repaired for sympathy and advice. She was Catherine's first governess. I don't know how soon she began to teach her to read, but as we all could read for our

amusement long before we were four years old, it must have been pretty early.

Soon after the removal to Manchester, our brother William was born, and on April 21st, 1831, our brother Stephen. Catherine was a gentle, obedient child, who not only never gave any trouble, but was of almost as much use as an extra servant in amusing and taking care of her little brothers, who were always felt to be safe when she was with them. From the time they could listen, she used to tell them stories out of her own head, besides retailing to them what information she had got from books. An old friend has told us how one day (which must have been before she was eight) on coming in he found her seated on a footstool with the Bible on her lap, reading some of the Sermon on the Mount to her two little brothers, who were sitting at her feet. "What, Kate, reading the Bible to your brothers?" "Yes, but I try to choose the parts that are suited to their capacity."

Our father and mother began early and were very assiduous with the religious instruction of their children. We were taught Watts' Catechisms, I believe, from the time we could speak. I know I earned my first Prayer-Book by repeating the Church Catechism without a fault, when I was about seven and a half;[1] and I believe Emily, who used with me to repeat the Catechism to our father every Sunday morning after breakfast, obtained hers still younger. Both our parents used often to take us aside to talk to us, pray with us, and explain the Bible to us. The doctrines we were taught were those of the Calvinistic Evangelical School of Newton, Romaine, Toplady, &c.,

[1] Susanna was born August 13, 1820; Emily, February 11, 1822; Selina, December 4, 1825.—[Ed.]

but in my mother's teachings, the love of God was so brought out as almost to conceal with its brightness the sterner aspects of the creed to which she too subscribed. In fact, she was not altogether so strict and logical a Calvinist as many of her religious friends thought she ought to be, and sometimes she got into disgrace in consequence.

It must not be supposed, however, that so much occupation of our childish minds with religious subjects rendered us any the less keen after play. I think the fact that we were allowed to read very few works of fiction—novels and fairy tales being entirely proscribed, and story-books nearly so—while we enjoyed unlimited range of pasture in travels and history, had a tendency to stimulate instead of starve our imaginative faculties. We lived in a whole realm of fairy-land, while I, at all events, did not even know the word, but called my fairy-land, All-mood. There were fairies of each element, in whom, moreover, we half believed, though consciously the creatures of our own invention, and I well remember picking out the choicest morsels of my bread and throwing them into the nursery fire for the fire-sprites—but secretly, for I had a sort of inkling that I should get into trouble if found out in these fetish rites. My childish remembrances have often helped me much, as I dare say they have many others, to realize, as I fancy, the inner consciousness of savage or half-civilized tribes. All our games were associated with some sort of story, and my brothers and sisters at Manchester took to dividing out all the realms of Nature among themselves, each fitting their stories afterwards into their own special possessions. Thus each of the four children had a Continent and a kingdom of Natural History,

each choosing their representative beast as "king" of the animals. Catherine was the cleverest inventor of games, and the one she remembered with the greatest delight was called "expeditions." It consisted in teaching the little ones to creep out of bed and room in the early morning so softly that parents and nurses were not awakened, and then to rampage into cupboards, cellars, outhouses, &c., not accessible to children at other hours; the great glory of the game being to get back again and into bed undiscovered, before the proper time to rise.

In January 1839 I find that Catherine began a "Personal Journal," which was kept up till 1843. These journals are not in writing, but printing characters. They are all in pencil, the writing is excessively minute and excessively neat, there are no faults in spelling, and the most remarkable thing about them is their extreme punctiliousness in the truthfulness of every detail, and the correctness of their punctuation, but they scarcely, I think, betray any sign of her subsequent intellectual power. She gives a pretty full chronicle of the daily events and doings of the family, including the servants; often, too, mentioning circumstances concerning our friends or former servants; but, for the most part, simply states the facts in the barest possible manner, without description or comment. They contain an almost complete record of the weather from week to week, and frequently, too, give the date of the opening of leaves and blossoming of flowers of the various trees and plants.

The year 1841 opened very brightly; for we were all, especially my dear mother, better in health and spirits than we had been before, since Willy's illness.[1]

[1] He died in August 1839.

Emily and I too were greatly rejoicing that our sadly-interrupted education was to be resumed in the most delightful manner possible by lessons from Mr. Gaskell[1] in History, Composition, and Chemistry, in addition to German and music, over all which we were in the highest state of delight and excitement; but perhaps even our delight was exceeded by Catherine's when she was allowed to take lessons in Astronomy from our old friend Mr. Wallis, who, in February, came to give a course of Lectures on Astronomy at the Athenæum, and stayed with us for some weeks. He was a man not merely eminent in his own special sciences of Astronomy and Mathematics, but metaphysical, imaginative, deeply religious and a most eloquent speaker whether in public or private, with the wonderfully keen sympathy and insight into others that accompanies this type of mind. Lessons on Astronomy and the Use of the Globes, with Keith, Herschel's Astronomy, and Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences" for text-books, which Emily and I had taken from him at Islington some years before, had given us our first strong intellectual impulse from without; and from that time, we had eagerly availed ourselves of what slight opportunities we had had for self-culture in the intervals of our other occupations. Selina and Catherine had heard much of this hero of ours, and hence nothing could have pleased them more than the prospect of learning from him. They attended his lectures at the Athenæum, of which they took notes, reading at the same time one or two text-books. Mr. Wallis read their notes, explaining anything they had not understood, and was pleased with their com-

[1] The Rev. William Gaskell, minister at Cross Street Chapel, Manchester. His wife was the well-known novelist.

positions, but had taken for granted that Catherine's were quite too good to be really the work of a child of her age, and supposed her to be helped by Selina and myself, till one day when the rest of us had been prevented from attending the lecture, so that it was evident her notes were all her own. I well remember then the look of astonishment I saw creeping over his face as she read them aloud to him, and how at the end he exclaimed: "My dear child, do you know that God has given you very remarkable abilities?" proceeding with a solemn little lecture on her responsibility for the talents thus committed to her charge; a lecture she never forgot.

The death of our grandmother Winkworth in February was scarcely an event to be deplored, for her life had long been one of great suffering; but we were more grieved to hear a few weeks later of my grandfather Dickenson's serious illness. Our mother returned from visiting him in March, hoping he was better, and on Thursday, April 15th, we had an evening party; in preparing for which our mother gave herself a strain, apparently slight, but which produced such serious internal injury, that after four days of great suffering she died on the following Tuesday, April 21st. What our loss was can be better imagined than described.

After some weeks my father consented to the plan proposed by Emily and myself, that instead of engaging a new governess, Emily should undertake to superintend the schoolroom and I to manage the house. We were all so much of one mind that in spite of our youth this arrangement worked perfectly well, and we were very happy together so long as it lasted. My father too was naturally brought closer to us and we to him by our mutual loss, especially as he was one of those who,

shy and reserved with people in general, feel the need of absolute openness and sympathy in one quarter; so now that she was gone who had shared his every thought, he talked far more freely to us than he had ever done before; and so did we to him. As housekeeper, I was naturally most of all his companion; the more so as our tastes were similar and our thoughts were deeply engaged with the same theological inquiries. He had been accustomed to leave all domestic affairs, including education, in the hands of his wife, and he continued much the same system with us. With whatever aspirations we had in the direction of art, he fully sympathized, and was almost always ready to consent to lessons in music or drawing, but was apt to think the more solid studies on which we were bent, rather superfluous; fearing in his heart I believe, both that they should lead us into unsafe regions of speculation, and that they should put us out of sympathy with the society in which we found ourselves. Both fears were certainly by no means groundless. But our love of study was not to be quenched by discouragement; and besides, I had early seen how precarious was the tenure of wealth derived from business with its incessant fluctuations; how often fortunes were gained and lost around us; and hence I felt that it was a simple duty for all young people whose incomes depended on such sources, to qualify themselves for earning their own living, whether or not it seemed likely that they would need to do so.

CHAPTER II

1845–1847

In 1845 our father married Miss Eliza Leyburn, a lady of suitable age and much personal attraction. She used to tell how in her youth she had had her horoscope cast, and it foretold that she would "marry into a literary family," which prediction she then thought very unlikely to be fulfilled. But she had even in those early days a love of literature herself, for as each poem of Byron's appeared she used to retreat with it to her bedroom to devour it, and never rested till the greater part was committed to memory. She also knew by heart Bloomfield's and other narrative poems, and used to delight her youngest step-daughter by repeating them to her. Even till late in life (she lived to be ninety-four), she would recall some of the poetry with which her memory had been stored. She had a strong sense of humour and of fun, and her amusing impersonations sometimes deceived even the members of her own family who happened not to be in the secret. Such qualities naturally endeared her greatly to her grandchildren, and the boys especially found "Grannie" a most stimulating and delightful companion, ready to enter into all kinds of games with them. Her clever fingers too could fashion anything from a doll's rocking-cradle, large enough for a baby, to the daintiest little doll's muff of real feathers. There still exists a good-sized doll's house of three rooms which was entirely put together,

papered and furnished, the drawing-room having elegant silken sofa and chairs, by her own hands.

In the spring following my father's second marriage it was decided that Selina and Catherine should return with our aunt Eliza Winkworth to Dresden, to spend some months with her and their cousins. This arrangement was naturally a subject of great delight to both the girls, and Catherine always looked back to that period as an important epoch in her mental development, especially with regard to her appreciation of art in its various forms. On their way thither, they extended their acquaintance with architecture by visiting various cities in Belgium and Germany. They left Manchester on June 5, 1845, and spent about three weeks in London at our uncle's, visiting for the first time the various sights of London, and crossed to Antwerp on June 27th.

At Dresden Catherine laid aside her Italian, of which she had now a very thorough knowledge, and also her mathematical and scientific studies, but she and Selina took lessons in German and music, to which Selina added painting and singing. Their visit to Dresden was one of great enjoyment on the whole. Besides the lessons which interested them so greatly, they had a very agreeable and intelligent circle of friends, both English and German, and the best possible opportunities for their æsthetic culture in the famous Dresden galleries of painting, various good concerts, and, above all, the opera, where Madame Schrœder-Devrient and others were performing at that time; and the theatre, where they saw the best actors of Germany, perhaps for tragedy the best of any country—Emil and Edouard Devrient and their company.

After Catherine's return from Dresden in July 1846,

we stayed for some time in lodgings at Ambleside, whence she writes: "I have been so happy as to see Wordsworth." The other half of the house was occupied by Miss Courtauld, who was a very charming, cultivated, thoughtful person, but even then a great invalid and extremely deaf. A warm friendship sprang up between Miss Courtauld and myself, and we corresponded for some years after. But a friendship far more important in its consequences was that with Miss Martineau, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from her brother, Mr. James Martineau. I was frequently at her house, where I met a number of interesting people; none, however, so interesting as Miss Martineau herself, who, in ordinary intercourse, was one of the most delightful persons imaginable, pouring forth a stream of information, anecdote, and brilliant, witty comment on her tales, in a genial, kindly tone, yet willing to listen also with sympathy and interest to what others had to bring forward. Her "Autobiography" scarcely does her more justice than Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" do him. Both were written when the authors were no longer their true selves, and were a prey to embittering pre-occupations. Mr. Carlyle has been rehabilitated, so to speak, and his real character, with its bright lights and deep shadows faithfully reproduced, in Mr. Froude's admirable Biography; but Miss Martineau's reputation has been rather injured than enhanced by the indiscriminating idolatry and partizanship of her friend and editor, Mrs. Chapman, who seems to have seen all her facts only through Miss Martineau's spectacles, and to be quite unable to take any judicial view of matters in which Miss Martineau was at variance with others; while Miss Martineau's prohibition of publishing her letters

and wholesale destruction of her correspondence, it is to be feared, renders any future rectification impossible.[1] Such an impartial view was above all needful in the case of Miss Martineau, whose chief defect was her want of fairness towards those who had the misfortune to differ from her on matters of opinion, which often rendered her statements as to such persons really untrustworthy. Apart from this, she was most kindly, considerate, and sympathetic. Her servants, who mostly lived with her for many years, adored her, and she was extremely beloved among her poorer neighbours, with whom she carried on much friendly intercourse, not only visiting and assisting them in their own homes, but doctoring them, giving them courses of lectures on winter evenings, and last, not least, teaching and aiding them to obtain healthy cottages. Her energy and power of continuous labour were at all times (nay, even after her fatal heart-disease was far advanced) something marvellous; indeed, in this respect, she rivalled her brother, of whom it used to be said by his fellow-students at College, that "Martineau worked twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four." It always has seemed to me that she rivalled him, too, in her vivid imagination and power of making her readers see the scenes she described, and I do not think that she at all does this faculty of hers justice in her own estimate of her talents, while I equally think that she over-rated her powers of reason and judgment. At this date, though she had been introduced to Mr. Atkinson, she had not as yet fallen under his deteriorating influence, but she was very full of stories about mesmerism, and very busy endeavouring to impart to others the benefits

[1] See "Harriet Martineau's Autobiography," edited by Maria Weston Chapman. Introduction, vol. i. p. 4.

she had herself received from it, so that that was a frequent subject of conversation at her house. The first time I ever met Mr. W. R. Greg was there, and he spent half the evening telling me stories about the famous medium, Alexis, reading books laid on his head when his eyes were bandaged, &c., similar to those related by Mrs. Kemble in her "Records of Later Life," with other stories of clairvoyants describing events at a distance.

We remained at Ambleside till September, and had a most delightful summer, making long excursions over the hills in all directions. One specially agreeable excursion stands out in my memory, made with Miss Martineau and Miss Courtauld, &c., to Ullswater, Airey Force, &c., on returning from which Miss Martineau and I left the others in the carriage, and walked together from Patterdale up to Kirkstone on a most glorious starlight night, when she related to me several passages of her history, which I recognized afterwards in her "Autobiography," but which also disclosed to me, for the first time, the defects of temper and spirit towards those who had thwarted or differed from her, which detract from the merit of that work. This discovery gave me a bitter pang, for I owed much to her, morally and intellectually, and had loved and revered her from the time when, as a child, I had read with delight her Political Economy Tales.

The following extract is from a letter to Emily, who was travelling with our father and stepmother.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY *at* GENEVA

ARDWICK, MANCHESTER, *Sept. 20th*, 1846.

Marianne Darbishire tells me Mr. Martineau would like to form a class for young ladies, similar to those he had in Liverpool, and she came to ask if Selina and Kate would

join to make up the number. Fancy how my heart jumped at the idea of Mr. Martineau's teaching *anything!* but especially if it were Composition or Grammar! I must tell you also that Kate is certainly very anxious to improve herself, so as to be fit to do something, if need be. She takes a reasonable view of things, and is not scared at the idea of attempting anything till she has tried the extent of her powers; therefore nearly anything proposed to be done with Mr. Martineau, would fall in with her views, though she would prefer Composition to anything. We mentioned the subject to Selina, but she, like a sensible girl, did not entertain it at all, as she really wants to get on with painting. Now, as to myself, you know that whether I fit myself for the higher branches of teaching, or, being in easier circumstances, am left to pursue the objects that my tastes and desires would lead me to, lessons from a man who stands perhaps by himself in England as a philosophical thinker, would be invaluable to me. The great difficulty is to bring Papa to consent. Whether he will keep to the forbidding of all fresh lessons except Selina's painting? But surely it is as necessary for us as for her to have the means of supporting ourselves, and I presume Papa would not wish to expose any of us *unnecessarily* to the chance of having to be private governesses, because we were fit for nothing better? Pray represent to Papa seriously that I cannot be easy while I could not get my own living without descending far in society, which would be the case at present (owing to my never having received, like the rest, any *regular* or *sound* education), and that *you know* how deficient I am in actual knowledge compared with others who, it is true, may have less natural talent. You know as well as I do, that beside the uncertainties of business, &c., if anything happened to Papa now, we are, according to present arrangements, not *adequately* provided for, and he knows it too; so it is but common justice to put into my hands the means of providing for myself. In conclusion I only say: *if* the Class should turn out

to be on *Mental Philosophy* or *Logic*, as I think it will, and *you* should wish to take part in it, and if Papa could only be persuaded to let one of us join, I would give up my place to you when you return.

My father consented to the lessons. The class was arranged for Mr. Martineau, and began in October. Catherine and I joined it at once, and Emily later on. The subject chosen for Mr. Martineau's lectures was Logic; but besides our studies connected with that, he made us write essays for him on given subjects, which he read aloud the week after, correcting anything he disapproved in style or thought. This course of lessons was not merely to us the most interesting and delightful of our occupations at the time, but formed a very important and beneficial era in the development of our intellectual and spiritual life.

This was especially the case with Catherine. The various influences under which she came at Dresden had thrown her out of the old traditional grooves of thought and feeling in which her childhood had moved, and her whole intellectual being was now in a state of ferment; she had entered on what the Germans call the "*Sturm und Drang Periode*" of her life. Her early beliefs had been rudely shattered, and she was at this epoch much inclined to replace them by the worship of Art and Culture. Goethe was her chief instructor and guide, and her philosophy was a chaos. Many times in later years she has told me that it was to Mr. Martineau she owed her deliverance from this state of mind, with all its dangers. His teaching laid down for her, once for all, the landmarks of mental and moral philosophy, which proved her guide through all the varied schools of

speculation with which she came in contact in after life, and she always revered him as the master and helper to whom she owed more perhaps than to any other human being; since his teaching had fixed for her the intellectual foundations of faith. Nevertheless, I do not think that she at any time adopted Mr. Martineau's views with regard to Christian doctrine or the teachings of Scripture; and certainly, when by degrees her notions of theology grew clearer and firmer, they rather crystallized into forms of thought, more or less resembling those held by such men as Maurice, Hare, Kingsley, or Baldwin Brown.

JOURNAL

Decr. 27th, 1846.—Nearly two years have passed since I last opened this little book, and much has changed since then. These two years have certainly been among the most eventful of my life, since they include my first long visit abroad. It would take too long to describe the new world opened to me by my improved knowledge of German, and residence in Dresden, the books I read through, the lessons I took, and the intercourse with our friends. The latter I shall certainly never forget, nor will the effects of the former ever be obliterated.

Jany. 31st, 1847.—I am sitting in the drawing-room window, the seat so often mentioned in these papers, the seat where I sat with Ste that evening before my mother's death. I have been looking over some of my old Journals. They sound very strange to me now, some expressions I should almost think affected, if I did not recollect my feelings when I wrote them, and know that they were sincere. But every one changes so much in eight years especially in the eight years eleven to nineteen,—the time which has past with me since I first began a Journal,—that past experiences seem almost as external as if they had belonged to another person.

1st May 1847.—A chilly morning for the first of May. The present state of affairs is by no means very encouraging, either at home or abroad. Abroad, there is famine in Ireland, and at least scarcity in England. Failure of the cotton crops, and consequent stoppage of many mills. Derangement of the money market, and consequently unusual depression of trade. Not one of us is properly happy at present. My greatest consolation is Mr. Martineau's lessons.

In June, Selina and Catherine went on a round of visits in the South, staying with our dear Uncle Daniel for the last time. While in London they had the great pleasure of hearing Jenny Lind.

During the absence of Selina and Catherine my father was taken extremely ill. When able to travel, it was decided that he should go to Ramsgate, and that I should accompany him and our stepmother. This journey was a great disappointment to me, as I was intensely interested in my Greek and Latin, and even more so in the lessons from Mr. Martineau, which were just about to recommence. My father was ordered abroad, and, after much discussion as to our destination, Tours was finally fixed on, and there we remained from October the 16th till the middle of December. We then went to Paris, where we passed our Christmas, only arriving at home a day or two before the outbreak of the French Revolution, in January 1848.

Meanwhile, my sisters at home were enjoying a very bright and busy time. Mr. Gaskell had most kindly proposed to give Emily and Catherine some lessons in Greek, in addition to the literature and science lessons he gave to Selina and Catherine, and they were also attending lessons on mental philosophy

by Mr. Martineau, while Selina was intent on her music and drawing. Another subject of interest was that during this autumn Emerson gave a course of lectures in Manchester, which they attended.

So much for their studies. But they were also seeing very frequently the friends they most cared for; and especially this was the time when Catherine's intimacy with the Gaskells commenced, an intimacy which proved one of the great sources of happiness in her life. It was under Mr. Gaskell's guidance that she gained her wide and thorough knowledge of English literature, and her keen appreciation of style. Her own mind was stimulated by his rich and varied culture, rare critical power, and exquisite refinement of taste; and she always felt that to him she owed much of whatever literary power she afterwards possessed. We have often regretted, as many more have done, that his unselfish and lifelong devotion to religious and benevolent labours for others, should have left him so little time and opportunity for original work of his own, especially in history and criticism.

When we first knew Mrs. Gaskell she had not yet become celebrated, but from the earliest days of our intercourse with her we were struck with her genius, and used to say to each other that we were sure she could write books, or do anything else in the world that she liked. And the more we knew of her, the more we admired her. She was a noble-looking woman, with a queenly presence, and her high, broad, serene brow, and finely-cut mobile features, were lighted up by a constantly-varying play of expression as she poured forth her wonderful talk. It was like the gleaming ripple and rush of a clear deep stream in sunshine. Though one of the most brilliant persons

I ever saw, she had none of the restlessness and eagerness that spoils so much of our conversation nowadays. There was no hurry or high-pressure about her, but she seemed always surrounded by an atmosphere of ease, leisure, and playful geniality, that drew out the best side of every one who was in her company. When you were with her, you felt as if you had twice the life in you that you had at ordinary times. All her great intellectual gifts,—her quick keen observation, her marvellous memory, her wealth of imaginative power, her rare felicity of instinct, her graceful and racy humour,—were so warmed and brightened by sympathy and feeling, that while actually with her, you were less conscious of her power than of her charm. No one ever came near her in the gift of telling a story. In her hands the simplest incident,—a meeting in the street, a talk with a factory-girl, a country walk, an old family history, — became picturesque and vivid and interesting. Her fun, her pathos, her graphic touches, her sympathetic insight, were inimitable. When, a few years later, all the world was admiring her novels, we felt that what she had actually published was a mere fraction of what she might have written, had her life been a less many-sided one; so that fine as it was, it scarcely gave an adequate idea of her highest powers; but her other occupations left her little time for literary work. Her books, indeed, were only written when all possible domestic and social claims had been satisfied. Not only was she a devoted wife and mother, but her actual household cares were a positive delight to her. She was more proud of her cows and poultry, pigs and vegetables, than of her literary triumphs, and trained a succession of young women into first-rate cooks. Nor did she ever forget

the special duties of a minister's wife. Her stories reveal an intimate knowledge of the lives of the Manchester artizans or the Cumberland peasants that could only have sprung from personal intercourse; and she was, in fact, almost adored by the poorer members of her husband's flock, who little knew, while she was listening to their troubles or prescribing for their ailments, how bright a star she was in the great social world. But from the time of her writing "Mary Barton," her society was courted in every direction, and her house became a centre for every notable person who came into the neighbourhood, an advantage of which we often reaped the benefit. Before we knew the Gaskells, our chief intellectual intercourse had been with Mr. Francis Newman, our old friend Mr. Wallis, and some distinguished men of the Congregational body, who were Professors at the Independent College at Manchester—Drs. Samuel Davidson, Halley, Vaughan, &c. At the Gaskells' we had first met our dear and honoured friends, Mr. J. J. Tayler and Mr. Martineau, in the early days of our acquaintance with them, in 1843. In later times, it was there also that we met Miss Brontë, Miss Bremer, Adelaide Procter, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Carlyle, &c., and it was through Mrs. Gaskell that we came to know Chevalier Bunsen.

It may seem strange that among the names of those to whom we thus looked up for intellectual nourishment or guidance, none should occur of members of the Church of England. But the fact is, that although, as a Church of England family, the larger half of our acquaintance naturally were of the same persuasion, I cannot recall one distinctly intellectual person among them, either of the laity or clergy. Our Church friends were, many of them, excellent people, and perhaps on

the average superior to the *average* of our orthodox Dissenting friends in education and refinement; but there was not one person of commanding intellect among them. And had there been one preacher of any remarkable power of thought in Manchester or its neighbourhood, I, at all events, should have gone any distance to hear him, but there was none. The Unitarians in Manchester were, as a body, far away superior to any other in intellect, culture, and refinement of manners, and certainly did not come behind any other in active philanthropy and earnest efforts for the social improvement of those around them. Most of the German merchants who were among our more intelligent and agreeable acquaintances, belonged either to Mr. Gaskell's or Mr. Tayler's congregation; not that they were all of them Unitarians in opinion, but because they found the preaching there better and more earnest, and the spirit more charitable than in other places of worship.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

MANCHESTER, *16th Nov.* 1847.

Last Tuesday I was asked to the Darbishires', to meet Cobdens, Leislers, Hawkshaws, Gaskells, Mr. Kenrick, &c. It was an eating-tea in the Pompeii room, and we were fortunate enough to have the principal gentlemen at our table, so of course, before tea was half over, they were deep in a discussion on the present state of the commercial world, which lasted a great part of the evening, and to which we ladies were, as you may suppose, very glad to listen with all our ears. The greater part of it was a regular pitched battle between Mr. Cobden and Mr. Hawkshaw, the latter representing the railway interest, and maintaining that Parliament should never have interfered with railways at all, that they had done and would do a great deal of harm

by it, that speculation would be sure to correct itself in the end and much sooner without Government interference than with it; that the capital locked up in railways was neither so large as was represented, nor so much missed by the other trading classes, and that the free-traders had all deserted their principles in promoting Government restrictions on railway-companies, and a great deal more which I have not time to repeat. Mr. Cobden of course took exactly the opposite view—thought that railway companies, as they required privileges *from* Government in the first instance, —power over the land and so on,—were therefore more amenable *to* Government than any other branch of trade or commerce; that Parliament had done what it had done towards controlling them very badly and imperfectly, but that it had been too little and too late, not too much or too early, as Mr. Hawkshaw thought. In the course of this, he told us many amusing stories about Parliamentary Committees, railway members, &c. He thinks that we are near the end of the bad times; Mr. Hawkshaw that they have as yet hardly begun. The latter says they are now on many railways turning off hundreds and thousands of navvies, mechanics, &c., every day. That these are by far the most turbulent classes of the community, that they can get no other work, and that we must expect riots this winter, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire, such as we have not seen for some time. Mr. C. thinks the cotton trade will revive exactly *as* the railways decline, and that thus the workpeople turned off from the latter will find employment in the former.

CHAPTER III

1848–1849

In January 1848 an illness began destined, alas! to bring all these intellectual and social enjoyments to a premature close, as far as Catherine was concerned. It was the second of three long intervals of ill-health from which she had to suffer at the three earlier decades of her life. She had had a long period of delicacy from her tenth to her twelfth year, and now she was to have another from her twentieth to her twenty-second year. No doubt she had been doing too much, and this was the retribution. I do not think, however, that either then or hereafter it was over-study by which she was injured. In her latter years she often expressed to me her strong conviction of the reverse. She said that as far as she could trace, she had never suffered from intellectual occupation, but that whenever she had had the opportunity for it, it had been beneficial to her health; which had on the contrary sometimes suffered from the want of it. But worry or sorrow always told upon her greatly, and also physical over-exertion. At this date, I believe her indisposition was immediately owing to the latter, in the shape of over-walking. The rest of us were, like our father, remarkably good walkers, and in these younger years did not know how much weaker Catherine was, nor the dangers of over-walking to such a constitution as hers, so that we were not as much upon our guard as we should have been

when older and wiser. But we were a set of lively active young people, accustomed to plenty of air and exercise in all weathers, and both she and we had to learn that she could not with impunity do as her sisters did. Two things were remarkable in all her ailments; first, their scarcely affecting her brain-power at all, even when dangerous to life; and secondly, that every pain, whether in slight or grave indisposition, was so intensely acute.

It does not appear from her letters that she had entirely to give up her studies this spring, for though they were interrupted in April, when she and I went to New Brighton, she resumed them on our return till the Midsummer holidays. We returned May 21st, and Catherine writes to Emily: "It made me feel rather uncomfortable to come home, at the end of six weeks, not quite well, when I had hoped to be well in a fortnight. However, I must practise resignation." She had indeed much need for resignation, for nearly two years, instead of two weeks, of more or less ill-health lay before her.

After a time, it was decided that she should go to Southport, as she had no chance of recovery in the heavy air of Manchester and the bustle of home. So she and Emily went thither in September, and there she remained till the January of 1849. In October Mrs. Gaskell paid her a short visit, of which she writes:

SOUTHPORT, *Oct. 27th*, 1848.

Southport has a halo of glory round it in my eyes now, because of Mrs. Gaskell's visit to us. It *was* so delightful having her here all to ourselves, and we got so intimate together. Everything I see of her makes me admire and love her more. She is so full of information on such

various subjects, has seen so many clever and curious people, so much life altogether;—and then she is so thoro'ly good. Her thoughtful kindness and gentleness to me, because I was ill, was as great as if I were one of her own children. Well! she certainly is as near perfection as any one I know, and that is the *résumé* of my opinion on the subject.

A visit which Annie Shaen paid to the Gaskells in November 1847 was the beginning of our acquaintance with her family. The following April, Emily and Selina went to Crix, her home in Essex, when the friendship between William Shaen and Emily began which was to result in their marriage. The following extract is from a letter of Emily's written on this first of many happy visits.

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

CRIX, *May 3rd*, 1848.

Mrs. Shaen is a most delightful person, and we have learned to like her better and better ever since we came. To me she seems *the* genius of the family; says all the wittiest things; shows by her way of quoting French, Italian, &c., that bringing up nine children has not obliterated her cultivation, and for her day she must have been a very highly-educated woman. To be sure, she did not marry till she was nine-and-twenty, and knew all sorts of nice people at her father's house—Sir Humphry Davy among the number!

With Emma I have had one regular good hard talk—two or three hours long—beginning about the natural equality of man—she is a great Republican—then on the origin of human rights in general, and those of governments in particular; capital punishments; nature of punishment in itself; then of the human will; and I had just made the discovery that she was a rigid necessarian, when lunch called us back to first principles. She is a decided

Chartist and "Rights of Woman" personage, but has her aristocratic education to thank for a very strong dislike to all improprieties and oddnesses. She quite recognizes the wickedness of making self-development the object of life—to my surprise, for she joins in so many things with the party who do this; yet even goes further in condemning it than I should dare to do.

The same to the same

PLAS PENRHYN, *Nov. 3rd*, 1848.

What do you think? I'm positive "Mary Barton, a Story of Manchester Life," is by Mrs. Gaskell! I got hold of it last night going to bed, and knew by the first few words it was hers—about Green Heys Fields and the stile she was describing to Kate and me the other day;—but we haven't talked a word about it yet, and I don't mean to say I guess it, till I have said all I want about it first. The folks here know it I am sure—they all turned so silent when I began to talk about it at breakfast time, and Mrs. Gaskell suddenly popped down under the table to look for something which I am sure wasn't there. It is *exquisitely* written, makes one cry rather too much, that is all; the little bits of description perfect; the dialogue, too, extremely clever, humorous here and there. It was finished a year ago the preface says, and begun three years ago—no doubt to help her to take her thoughts off her poor lost baby.

STEPHEN *to* CATHERINE

ARDWICK, MANCHESTER, *Dec. 16th*, 1848.

I thank you for your most welcome letter, which I am now answering at the very earliest opportunity, and will tell you why I did not write before. I was late at the Warehouse till Saty., when I got hold at last of "Mary Barton," and—I beg your pardon—but everybody in the house was beginning continually to talk about it and I

forsook you for her. I am sorry (?) to say that on Sunday I could not keep my hands off her, and on Monday I finished her. "Mary Barton" is—too good to be praised; with that and Mill one would have a library. Only it makes one cry too much.

Catherine returned home early in 1849, and in the beginning of April, Emily went to stay with our uncle and aunt at Islington, where, of course, William Shaen, who had become engaged to her, was a constant visitor. Mrs. Gaskell was also staying in London for some weeks, and they were often together. Mrs. Gaskell was at the height of her fame and popularity, which brought her into contact with numbers of interesting persons, with many of whom Emily also then became acquainted through her or through William Shaen.[1]

We were spending the spring and summer in a small cottage which our father had taken at Alderley Edge, about fifteen miles from Manchester, a hill on the edge of Lord Stanley's Park, with a beautiful view over the Cheshire plain below. This led to his building a house there, to which the family moved in June 1850, but I remained behind in Manchester with my brother Stephen until his marriage in 1861.

It was at this time that I began to attempt trans-

[1] The most remarkable of the latter group was Joseph Mazzini (1805–1872). When his letters were opened in our Foreign Office in 1844, William Shaen had called upon him to express his indignation at such a breach of English traditions. This led to a very close friendship between them, and Mazzini was continually sending Italian refugees who were in trouble to him for legal help and advice. So much was this the case that William Shaen became known among the Italians in London as "l'angelo salvatore," and at his death in 1887, although it was many years since he had had any personal intercourse with them, the Società per il Progresso degli Operai Italiani in London, founded by Mazzini, sent a deputation to his funeral with a wreath bearing the Italian colours.—[Ed.]

lating, with a view to gaining some money of my own by publishing, and many letters passed between us on this subject. In one of mine to Mrs. Gaskell, I had told her how much I was interested in Niebuhr's Life, and wondered if it had been translated. She happened to be spending that evening at the Bunsens', and on her repeating to the Chevalier what I had said, he took up the matter very warmly, telling her that he was extremely anxious to have an English Life of Niebuhr published; that he had endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Austin to undertake it, as the best translator he knew, but she was otherwise engaged, and so he hoped her young friend would attempt it, and if she proved capable of the task, he should be able and willing to put original matter into her hands that would raise the work above the rank of a mere translation, and render it even more valuable than the German original. Thus encouraged, though with many misgivings as to my own abilities, I set to work. I have mentioned somewhat in detail the circumstances which led to this first effort to write, because it formed an important epoch to both Catherine and myself, being the occasion of my introduction to Bunsen, and, through him, to literary work, which Catherine at a subsequent period also undertook, in great measure through his influence.

Another friend who exercised a considerable influence over us at this period, was Travers Madge, the son of an eminent Unitarian minister in London, and from early youth one of William Shaen's most intimate friends. He was brought up for the same profession as his father, and passed through a brilliant career at Manchester New College; at the close of which, however, he declared his conscientious objection to receiving any of its prizes or any payment for preaching the

Gospel, but announced his intention to devote himself to mission work among the poor, while earning his own living. This resolution he carried out, first teaching in Mr. Dowson's school, at Norwich, for two or three years, afterwards learning the printing trade. But from boyhood he had already devoted the whole of his spare time to such work; even while still at his father's, before going to College, he was constantly seeking out the most distressed abodes in the lowest parts of London, and striving to get hold of the lads he found there with an intense loving sympathy for all forms of misery, which was the secret of the marvellous power he showed through life of touching and raising the souls of all with whom he came in contact. In this London work William Shaen was his coadjutor, and they taught together in the Sunday-school attached to Dr. Hutton's congregation in Little Carter Lane, E.C. In 1848, Travers had returned to Manchester, and accepted the post of "Home Visitor" to the Lower Moseley Street Sunday-schools, numbering some 1500 children and young people, drawn from all quarters of that vast city. He at once became the very life of the school. I have never seen anything approaching to the influence he exercised; the almost worshipping reverence and attachment which he inspired in those around him from his own utter unselfishness, purity, and holiness. Living in a family of our Sunday scholars, respectable factory hands, he denied himself even such fare as they enjoyed, not out of asceticism, but that he might save every penny to help others. Most of those who knew him felt much as a poor woman did, who, when asked by her clergyman who this Travers was that she thought so much of, replied: "Oh, Sir! he's an angel from heaven, and

my very particular friend." Under his superintendence the whole town was divided into districts, and some of us Sunday-school teachers undertook to visit every Monday all the absentees of the day before, or any others whose names Travers Madge gave us, and made our report to him the succeeding week.

One of the many classes instituted by him at the Sunday-school was a Bible Class. Its members (with the exception of my brother, who attended Church) consisted of any teachers or elder scholars who chose to join it. Practically, it was almost confined to the teachers who had been scholars. Very few of the gentlemen came, and no lady except myself. Perhaps I may as well explain, that in Manchester it is common for the Sunday scholars to remain such, after they have nearly or quite grown up. It was so especially in our school, where the young people generally stayed on till they married,—the young men sometimes even after. I should think half our school (exclusive of the "Infants") were over fifteen years of age; my own class consisted of young women from seventeen to thirty. The school, with its various institutions, was a sort of general meeting-place round which the interests—social, religious, and intellectual—of the young people clustered. There were classes for every evening in the week, not all for study or religion, but some for recreation, such as Singing, and for Natural History which included long walks; and besides these, we had tea-drinkings for the elder scholars once a month on Sundays, and several times a year on week-days, for special occasions. Thus the young people found their pleasures and formed their acquaintances all in connection with the Sunday-school.[1]

[1] A "Memoir of Travers Madge," by the Rev. Brooke Herford, was published by Johnson & Rawson, Manchester, in 1867, but has long been out of print.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

MANCHESTER, *April 16th*, 11.30 P.M., 1849.

I must just write you three words *to-night* to tell you how very happy I am after our evening at the Taylers'. There was a party there of Mr. Newman's old friends,[1] and I went, not expecting to do more than see him, and thinking he would be so engaged by others that I should not feel as if I *ought* to be taking the opportunity to talk to him, and yet I have had the best conversation with him I have had since a long, long time ago. He began to talk about the Lancashire Schools Meeting[2] here last week, which of course led to the question of religious and secular education, and the religious state of the people in general. I cannot stop to go into details now, but it *was* conversation, not merely my listening with gratitude to any pieces of fact he felt inclined to let out to his auditor for the time being, as all our intercourse has been for so long, the few times we have met. It was like the old times and the old feelings back again, only happier than those old talks, because it was more a communion in belief, not in disbelief. Every new thing about him comes to me like something that I knew long before; and yet not quite—it is more like an astronomer going to the stars, and seeing for himself what he only *made out* by his telescope before. I always knew that with his character he must work into a region of brightness at last (I always felt more sure of a future life for him than for almost any one else), but I did not *expect* to see him in it here on earth. He travels as fast spiritually as he does intellectually. I could never have *feared* for him, but it is a comfort and an encourage-

[1] Mr. F. W. Newman had accepted the Professorship of Latin at University College, London, and had therefore quitted Manchester, to our great sorrow. The first edition had appeared some three weeks before of his book entitled, "The Soul, her Sorrows and Aspirations: an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the True Basis of Theology." It was to this that our conversation referred.

[2] Conference of Unitarian Day and Sunday Schools.

ment to have hope justified. Oh that I were only sure of being in the same bright path!

Sunday, 5 P.M.—Mr. Newman and I talked last night about preaching to the poor, and exactly agreed in our notion that the great truths of Natural Religion ought to form its subject. He told me that it is his feeling about the religious state of the less cultivated classes of the population in London that has made him write his book. He said, too (what I have so often felt), that what our people most want, even for the cure of their material ills, is moral elevation, and that this cannot be brought about by schools alone, that we want above all things preaching.

I cannot tell yet from the little I have done whether I should ever make really good translations, but I am satisfied that I should *very much* improve by practice.

It is very difficult to think about oneself without its interfering with duties towards others. It ought not, and need not; if there were perfect unselfishness and simple desire to do what is right, because it is right, the two classes of duties would be brought into harmony with each other; but it is very hard to combine great energy in the pursuit of a worthy object, with a quick ear for the calls of duty in other directions, and an *immediate* yielding of the will to them when heard. I fear rather that if I get translation to do, it will interfere with my Sunday-school and District work, at least with the efficiency of it, which mainly depends upon the amount of previous thought and feeling; but I shall try not to let it do so.

It is terribly discouraging for the prospects of the Sunday-school that Mr. Travers Madge seems quite decided upon leaving.[1] No one else has the right *idea* of setting about the work, and he has, tho' he may carry it out imperfectly. The rest, with the best intentions in the world,

[1] His leaving at this time was occasioned by some ill-judging friends requesting a report of his work, a work which, indeed, could not well have a report. But though he threw up his situation at the school and took one in a bookseller's shop, he continued to work, as he had done before, in his spare hours, spending all his evenings thus, and preaching at the school on Sunday evenings.

even with energy and perseverance, have not the *perceptions* necessary to the *true* success of the work. They have not the spirit of prophecy. In this I must except Mr. Tayler, but even he has it not for the poor, only for the cultivated classes. This is where the Unitarians in general are deficient; as to all that can be done by good sense, purity of aim, and personal energy, I get more and more convinced that on the whole they are superior to other classes of Christians. Oh! if the people would only put me in the place that Mr Madge rejects, I would not tease my friends and the world with bad translations![1] Don't fancy I suppose myself equal to it: I am only speaking of inclinations, not of capabilities. I feel little enough of the latter. The only thing in my favour is that my faith, such as it is, has not been moulded into form by educational and traditional influences, or carried out by my own learning and logic, but cast from life's furnace at boiling heat.

Emily *to* Susanna

May 6th, 1849.

I am getting a more individualized conception of Mazzini than I had, though through the help of imperfections. Still, as it is only in proportion as one understands people that one can trust them—No, that is not true—but then when one trusts them without understanding, it is because one feels that they speak to that part of one's nature which is above understanding; and I have never before felt that what I knew of Mazzini did this. I thought he might possibly be an angel, but doubted whether he were not a moon-struck moral dreamer, half deluder, half deluded. Now I feel sure that he is—not an ideal—but an honest and a noble man. His real deep melancholy is the new thing that I have learnt about him; and this, while it

[1] My exclamation above arose from no preposterous idea that I could fill his place, but only that some one was really wanted for the Home Visiting which he was relinquishing, and I should have preferred devoting myself to that to translating.

is accounted for by the heart-crushing things he has had to live through, also may account for what have been called to you his defects. It may lessen his sympathy for instance, not with the *feelings* of others, for that it would quicken, but with their everyday interests and thoughts, and so cause his want of practicalness.[1]

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

LONDON, *May 8th*, 1849.

I must tell you how Lily breakfasted at Mr. Rogers's yesterday (you know "Rogers's Breakfasts" are classical things) with Mr. Forster, Mrs. Dickens, and the Macreadys, and the old gentleman is very charming and loquacious and complimentary, and how Lily is going to dine with Mr. Forster[2] at his chambers, and how these chambers are in the Middle Temple, and a most charming place fitted up with the most beautiful editions of the most beautiful books and engravings, and easy-chairs and thick carpets, and how Mr. F. himself is little, and *very* fat and affected, yet *so* clever and shrewd and good-hearted and right-minded. He is going to write Lily a long letter pointing out all the faults and weak points in "Mary Barton," as soon as possible—if she can stand it, he says; which she says she can. Mr. Henry Chorley, too, has given her a great dose of literary advice, really valuable, she says. So she is pursuing her studies you see as well as taking her degree. Mr. Chorley asks her whether so much advice does not puzzle her, and prophesies that her next book will be a failure, and the third a higher success than ever. I advise her to miss the second.

[1] Emily soon learnt to know Mazzini better, and to reverence him as all who really knew him did.

[2] The editor of the *Examiner*, author of The Life of Charles Dickens, Life of Sir John Eliot, &c., and at this time also reader of MSS. for Chapman & Hall, in which capacity he had recommended their acceptance of "Mary Barton" for publication.

Emily *to* Susanna

Islington, *May 11th*, 1849.

This morning I was going with Mrs. Gaskell to Hampton Court, and we called for Mr. Sam. Gaskell to go with us. Mr. Procter [Barry Cornwall] came in while we were there. He has such a nice face, so good and kind and full of feeling; a little timid look about it, and Mr. S. Gaskell says he has it in his character too. He is oldish now, you know, small, bald, and pink-faced. By-the-bye, *do* you know his poetry? Will was reading me some the other night, and it is so beautiful.

Emily *to* Catherine

Islington, *May 12th*, 1849.

Friday I spent at Hampton Court with Mrs. Gaskell. To-day I went to her very early to accompany her and Mr. Tom Taylor to the Academy. He was brought up for an artist, tell Slee, and is "as good as a catalogue" he says, and good enough for anything I say; *such* a nice fellow; he went on with us to call on Carlyle (wasn't it good of Lily to take me?), and the man was at home, and came down directly and sat spouting for a good hour. He is not exactly what I expected; not so hard and wiry-looking,—a redder face and more kindness and softness in it,—rather underhung. It was very like "Past and Present," a regular Jeremiad on the condition of England, Ireland, and the rest of the habitable globe; in fact I was the least bit in the world disappointed at its being *so* exactly like his writings. And yet again it was very nice on that very account; all the old sentences and the queer turns came out so naturally,—are so evidently his first and easiest way of expressing himself. And he lolls and fidgets about in his chair all the time in the most disjointed way.

The next letter was in answer to one from Emily, forwarding me a note from Bunsen to Mrs. Gaskell, in which he urged that the friend, for whom she was making inquiries about Niebuhr's Life and Works, should undertake the translation of the Life forthwith.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

ALDERLEY, *May 14th*, 1849.

It seems so absurd to undertake such a tremendous work, so utterly ignorant as I am whether I could even translate the simplest thing, and yet it is *such* a chance! The immediate difficulty is that I don't know how possibly to get the time for what *must* be done, before going to a publisher to see if he will undertake it. If I were once *under engagements*, it would be easier for me to make time. But I want you to ask Mrs. Gaskell at once whether Bunsen's idea is to have a complete original Life of Niebuhr written which should be a sort of compilation of these different works [relating to Niebuhr], because you can see with half an eye that that would be a very different affair from simply translating a work all ready to hand. The latter would only require a competent knowledge of German, and some fluency and taste in English composition, but the former would require *judgment*, literary and historical, and an immense amount of information.

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

ISLINGTON, *May 18th*, 1849.

Saturday came Stafford House, about which you know. . . . At Rogers's too,[1] where the drawing-rooms are crowded with pictures, and vases, and busts, and antiques, and little conundrums of all kinds, the walls and floor are pure crimson, not quite without pattern, still it has the richness

[1] She had written of the effect of all staircases, galleries, &c., at Stafford House being carpeted with crimson, &c.

and beauty of one single colour, instead of the *mousseline-de-laine-y* effect of most rooms. Wasn't that a nice thing? that I should see that house, which, in all human probability, must be dismantled before very long, as Mr. Rogers is in his 87th year already, and is beginning to look infirm. Still he is scarcely deaf at all, does not use glasses, and dines out almost every day. He is very interesting-looking; the *whitest* head and face I ever saw, and must have been very handsome when young! And then he was young such a very long time ago—that is the greatest interest; remembers having had his hand on Dr. Johnson's knocker, and going away after all without daring to knock, from shyness of seeing the great man; being in Edinburgh, too, at the same time as Burns, and hearing of him as a rough odd person, whom it was hardly worth while to take the trouble to know. He says some of his greatest regrets are at having, from little foolish accidents of this kind, missed seeing many of the greatest men of his youth. Since then, however, I should fancy he had missed as few as any man living. He really seems to have known everybody of whom one hears within the last fifty years; showed us numbers of letters from Sheridan, Walter Scott, Queen Caroline, Byron, &c., &c. Some of the latter were very good,—very bad, I mean. He begins, in answer to some joke of Rogers's: "No, I have not yet taken to wife the Adriatic, but I wish the Adriatic would take my wife, and then I should, &c." Ah, well! I dare say none of the things would sound witty repeated, but it was interesting to see them just as he dashed them off himself. Then there was another about his wife that was really beautiful—remorseful and sympathizing. The breakfast itself at Rogers's was not particularly brilliant—no remarkable people,—but Mr. Rogers talks very fast himself, mostly anecdotes of all sorts of people.

Ask Lily about the breakfast at Monckton Milnes's, and Professor Whewell, and Guizot, and Archdeacon Hare, and Maurice and Ludlow. Oh! but I must tell you that these two last are *so* good; just as good as one had fancied,

which is a comfort. She had good long talks with them, and all about the right things and nothing else. They are now going about to all the lowest "People's Meetings": political, religious, and otherwise; looking at all their publications in order to find out all they can of their real character and wants. They say that hitherto they have met with decidedly the highest principle, especially upon moral subjects, among the Socialists. This agrees with Will's account of the very few Socialists who belong to the Whittington Club.

Do you see the papers regularly now? Do, pray; one ought to know every scrap one can of such events as the Roman affairs for instance. It is wonderful [all that the Romans have performed]. But my time is all but up, and I wanted to tell you about Mr. Scott's last sermon. I never heard such bold thinking with such reverent devotional spirit.

The Rev. A. J. Scott, who became afterwards, when first Principal of Owens College, one of our most valued friends, was now preaching in hired rooms in London, without connecting himself with any existing denomination. Brought up in the Established Church of Scotland and educated for the ministry, he had preached in Glasgow (I think for a time in Dr. Chalmers' church) as a licentiate with great acceptance, drawing crowded congregations together by his remarkable eloquence, fervour, and originality of thought, but had found himself unable to take a living in the Scottish Church because he could not sign the Subscription required of all incumbents on their induction, to the whole of the Articles contained in the Scotch Symbol of Faith. He next came to London as an assistant or curate to Edward Irving, before the latter had left the Scotch Established Church, but left him when Irving fell into his later extravagances and en-

couraged the "speaking with tongues" in his church. Subsequently some hearer of his denounced him to the Scottish Assembly, and after a lengthened trial he was condemned, and expelled from that Church, for the heresy of preaching the doctrine held by the Christian Church at large, that Christ's Atonement was made "for the sins of the whole world," whereas the Scotch "Assembly's Catechism" teaches that it was made only for the sins of the elect. He afterwards took a chapel at Woolwich, where he gathered round him a considerable congregation, and it is a sufficient testimony to his extraordinary character of intellect to say that he numbered among his occasional hearers and intimate friends such men as Maurice, Carlyle, Thackeray, Hare, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, and John Sterling. At this time he had left Woolwich, and was preaching in Marylebone Literary Institution, and was also then—or soon after—a Professor in London University College. He was a man of wonderfully varied abilities, deeply versed in every branch of the history and literature and philosophies of all the European peoples, but dwelling with special predilection on the history of the Middle Ages and the literature of Italy and Germany. Nor were his artistic interests and sympathies less wide than his historical and philosophical. He was a devoted admirer and discriminating critic of painting, and no less so of music and the drama. Mrs. Fanny Kemble and her brother John, the author of "The History of the Saxons in England," were among his chosen friends, and he was intimate with the Scheffers, and above all with Chopin, whose Life he was engaged upon for some time; but illness prevented his finishing that work, as it did many others which he had begun, and

I only name it to show the wide reach of his powers. It is much to be regretted that he has left so little of his writing behind him; partly owing to the fact that like some others of our widest thinkers, his natural organ of utterance was speech, not writing; but still more to his constant ill-health, which left him for the most part barely able to get through the lectures on which he depended for his livelihood, and only at long intervals writing for a short time at various works which he contemplated.[1] A volume of his "Discourses" was edited, with a preface, by Miss Julia Wedgwood, and published by Macmillan, 1866.[2]

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

MANCHESTER, *June 8th*, 1849.

Sunday afternoon and evening spent at Mrs. Darbishire's, where we met Mr. Froude, who was staying there. I wish I could describe him to you. He has Markham Sutherland's[3] good without his evil, thoroughly philanthropic, earnest, and practical. He is, however, very reserved. Monday evening at the Darbishires' I met Travers Madge, invited to do Mr. Froude's soul good. I had a long talk with Mr. Froude about the condition of the poor, but I did not get so much out of him, because he began almost directly to

[1] See memoir in "Dictionary of National Biography."

[2] Mr. Macmillan says: "I recommend you to hear a very remarkable man preach next Sunday night, I mean Professor Scott. His mind is singularly clear, orderly, scientific; yet he has a most warm, devout, reverent heart. I wish he would write more; for he is one of the best thinkers of our day. . . . Maurice greatly admires him and thinks him an abler man than himself. But that is not the case."—["Life of Daniel Macmillan," p. 181.]

[3] The hero of Mr. Froude's recent book, "The Nemesis of Faith," on account of writing which he had been compelled to resign his fellowship at Exeter College, and was in consequence at this time adrift in the world.

catechize me about my District and Sunday-school, &c., so that it was chiefly my replies to his questions about what I had seen. But I can tell you that he feels the importance of a *religious* cultivation for them, just as Mr. Newman and Maurice and Kingsley do, and he was just going, in answer to my question, to tell me his views about religious instruction for them, when Mrs. D. came up with, "I want to break you up here," so we turned our backs to each other. I shall have a whole stock of droll stories to tell you when we meet, and Lily [Mrs. Gaskell] must repeat to you her grave talk with Mr. Froude in the railway carriage. I can only now stop to tell you that he is very good. I didn't feel sure about that at first, but I am now. O how sorry I was not to be fit to talk to him! but he is quite too high above me for me to be able even to draw him out properly, and I am sure he felt I was too ignorant to understand him. Then he had a long discussion with Dr. Hodgson and Mr. Ireland, and while Mr. Ewart was talking to me, I kept hearing the words, "Chartism," "Physical Force," "Education," and longing to hear the rest.

Yesterday tried at Niebuhr, but had a headache, so couldn't do it. So read Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith." What a strange, wonderful book! He is going to Bonn for two years. A fellowship there has been offered him by the Prussian Government, through Bunsen. It's a dreadful pity he should have to leave England.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

FERNS COTTAGE, ALDERLEY EDGE,
June 9th, 1849.

Indeed, I often think I don't deserve half the pity I get from Süschen and you. Since the first four months of my illness, when I was still suffering from fresh recurring disappointments, I have been so very much calmer and "happier in my mind" than for two years before, that I

am sure this long time will look very sunshiny when it is once past, and I have forgotten, as *well* people always do forget, what constant weariness and a tender place in one's back felt like. The thing about which I feel saddest, is when I think how gentle and patient and unworldly and brave I ought to be with all my experience, and how very far I am from it yet. Oh dear, Mr. Newman opens one's eyes to one's own worldliness far too much for one's comfort, but I can understand what he says, and so there is some hope for improvement. I don't know how it was, but somehow an undefined fear about Mr. N. had grown up in my mind—I believe it was because he seemed to conceal his opinions,—and I was not quite happy when I thought of him, but now I shall always reverence him from the bottom of my heart. I can scarcely conceive an act of greater heroism than to open out one's deepest heart as he has done.

In June, Selina stayed for some weeks with Mrs. Gaskell at Skelwith, near Ambleside. The Dukinfield Darbishires had a house near, and, besides their own large party, had with them Mr. Froude, who had given up the fellowship at Bonn in consequence of his engagement to Miss Charlotte Grenfell, sister of Mrs. Charles Kingsley, and accepted for a year the post of resident tutor to their sons. The party from the two houses was further enlivened by visits from Mr. Conington, Max Müller, Mr. Morier, Mr. Frank Holland (afterwards Canon of Canterbury), Miss Julia Wedgwood, and others.

This summer, Emily persuaded our father to have further and better medical advice for Catherine, whom she therefore accompanied to London, where Catherine was placed under the care of Dr. Rigby. He recommended their going to Ventnor, where they remained until December, William Shaen spending his autumn holiday there. They found some very kind friends

there in the Rev. James White[1] and his wife, to whom Mrs. Gaskell had given them a letter of introduction, and saw also something of the Dickenses, Thackeray, Mr. Frank Stone, &c., during their stay.

EMILY *to* SUSANNA

UNDERCLIFFE COTTAGE, VENTNOR,
Sept. 15th, 1849.

Mr. White is so thoroughly jolly and clever and hospitable, knows all the clever people in the world besides. Christopher North is the last arrival. He has been telling us that Thackeray is the son of an old Indian Judge, and was keeping his four hunters, dogs, grooms, &c., at Cambridge, quite in the Pendennis style, when he received the news of the loss of all his fortune by the failure of some Indian bank.

You know how very tall Thackeray is—six feet three or four? A Mr. Higgins,—Jacob Omnium in the *Times*,—is a great friend of his and full seven feet one. When the Spanish giant was exhibiting in the Strand, the two went together to see him, and walking up to the man at the door, said: "Of course you admit us free,—two of the profession, you see," which he accordingly did. And when Mr. White was in town,—only you don't know what a little round-about he is,—people say they walked down Regent Street with him between them, each taking his arm.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

VENTNOR, *Sept.* 20, 1849.

When Emily was walking with Mrs. White yesterday they met Mr. S. and his sisters—the latter reside in Bonchurch, and the former is very intimate with, or at least a very old friend of the Whites'. But Mr. W. does not

[1] Author of "Landmarks of English History," "Landmarks of the History of Greece," and of several tragedies, some of which were brought out by Macready.

give him by any means a good character. He says he is undoubtedly clever, but that he has no real principles at all, except an intense aversion to evangelical clergymen, and that his one object is to obtain preferment and celebrity. "And so sure enough he has got promoted lately by the Bishop of London—not that it's any honour to have been promoted by that old scoundrel." Of course we wanted to know why the Bishop of London was a scoundrel, and Mr. W. said because he was so bigoted and tyrannical. "Not long ago he sent for a friend of mine, a clergyman in London, and asked whether it was true that he had had Douglas Jerrold and one or two more *Punch* writers at his house. My friend said it was; for he's a very sensible man, and would rather associate with clever men than with the old snobs of Archdeacons and so-on—an excellent man he is, too—and the Bishop answered: 'Sir, I don't choose that my clergymen should be clever men themselves, or should associate with clever men, and I beg you to understand that if you continue your acquaintance with such people, you need not look for any preferment at my hands.' So my friend told Lord Lyndhurst of this, and Lord L. got him made an Inspector of Schools." Don't you think this rather an odd style of conversation for a clergyman?

SUSANNA *to* EMILY *and* CATHERINE

MANCHESTER, *Thursday, Sept. 20th*, 1849.

Be it known unto you that I have this day seen, heard, talked and shaken hands with—BUNSEN, *in propria personâ*, and that our interview wound up with his asking me to come and see him when I came to London!!!! Hurrah! O if you were but here to have a skip with me!

Yesterday morning Lily came to say that Bunsen was coming to her at two o'clock, and begged to see "her friend," so I returned with her to be ready to meet him. However, we waited in vain: towards 4 o'clock came Mrs. Schwabe's governess with apologies; Bishop had kept him

so long he couldn't come, but Mrs. Schwabe asked Gaskells to breakfast next morning, and to "bring with them her friend that Bunsen wanted to meet." Fancy my terror at having to see him there in public instead of alone at the Gaskells'! However, I decided to go, spite of terror, and we found only the Bunsen party besides ourselves, and after breakfast Bunsen took me into the library, catechized me as to my notions of how the original German work should be treated, what should be retained, omitted, &c., then expounded to me his views, and, oh! I haven't time to finish.

He was very kind, has told me of *lots* of books I ought to read, *must* read indeed, but above all, wants me to go for six months to Bonn, where he would introduce me to Brandis, who had known Niebuhr better than anybody and could give me more information about his life; and to others of Niebuhr's friends, &c., &c., &c.; and he spoke again about this to Mrs. Gaskell afterwards, and tells me to *write a letter to him* which he can forward to Marcus Niebuhr; but this last part all in such a hurry while the Bishop's carriage was waiting for him, that I have no idea what he wants me to say; and what on earth I am to do, I don't know.

Sept. 21*st.*—Had just sat down to write to Murray an account of result of yesterday's interview, when in comes Lily with the enclosed note (from Murray declining to take Niebuhr). I confess I am disappointed, for from his first note I quite thought the chances were of his accepting it. However, I don't mean to lose heart, but to try all I can.

This refusal of Murray to undertake the publication of my proposed work was a great blow to me, but Bunsen wished me to try Longmans, who, however, also finally declined it. In fact, I had to learn that it was no use whatever to propose beforehand a work by an unknown author. The whole completed MS. must be sent, to have a chance of acceptance.

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

Saturday, Sept. 22nd, 1849.

After having seen Chevalier Bunsen I can quite understand Dr. Arnold's enthusiastic love for him.[1] At least *heard* him, for *seeing* only would give one very little idea of him. *I* should never have recognized him from Mr. Scott's description of him as "a fair Napoleon." [On this point I quite altered my opinion afterwards, and it is a fact that his resemblance to the Napoleon family was so strong, that he was once followed through France by spies of the French Government under the Restoration, in the belief that he was one of that family, travelling under a false name for political purposes.] . . . His conversation is about the most constant and rapid pouring forth of facts, ideas, and feelings, in a loud, crackling, inflexible voice, that I ever heard. I do not mean by *constant*,—that he *preaches*, like Carlyle or Mr. Ellis. No; he *converses*, listens to others as well as talks himself,—only that his mind never seems still for an instant. And when he talks, it is with such rapidity, that the attention of an ordinary person cannot keep up with the flow of his thoughts; this you will believe, when I tell you that even *Lily* cannot always keep pace

[1] Arnold says of him, writing to Julius Hare (Oct. 7th, 1838): "In Italy you met Bunsen, and can now sympathize with the all but idolatry with which I regard him. So beautifully good, so wise, and so noble-minded! I do not believe that any man can have a deeper interest in Rome than I have, yet I envy you nothing so much in your last winter's stay there, as your continued intercourse with Bunsen."—Arnold's Life, vol. i. p. 362. And again, to Rev. J. Hearn: "I could not express my sense of what Bunsen is, without seeming to be exaggerating; but I think if you could hear and see him, even for one half-hour, you would understand my feeling towards him. He is a man in whom God's graces and gifts are more united than in any other person whom I ever saw. I have seen men as holy, as amiable, as able; but I never knew one who was all three in so extraordinary a degree, and combined with a knowledge of things, new and old, sacred and profane, so rich, so accurate, so profound, that I never knew it equalled or approached by any man."—Vol. ii. p. 140. For the next ten years I was in frequent and intimate intercourse with Bunsen, and could echo Arnold's words.

with him, and complains that he talks so fast she cannot recollect what he says. It can be no sinecure to be his secretary, and I fancy his sons have to be considerably on the alert to execute his behests, if they mean to satisfy his demands. I should think he would keep half-a-dozen people going in double-quick time. He speaks too (though not in the least pompously) as one accustomed to command, but withal with such extreme kindness, and every now and then with such unmistakable signs of feeling that I should think those around him would usually feel the strongest inclination to obey his commands.

Catherine *to* Eliza Paterson

Ventnor, *September* 24, 1849.

Apropos of Mr. Newman, I am charmed with him for sending Susie his book on the Soul and writing to her, since it is very good of him to keep up his friendship for her so long. The other day we were talking to Mr. White about fascinating people, and he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, the most fascinating man I ever saw is Mr. Francis Newman. I have only spent one evening with him, but I never was so taken with any one." And then came quite a little burst of enthusiasm about Mr. N.'s beautiful face and winning smile, which made Emily and me take a fancy to Mr. White on the spot. I dare say you know that Emily met the Dickens' party and a lot more people at Mr. White's last Wednesday evening, and had some talk and danced a quadrille with Mr. Charles Dickens, and you know what he looks like, and that he has a very rapid decided way of talking, and is excessively full of fun and spirits, so much so, that he contrived with the assistance of Mr. Leech, Mr. White, and one or two others, to convert a succession of ordinary quadrilles into a very animated and amusing performance. He has finished his next month's "Copperfield" now, which usually occupies him during the first fortnight of each month, and is now taking out his holiday, in long expeditions and games at "rounders."

His house is full of brothers and brothers' families at present. Mrs. White says it is never empty, for they have so many family connections and so many intimate friends, and keep up such constant warm intercourse with them, that they are never without some of them, which all sounds very nice.

The same to the same

16 GREAT ORMOND STREET, *5th Dec.* 1849.

So you like "Shirley" better than "Jane Eyre"; so do I, in some points. In power and in descriptions of scenery, there is nothing in "Shirley" which seems to me to come up to some parts of "Jane Eyre," but then there is nothing also in "Shirley" like the disagreeable parts of "Jane Eyre." The book is infinitely more original and full of character than the ordinary run of novels—it belongs quite to a higher class—but it is also infinitely below such as "Mary Barton" and "Deerbrook."[1] Caroline and Mr. Helstone are thoroughly good characters. Shirley and Mrs. Pryor are good ideas, but badly worked out—the rest seem to me all exaggerated—Oh, Hortense Moore should be excepted, she is good, too. The conversations seem to me astonishingly poor; here and there comes an eloquent speech, as in Shirley's conversation with Mr. Yorke, but the stiffness and dryness of the whole book, its utter want of brilliancy of wit or humour, and the unhappy tone of all the meditations, make it altogether painful. That is not, however, so much to be wondered at, when one knows that the author is herself threatened with consumption at this time, and has lost her two sisters, Ellis and Acton Bell, by it. Their real name is Brontë, they are of the Nelson family.

[1] By Harriet Martineau.

CHAPTER IV

1850–1851

DURING the autumn of 1849 Catherine's health showed little improvement, and her long illness began to tell more upon her spirits than it had done hitherto. It was indeed sad for her to feel that the best days of her opening womanhood, with all the brightness that should naturally belong to them—all the intellectual occupations in which she took so keen a delight, and all the social pleasures which her sisters were enjoying in so full a measure—had to be spent by her in the struggle to endure sometimes severe suffering, always weakness, languor, sleeplessness, and general weariness. Nearly two years had now passed in this way, and the longer the trial lasted the sharper grew the strain; but the following year saw the beginning of brighter days.

She and Emily returned home about December the 7th, to spend the last winter we were ever to have all together, and in the dear old home, before the family were to be separated permanently by my settling down away from the rest. My removal to the little house in Nelson Street, which I was henceforward to occupy with Stephen, was to take place in May, and it was arranged that before the bustle began, Catherine should go with Emily to Malvern, as she was still very far from strong.

CATHERINE *to* ELIZA PATERSON

MANCHESTER, *Feby.* 1850.

What do you think I did last night? Went to Hallé's concert! Is not that something wonderful? I assure you

it was so regarded by all the friends I met there. You can't think how I enjoyed hearing a little music again, after a fast of more than two years. It is running in my head this morning and making me feel quite happy.

One of the things Mrs. Gaskell has been busy about is a picture that is going to be painted, or in course of painting, of Mr. Wright, the prison philanthropist.[1] She got a very hurried note, a few days ago, from Mr. Tom Taylor, saying that a young artist friend of his, Mr. Watts[2] —(does your uncle know him?) Mr. Taylor calls him "one of the noblest natures I ever knew, great genius, &c."— having heard of Mr. Wright's good deeds, was so struck by them, that he determined to paint a picture of "The Good Samaritan," the Samaritan himself to be Mr. Wright, and to present the picture to some Manchester Institution. Mr. Tom Taylor, however, and some other friends, knowing that Mr. Watts could not well afford to paint for nothing, and wishing to show respect at once to the artist and to the philanthropist, are subscribing to purchase the picture, still meaning to give it to some Manchester Institution.

Catherine *to* Susanna

Malvern, *May 25th*, 1850.

Well, as for Mr. Maurice's "Address to the Clergy," I was *very* glad to find from it that he at least detested *all*

[1] Thomas Wright (1789–1875), the prison philanthropist here mentioned, was a working man in an iron foundry, who for many years devoted all his spare time—evenings and early mornings—rising at four, before his work at the foundry began at 6 A.M.—to visiting the prisoners in the gaols, and endeavouring to work upon them morally and religiously. His Christ-like sympathy and love did in many cases touch their hearts; he followed their career after their release, and may truly be said to have been the instrument of saving many souls. After labouring for a number of years in this way, some friends subscribed to give him a pension which should enable him to devote all his time to this, his true vocation. At the time when I began to know him (he was a frequent and always welcome visitor at the Gaskells'), about 1848, he was a beautiful white-haired old man, full of interesting experiences, and with almost as much humour as pathos.

[2] G. F. Watts, R.A. The picture is now in the Manchester Corporation Gallery.

shuffling, and had a true right to be in the Church. I had always had an uneasy feeling that he probably stayed in it by some such excuses as Dr. Arnold framed for himself, and it warms my heart to find how true he is. Only when he speaks with a sort of wonder as to the reasons why laymen allow so much more latitude of interpretation to clergymen than they would ever use themselves, I wonder why he does not see that it is a necessary consequence of the clergymen being obliged to sign all these formularies; since they all sign the same things and certainly don't all believe the same things, it is the most charitable way of accounting for the phenomenon. It is strange that he does not see that this is a very strong argument against tests, while he depicts the abuse that has crept in through them so clearly.

Then, though the doctrine of baptismal regeneration as he holds it (Whately, too, holds the same or something very like it) is a doctrine very easy to understand any one's holding in itself, I never comprehend the Scripture proofs; perhaps because I have not studied the Scriptures controversially. And then, finally, though I quite see what an advantage it gives Mr. Maurice in addressing men who, though baptized, are not converted, to feel that he has this tie of brotherhood with them, and to make them feel it; yet I cannot tell what he does when he comes to Dissenters; and I should like to know whether the doctrine exerts any practical influence on his feelings towards pious Dissenters for instance, or towards unbaptized Theists, or whether, in such cases, he falls back on the wider bond that he and they are children of one Father, and feels that enough to unite them. I can fancy that he would do so with a good Deist, but I can less understand his position towards a good Dissenter, whom surely he cannot look on otherwise than as belonging to Christ's Church, a fellow-Christian with himself, and equally assisted by God's Spirit.

I wish I could more clearly understand the intellectual position of such men as he and Mr. Kingsley; so much of what they say about the Church and about our Lord I like, but I do not see how it all fits together. There is to me,

too, judging by his Tracts, and by "The Religions of the World," a curious vagueness about Mr. Maurice's style. He seems to take such pains to guard what he says, and to say it in the simplest language, that I am always expecting a very clear statement, and am surprized, when I come to the end of the sentence, to find it not so clear as I thought it was. This is never the case when it is a *moral* question that has to be decided, but, as it appears to me, constantly the case where intellectual opinions are concerned. But he must be an extraordinary man to exert such influence over the young men who come in his way, as he appears to have done.

The same to the same

MALVERN, *June 7th*, 1850.

I have now read a good deal of "Phases of Faith."[1] It is a very strange book, so very open; here and there so much feeling expressed, and yet a great deal of it is so hard; which, however, is but proper, where mere reasoning is concerned; only he never speaks of Christ otherwise than hardly—even depreciatingly; there is something very painful to me in the tone of all those passages,—they are so different from his manner when he speaks of St. Paul; that is invariably reverential, even when he is controverting his infallibility.

CATHERINE *to* ELIZA PATERSON

ADELAIDE HOUSE, GREAT MALVERN,
July 14, 1850.

The roses of Malvern are most lovely, and our little garden is full of them. It is just such a garden as Mrs. Gaskell would like, with scarcely any grass in it, but laid out in terraces with narrow gravel walks, and beds of flowers beside them (only some of these terraces have potatoes!). It makes me wish I had a house and garden here, the garden should be laid out in terraces with marble steps leading down from one to the other, and basins of water with fountains, and at the bottom a great sweep of lawn, to give a proper greenness to the whole, and very pretty it would

[1] By F. W. Newman.

be too. Don't laugh at me for making plans for a garden I shall never have. I may defend myself by appealing to so great an example as—Lord Bacon!! Didn't he write two whole Essays about a house and garden such as he should like (just as children make plans which they half hope the fairies may realize) and put them in among Essays on Government and all the Virtues?

July 16th.—Yesterday Emily called on Alice's Miss Martineau[1] and Miss Pilkington, and had a great deal of talk with them about Mr. Newman's new book, which had made a painful impression on them, and a false one as to his character; as it would do on every one, I think, who had not read his "Soul" with comprehension, and who was not acquainted with Mr. Newman himself. It made them think him cold and hard, with extraordinary powers of intellect, but without the capacity for deep religious feeling. That was natural, because Mr. N., more than any one I ever knew, has a faculty of separating feeling and reasoning, of looking at things simply on the side of feeling, and of looking at things on which he feels most deeply, simply on the scientific and intellectual side. In the "Phases of Faith" he does the latter, and moreover gives only the negative part of the intellectual side; it is simply a history of the destructive process in his own mind. It is almost impossible to keep this in mind in reading his "Phases," there is so much to shock one, yet it is also impossible to judge rightly of it without.

[1] Miss Rachel Martineau, the eldest of Mr. James Martineau's sisters, for many years kept a boarding-school at Liverpool, which was, I think, about the most admirably managed of any schools I have ever known, both with regard to the thoroughness of the intellectual training imparted, and also the very wise care which Miss Martineau took of the health of her pupils, which was really a sanitary education for them. Several schools came under discussion, but it was finally arranged that Alice went to Miss Martineau's, where, besides the excellent general instruction, she had the advantage of lessons from Mr. Martineau himself, in Latin, mathematics, and history (afterwards from Mr. J. H. Hutton, during Mr. Martineau's absence in Germany), and of learning music from Mr. James Herrmann, the leader of the Liverpool Concerts.

EMILY *to* CATHERINE *and* SELINA *at Malvern*

CRIX, *August 23rd*, 1850.

Everything looks so nice, and the place is so great and high and airy and sounding; and out of doors it is so heavenly—such trees and shades, and lawns, and flowers, and the whole air palpitating with sweet scents and brightness—that altogether I have not felt so like play since I was a child. And when I went into my room there was the table with a beautiful bouquet of Mrs. Shaen's own making, and covered with books—the "Prelude" for my own self, and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and all the other things I had wanted to read in this fortnight, and the fourteen days seemed to stretch away before me so long and bright, I could not see to the end of them.

Wednesday.—Well, now I must just tell you how I got here from Malvern. Read [Mazzini's] *République et Royauté* all the way up, got to town in very good time, had tea at Islington, and then Will and I were down at the concert-room by half-past seven. When we went in, there was a little man standing on the door-step, ever so much shorter than Will, with his mouth and chin covered with black hair, and Will introduced me to him, and that was Mazzini. Well, altogether he is simply the most wonderful-looking man I ever saw in my life. He may be any height he likes, he is so thoroughly manly-looking, you do not think of it. Forehead high and cliff-like, with caverns underneath for his eyes; great round temples, with a little scanty black hair straying over them. Altogether a perfectly straight face; straight nose; straight lines across; strong chin; erect-set head; looks like the sort of man that everybody round him can't help obeying; strange colour over his face, sort of grey ashy halo, not like the white or yellow paleness one sees always. Then his eyes you know about; the only ones I ever saw that looked like flames. Well, you have seen his portrait, and there is no other face I can compare him with. All that I can think of have something heavy in them beside his. There are signs of struggle on all

the grand English faces I know. He is vehement in his ways rather; at least foreign and quick; very foreign accent; full of fun. All the talk nearly about the concert, except at last a few words he said to me about national feeling in Italy. It's because I've heard so much about him beforehand, I dare say, but his eyes made me fairly shiver when he came and sat beside me and looked at me. I was certain before that I had seen finer faces than his, and yet I couldn't help feeling as if I had never seen genius before. In English grand faces it is intellect and thought, the faces seem to stand between you and the soul, and the feeling only comes out sideways. In him it's spirituality and passion that you see. I don't mean that there's not strength too—he looks strong enough for anything—but that's not the thing you notice.

The same to the same

CRIX, *August 30th*, 1850.

Thanks for Mrs. Gaskell's. Poor Miss Brontë, I cannot get the look of the grey, square, cold, dead-coloured house out of my head. One feels as if one ought to go to her at once, and do something for her. She has friends though now, surely? I wonder whether she has any unmarried ones; people who could go and look after her a little if she were ill. Oh dear, if the single sisters in this world were but banded together a little, so that they could help each other out as well as other people, and know how important they were, and what a quantity of work lies ready for them! One feels that her life at least *almost* makes one like her books, though one does not want there to be any more Miss Brontës.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

ALDERLEY, *November 20th*, 1850.

There is so much I want to know, that I should like to have two or three years study time, and I never look forward beyond that. First of all, I must read Mill's "Political Economy" some day; and then I want to learn Latin and

Greek and Drawing, and perhaps I shall have to translate, and then there will be occupation enough; and so, as I said, I am very well satisfied with my prospects; though, according to the doctrines M. and Mrs. P. are preaching to me at this moment, I ought to be very unhappy, because I'm not married, nor likely to be at present. They have been going on at me so about it, in a regular married woman style, which I hate. But reading "Alton Locke" makes one altogether dissatisfied with one's self, and plunges one into the doubts which so often rise up, whether it can be right to devote money and time to anything else than striving to raise up the poor and ignorant, while their condition is so wretched. Such occupations as your present ones are evidently right, because, of all duties to society, there is none greater than preventing the chance of one's wanting charity for support, indeed all your life has been right, tried even by the strictest rules; and *I* feel no compunction at anything spent on me in the endeavour to become well again; it is when I look forward to a life of health that I grow puzzled about duties; but at least I am certain that home duties are the most imperative.

Catherine *to* Emma Shaen

Alderley Edge, *November 17th*, 1850.

Now Em dear, I've made my apron so tidy that Mamma can't disapprove it, and talked to my workwoman about high bodices, and new fashions of sleeves, and written to Hannah Tayler, so I may take the rest of my time for pleasure and scribble to you a bit. Mamma is going to have a dinner party on Tuesday, whereof the pleasantest part to us is that Mr. Gaskell is to come over in the afternoon and stay all night, but unhappily he must go again next morning on account of his College,[1] otherwise we wanted him to stay two or three days here, and he seemed much inclined thereunto.

[1] The Unitarian "Home Missionary Board," then recently established, of which Mr. Gaskell was one of the chief founders and Professors; indeed, I believe it was he who first conceived the idea of it.

I have been reading "Alton Locke." It is a strange book, just of the kind to make all comfortable, respectable people, mad. He *praises* things always by calling them "democratic," which I confess I don't like myself, because I don't know what's meant by it. It is full of bitter eloquence against the privileged classes of society, and pictures of the condition of the unprivileged, which, alas, one knows from the *Morning Chronicle*, are not over-drawn. Some things in it I like most extremely. I like the boldness of Mr. Kingsley in writing it. I like its eloquence and some of its pictures and characters, and I thoroughly say "Amen" to the principle which runs all through it, viz.: that the one thing men have to do here, and the only thing worth doing, is to serve God in the way He points out to them, either actively by working and fighting for His kingdom on earth, or, if He ordains, passively by enduring evil, remembering that "they also serve who only stand and wait"; and that the pressure of a huge evil, and your perception of it, are in themselves the truest signs that God means you to do something towards getting rid of it; if other claims stand in the way, at least by giving all possible encouragement and aid to those who are fighting with it. It makes one angry and sad to see how good and sensible persons think sin and misery no business of theirs if the said evils do not absolutely inconvenience them. But there are two other principles implied rather than expressed, in many parts of the book, which I don't like, and don't believe in: first, that all inequality is injustice; and secondly, that a man has a right to all that is necessary to the development of his natural capabilities. I can hardly believe that Mr. Kingsley himself holds these doctrines, because properly carried out, they are charges against the Divine Government which no religious person could ever make; for it is clear that God gives some men better gifts than others, and so makes endless inequalities; and that in His providence He sometimes requires people to give up the opportunities of developing their gifts, and sometimes gives them few opportunities, as in many cases of ill-health. Of course

every one allows that no one has a right to prevent another from being thus properly developed, and therefore no one can have a right to hold another in slavery, and men cannot have a right so to divide the produce of labour as that the man who has worked hardest can scarcely live as a mere labour-machine, let alone as a man. Then there is a bitterness of tone, and a perpetual lumping together of all the rich and educated, as if they were all alike selfish and careless, and an ignoring of the distinctions of class and life *above* that of the artisan and labourer, which are as common and as unjust as the opposite faults of high Tory papers of speaking of all below "gentry" as if they were the same class, and attributing to all the faults of some. It is quite true that Kingsley introduces some very noble characters who are lords and ladies (though he has not a good word for us unfortunate commercial people), and so shows that he does not really think the rich all alike. Still, in his moralizing sentences, he always adopts the other tone. After all, it is a grand thing to see that men are awake and setting hard to work to wake up others, and I should think "Alton Locke" would rouse a good many.

The same to the same

ALDERLEY EDGE, *Jan. 15th*, 1851.

Here days go by without a caller, and we never have more than one in a day, and we should feel quite dissipated otherwise, if more than one came. The rest go out to the quietest teas in the world sometimes; but I always decline, and so have very quiet evenings now and then. I have had indeed a great temptation to depart from my rules, in the shape of an invitation to the Froudes' with Selina. Mrs. F. wrote to Susie asking her to come and stay with them this winter, and if she couldn't, Selina, and adding that they thought the bracing mountain air would be very good for "the invalid sister," if she would come; she should have a room to herself, &c., &c.; so exceedingly kindly said, that I was seized with an extreme desire to accompany Selina,

and see the mountains in their winter grandeur. But then it would not have done to leave home again so soon after I had been away so long last summer, so I said, "Avaunt, Tempter!" But Selina accepted, and is going, I think, on Monday.

Tell Lily that I think "The Heart of John Middleton" one of the most beautiful things I ever read in my life, quite perfect of its kind. That reminds me of "Pendennis" (by the rule of contraries, I suppose). *I* hate the ending, though I admire the book altogether extremely; indeed, I admire it a great deal more than I like it, as is the case with all Thackeray's books that I have read; and I like it a great deal more than "Vanity Fair." But one does so long in his works for a little genial, happy, rational life; if he describes anything unworldly, he gets so sentimental over it directly, and it really is a one-sided view of life to leave all this completely out. His tone is too uniform, one wants relief. But having once made this exception, one can only admire his wonderful power, his humour, the individuality of all his characters, his extraordinary powers of observation, &c., &c.; in this respect far beyond Dickens, I think, though Dickens is so often praised for it. We've just got "Olive,"[1] and I mean to like it for the writer's sake.

SELINA *to* SUSANNA

ALDERLEY EDGE, *February 17th*, 1851.

Well, I know you want to hear about the Froudes. In the first place, they are as happy alone with each other and the baby as it is possible for two human creatures to be. We were quite quiet all the time I staid there—nearly a month. In the morning, Mrs. F. and I sat together, wrote, read,

[1] By Miss Mulock, afterwards Mrs. Craik. We had been hearing much of her just then from Mrs. Gaskell, who had been meeting her and Miss Frances Martin in London, as two handsome young girls, living in lodgings by themselves, writing books, and going about in society in the most independent manner, with their latch-key. Such a phenomenon was rare, perhaps unexampled in those days. I believe, too, that at this time she was not only supporting herself but educating a younger brother.

worked, talked, and nursed the baby. In the afternoon I walked, generally with only the dog Crib, with whom I formed a mutual attachment, but occasionally with Mr. F., who used to be most good-natured in finding sensible topics of conversation with me, which I straightway let drop from want of sufficient information to pursue the subject. In the evening we ladies worked, while Mr. F. read aloud. He reads beautifully. Altogether, it was most extremely pleasant at Plas Gwynant; such a pretty place it is—nestling down under a wooded hill, close beneath Snowdon, with a waterfall on one side of the house, and a lake in front.

They say Carlyle has made a great friendship with Kingsley on the strength of "Alton Locke," which is said to be much read among the upper classes. The Froudes have just been reading Miss Martineau's new book, called "Man's Nature and Development," and consisting of a correspondence between herself and Mr. Atkinson, the mesmerist (whom she used to call at Ambleside—do you remember? —her dear Atheist philosopher). It takes a thoroughly materialistic view of the nature of man: and, at the end, Miss Martineau expresses a strong sense of relief and freedom at escaping from belief in God and a future life. What *will* her brother say?

Mr. Froude was so shocked that he straightway sat down and wrote what was first intended to be a review, but afterwards (so Mrs. Froude told me, for I did not read it) grew into a defence of Christianity; so he took out the part of it referring to Miss M., and sent the rest to the *Leader*, signed F. He does not think there is power enough in the book to produce much effect; but I should fear her name would give it full effect, especially among the lower classes, who would not be shocked either at the flippancy of the style. Mr. Froude says he thinks that for the next fifty years we shall have many such books,—that this is the warning before the storm of Scepticism,—that it will be an age of *Gährung*, moral, social, and political; that it reminds him of the state of the world before the coming of

Christ. If so, I wish I had lived at some other time. Whatever the Froudes' religion may be, they act as if they had some. Mr. F. reads the Bible every morning in the family—generally out of the Gospels—which he explains to the servants, and then reads some of the Church prayers; they go to church regularly, and look well after their servants and the poor in the neighbourhood. . . . As for the Kingsleys, they are always giving away their money, so that they fear they are too poor to come down and see the Froudes this summer. However, the F.'s say Mr. Kingsley shall come down at all events, to recruit himself; he has been working himself almost to death, what with preaching, visiting the sick, and holding Bible Classes for the young; teaching the old men of his parish to read, and giving the young men lectures on English History. He must be a glorious man! Mrs. F. says his only faults are that he has awkward manners and smokes all day long; but in the midst of his duties he finds time to pet his wife, and help her in the housekeeping. In that respect Mrs. F. says he is as good as her own husband; and certainly I never saw a man equal to Mr. Froude for good-nature and helpfulness in a house, except, perhaps, Will Shaen. It is quite a pleasure to see people so happy as they are.

Chevalier Bunsen had advised my paying a long visit to Bonn, and I stayed there from August 1850 to May 1851, working at Niebuhr's "Life." I took with me introductions from my pastor, the Rev. J. J. Tayler, to Professors Brandis, Welcker, and other learned men, from whom I received important assistance in my work, and much sympathy and kindness. Up to this time my working at Niebuhr had been a complete secret, known only to the Gaskells and Taylers besides my sisters. I felt so sure of failure, I could not bear for even my own people to know that I was writing a book, so had not so much as men-

tioned it to my father till I had to speak about going to Bonn.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA *at Bonn*

THORNFIELD, ALDERLEY EDGE,
Nov. 15*th*, 1850.

Well, I think I *can* translate something for you; at all events I should like to try, and I believe I can undertake to give from one to two hours to it every morning, but you must tell me what I am to do at once, if I do it at all. It must be dreadful work having to ask Brandis[1] all your questions [about Niebuhr] in that public way at dinner-time, with all those young men by. I don't wonder at your feeling frightened out of your wits at speaking to him at all. I am sure it would put all my German out of my head if I had to do it. Thanks for your Schleswig-Holstein information, I am beginning to understand a little more than I did. But according to the accounts we hear here, things look very bad in Germany, very like Austria—which means Russia—gaining the upper hand. And it does make one mad to see how really good and sensible Englishmen take it, and how utterly unaware they seem to be how much it is for their own interest to check Russia and cherish constitutional government in Germany.

The great thing people are talking about here is the impudence of the Pope, first the Irish Queen's Colleges, and then his appointment of Bishops and Archbishops for England. The Sunday after the news arrived, almost every minister in London of all denominations preached against Romanism, and *Mr. Binney's*[2] sermon is quoted with great praise in the highest Church and Tory papers!! Then on the 5th of

[1] Bunsen had referred me to Brandis for all supplementary information (which turned out to be the most important) about Niebuhr's life beyond what the German Memoirs contained. On my asking him when I might speak to him, he replied he should always be able to answer questions at dinner; where, moreover, the party included, besides his own wife and sons, three other young men, and two young ladies.

[2] Rev. Thomas Binney (1798–1874), a distinguished dissenting divine.

November there were extra bonfires everywhere, and in many of the towns grand allegorical processions representing the new Cardinal and Bishops, &c., which were carried up and down, and finally burnt with great acclamation.

The same to the same

ALDERLEY, *March 12th*, 1851.

Your most welcome epistle is arrived, and how we did rejoice to see it, and how I crowed with laughter and surprise when I came to the waltzing with the Prince of Prussia![1] How did you manage to waltz, my dear?[2] And how do you like the Prince? You don't say whether he is likely to turn out a better man than his uncle,—though to be sure his uncle promised well enough at his age! The aunts have been asking ever since to have your letter read to them, so I read all I could, and tried to conceal the long gaps left out in my reading, but in vain, and, to my infinite amusement, the rank of your partner quite covers the sin of going to a ball and waltzing in their eyes! Besides, "his uncle, the King, is so religious!"

The aunts are very good and nice, only Aunt Selina is always making a servant and Aunt Eliza a doctor of herself. And they both look *terribly* aged, Aunt Eliza especially. They don't say much to us about our religion, only give us a great many little books containing the lives of good people. But it makes me unhappy to think what an idea our aunts will carry away of our life, it must seem so empty and unworthy to them. For in our hurry to get Nessy's presents ready, we have done little but needlework since they came, and as most of it has been done sitting all of us together with Mamma in the mornings, you may think how "unprofitable" our conversation has been.

[1] Afterwards the Emperor Frederick.

[2] I had never learnt dancing like the rest, owing to the religious scruples of our grandmother, and never danced round dances in Manchester. Our Pembury aunts, then staying at Alderley, had of course always considered dancing very sinful.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY *and* CATHERINE

BONN, *March 22nd*, 1851.

I *can't* let you tell the aunts about my book. It was so bad when I read [parts] to Dr. Perry, I am almost in despair about it, and it turns me quite horrid to think how many people here know of it. Well, I must find something that you *can* tell them, and as waltzing seems to interest them the most, had better begin with that. At Madame Frank's, it was a beautiful ball. A long ballroom lovelily decked with greenery, opening at either end into a small boudoir-room *very* richly furnished. The only bad thing was the floor, which was beautifully inlaid parquet, but literally like ice, so that even the best dancers complained, and the gentlemen slid up to their partners like boys on a pond. We went at 7 o'clock and returned at 4 A.M.! Supper, which was a most elaborate affair, and laid for the whole of the guests to sit down at once, in the ground-floor rooms, occupied about an hour. The rest of the time we were dancing, and I danced every dance but one quadrille, my partner for the cotillon, which lasted nearly two hours, being the Prince's companion; but I believe he only took me because the best dancers were already engaged. The Prince, to my extreme astonishment, asked me for one dance without an introduction, so as in duty bound, I took him out first in the cotillon.

Well, as to the Prince, he is a favourite with all classes and parties. Exceedingly good-natured and unaffected, and has such admirable tact, that he always does and says just the right things, and this while as merry and free as any young man need be. All accounts agree that he has very good common sense, but is not half so brilliant as his uncle, who really must be a man of extraordinary talent. Those who are least inclined to favour the young man say that he is good, but insignificant. Dr. Perry, who teaches him English and sees a good deal of him, calls him a noble fellow; the two young Bunsens say: "Well, if he is not a genius, he is, at all events, no fool!"

His mother, according to the Bunsens, must be a very superior woman, and liberally inclined; but she has no influence over the direction of his education, all his instructors and companions (and he is never without one or other of the latter) being chosen for him by his uncle, the King. They are, I believe, all, especially the Professors, of the Reactionary party. Chevalier Bunsen has corresponded with the Princess for fifteen years, so knows her well. As for the King of Prussia, people say that he is half, if not three-quarters, a Roman Catholic; at the very least, what would be called in England Puseyite-ish.

CATHERINE *to* EMMA SHAEN

ALDERLEY EDGE, *March 25th*, 1851.

We are reading an exceedingly interesting book just now: Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe." We are reading it in the translation, and have only got part way through the first volume. But somehow, whenever I read anything of Goethe's, it takes hold of me as almost nothing else ever does. All that he says is so deep and significant that it keeps growing in one's mind, and the whole gives one an impression of life so rich and varied, and a range of perception so infinitely beyond anything you ever conceive of, that you feel dwarfed into nothing before it, and as if no power of self-assertion were left you. And yet some things he says are very unsatisfactory—for instance, almost everything he says about women—if not downright bad. Still it is very easy to see what power he must personally have exercised over *any* woman when he chose, or even without choosing. Other things again sound cold-hearted, yet how could he be cold-hearted and have so many friends? It is curious to observe how he seems to regard his Theory of Colours as amongst the greatest achievements of his life, and yet how rarely one hears of it. I wonder whether it ever has made any progress among scientific men; do you know?

Have you read "Merkland"? I don't think it nearly

so clever as "Mrs. Margaret Maitland,"[1] but there are two very fine characters in it, Mrs. Catherine Douglas and Annie Ross. So you see I read novels and do worsted work, while you study "Political Justice."

The following letter I insert to show how ready Catherine was to take blame to herself and fancy herself selfish on the slightest ground. The proposed summer visit to Crix referred to would have been her first visit *for pleasure* after three years of illness, but she instantly offered to give it up as soon as she found it was likely to come at the time when we ought to be working together at Niebuhr. Before sending my book to the publishers, I wanted to read it to her, in order to make any corrections that might be desirable as we went along. In the same way she used to read all that she had translated for my correction. For some years we thus corrected together all that we wrote, but did not do so with our later works, as we had obtained experience enough to render it unnecessary.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

April 9th, 1851.

Your letter has come, and what I have said is in part an answer to it. Of course I shall not go to Crix [in June] now, and please don't distress yourself about it—the distress ought to be all on my side, for the only sensible and unselfish thing to do, and what you or Emily would have done in my place, would have been to give up all idea of it instantly and never have bothered you with saying a single word on the subject! I am very sorry that I did not do so, and all the more now I have read your good, kind letter, never saying a vexed word but trying to alter everything just to suit me. What's

[1] Mrs. Oliphant's first novel.

the use of my writing affectionate letters, I wonder, when I do selfish things. Well, please don't worrit about my giving it up, for that would only vex me more, and you see my going is really perfectly out of the question. Unless, indeed, Chapman[1] were to write straight back word that he couldn't undertake the work this autumn, which I trust in Heaven he won't, for that would be far worse than giving up a visit like this. Remember, I shall be sure to go some other time, and I can't be very miserable when you are coming home. My only real uneasiness in the matter is for your health. I fear you will feel so hurried and fatigued, but you shall be cosseted up at Alderley, and no objection will be made by any one there to our working together alone as much as we like; we shall have the breakfast-room to ourselves. I go back on Monday, and shall instantly set to work for you. I can translate pretty fast. A good deal of Niebuhr I have done at the rate of four pages of the book in two-and-a-half hours. However, that is not much compared to your ten pages in a day, for I am always tired by the end of three hours, and could never drudge on for seven or eight hours, as you must do to get through what you do. Of course I understand this is not your ordinary style of working, for you could never stand it long; but don't overdo yourself, for if you fall ill you know that is the greatest possible loss of time. I am reading Oxenford's translation of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," an extremely interesting book, but the translation not a bit better, nor so good, I think, as we could do, and yet the *Athenæum* was mild, and no other paper condemned or quizzed. It has rather encouraged me.

What I originally undertook was to translate the German Memoir by Madame Hensler and such of Niebuhr's Letters and Essays as seemed desirable, from the very voluminous collection of his letters in her

[1] Of Chapman & Hall, the publishers of Niebuhr's "Life."

German work. But while I was in Bonn I gained so much fresh information that I decided to throw aside my translation already finished of the Memoir, only incorporating most part of it with the fresh matter, so that the Biography was essentially an original work.

Bunsen had wished me to add to the two volumes of Niebuhr's "Life and Letters" a volume of his "Miscellaneous Essays," several of which I had felt it necessary to translate while with Brandis, as they were on learned subjects, contained Greek quotations, &c. This third volume Chapman refused altogether, but it was subsequently published with the second edition of Niebuhr's "Life" in 1852. All this extra work, however, naturally much delayed me, and thus there was still a great deal to be done, while at the same time we were told that it was desirable to send in the work in June. Hence the hurry to which Catherine refers, and her proposal to translate all she could to help me. It was a great sacrifice to her, more than I ought to have let her make, to be working all through the hot weather in Manchester, instead of paying country visits; but I did not fully realize how trying it would be for her.

Emily was married to William Shaen on September 2nd, and after a short tour in North Devon they settled down in London.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

ALDERLEY, *Nov.* 10*th*, 1851.

I wish it were possible to stop gossip; the nice little bit going about at present is that Susanna is to bring out a work on Metaphysics at the end of the month. Mr. D. Darbishire talked to Mr. Gaskell about it, and said he also

understood that her visit to Wales[1] was to receive Mr. Froude's advice on the subject, "and she might have had a better adviser." Mrs. Schunck and Miss Marsland are "worretting" Hannah Tayler to death about it, and Mr. Martineau asked Alice if it were true. We suppose it must arise from a joking conversation Susi had with Mr. Leisler, in which he said that "after living so long with Brandis,[2] of course she ought to be able to write a book on Philosophy that would set the world straight," and she promised to send him a copy whenever she did, and he promised to deliver public lectures upon it, &c., &c. Then John Crispe did the stupidest thing that ever came even into his head to do—giving her a large packet of proof-sheets in the Concert Hall, between the parts! There were several acquaintances near. Miss Satterfield spied it out instantly, said it was proof-sheets, and "done for effect, for of course they were no earthly use there," and others, no doubt, would be equally acute and kind.

The Austro-Hungarian War, alluded to in the succeeding letters, was undertaken by the Hungarians in defence of their immemorial constitutional liberties. It must be remembered that Hungary was never a dependency or province of Austria, but an independent kingdom, only united to Austria in virtue of the Hungarians having elected Austrian sovereigns as their monarchs, while retaining their own parliaments and laws.

The constant efforts, however, of the Austrian princes to overthrow the liberties of the Hungarians, culminated in 1848, when the newly-appointed Emperor, Francis Joseph, not only refused to take the customary oath as King of Hungary, to preserve its laws and constitution,

[1] I had been for a month's visit to the Froudes', at Plas Gwynant, near Beddgelert, in October; where, for the first half of my visit, Mr. Arthur Hugh Clough was my fellow visitor, and for the latter half, Mr. Max Müller.

[2] Brandis's special subject was Aristotle's Philosophy.

but actually nominated Jellachich, Ban of Croatia—who, having been in open rebellion against Hungary in the spring of the same year,[1] had been declared a rebel and traitor by the Austrian Government—his plenipotentiary and substitute in Hungary; suspending by this act all the institutions of the country, and placing it under martial law. No doubt the main incentive to this attempt to destroy the independence of Hungary and incorporate it with Austria, was the fact that the Hungarians had entered on a course of internal reform, when, in 1847, before the outbreak of the European revolution, the Hungarian peasantry had been emancipated, and, in the spring of 1848, a fair representation of the people had been guaranteed in the hitherto aristocratic Parliament, equality before the law proclaimed, freedom of the press decreed, and trial by jury established, with sundry other reforms.

When the young Emperor had thus definitely broken faith with Hungary, the Diet at Pesth appointed a Provisional Government, under Kossuth and Count Louis Batthyanyi. They had not yet renounced all confidence in the then Viceroy of Hungary, the Palatine Archduke Stephen, who had promised to defend the Hungarian cause, and whom they would have been inclined to raise to the throne had he remained faithful to his promises. But instead of that he treacherously fled, with the troops under his command, in September 1848. Jellachich crossed the Drave on September 9th, was signally defeated on the 29th, and asked for an armistice, but instead of employing it for negotiating a peace, broke his word, and fled in the night, with a large portion of his troops, across the Austrian frontier. The war continued with varying fortunes through the

[1] On account of the liberal measures of the Hungarian Government.

winter of 1848–49, but, on the whole, the Hungarians were gaining ground, when, in May 1849, the Russians came to the assistance of the Austrians, and after many vicissitudes and wonders of heroism on the side of the Hungarian armies, Görgey surrendered the main army to the Russians on August 13th, not without suspicion of treachery.

Kossuth, Andrassy, Bem, and others escaped into Turkey, and General Haynau was appointed military commander over Hungary. He signalized his reign by unheard of exactions and cruelties, including the flogging of noble women who had taken part in the defence of their country's liberties, and the judicial murder of Count Louis Batthyanyi, with a number of the most distinguished Hungarian generals and leaders, including Generals Aulich, Kiss, and Damjanitsch, who had been either prisoners of war, or in the fortresses surrendered according to the Articles of War, so that their execution was a distinct act of treachery. In the December of 1849, Count Louis Batthyanyi had gone to the camp of Prince Windischgrätz, the Austrian commander-in-chief, to make a last effort at reconciliation. Yet, though thus under the protection of a parley, he was seized and imprisoned, and subsequently shot, without formal trial. Even the *Times* declared that such an execution was unparalleled, save by the murder of Count Egmont by the Duke of Alva.

Kossuth and several other Hungarian leaders subsequently escaped from Turkey to England. But the Hungarian struggle, though quenched in blood for the time being, had taught the nation its own strength, and educated it in the sentiment of its just rights and claims. Hence the people never acquiesced in their subjugation, but bided their time. That came ten years

later, in 1859, when, during the Italian War between France and Austria, an insurrection in Hungary being imminent, and communications having passed between Kossuth and Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria suddenly began to promise various reforms in Hungary, and after many negotiations with the Diet, the restoration of the Hungarian Constitution was promised in the autumn of 1860, though it was not until January 1867 that the old Constitution of 1848 was definitively re-established, and an independent ministry formed, with Count Andrassy at its head.

The War of Independence was full of the most heart-stirring incidents, and was watched with intense interest and sympathy by the majority of Englishmen; above all by the working classes, who followed the course of events with really wonderful intelligence, considering how recent was any close study of Hungarian affairs in this country.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

ALDERLEY, *November 13th*, 1851.

I wonder whether Ste or Selina has written to you already, to tell you of our expedition to hear Kossuth? but I dare say not, so I shall. We got very good seats just in front. Lily was close to us, with Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Davy, and behind them Mr.[1] and Mrs. Forster—Jane Arnold that was. When the doors were opened, the rush was tremendous, and, till the meeting began, there was nothing but quarrelling and cries of "Police," &c. However, when Kossuth came in, every one rose and cheered for several minutes, and so again at the beginning and close of his speech. You *must* read his speech somewhere; I dare say it will be fully reported in the *Times*. He spoke for more than an hour, in wonderfully fluent English for a

[1] Afterwards the Right Hon. W. E. Forster.

foreigner, but, unfortunately, he could not make his voice heard through that immense hall, so that a great deal was lost to those at the farther end. We could hear every word, but it required close attention to keep up with him. He looked dreadfully worn and ill; but your accounts of him had given me a very good idea of his appearance; otherwise I had formerly fancied him a taller, thinner, more scholar-like and less military-looking man. His speech was magnificent, an absolutely satisfactory speech; not a word that one could have wished altered, not an atom of rant or clap-trap; and so some people said it was wanting in enthusiasm, but they are fools to say so, and it was not half as much applauded as it ought to have been, because the people in the non-reserved seats couldn't hear him, and the people in the reserved seats followed Mr. Bright, who got into a great hobble with his peace principles. However, he got out of it with saying that public opinion ruled the world, and would overthrow thrones and monarchies, &c., and said some very absurd things about it, which, to my astonishment, were very much applauded.

Well, when Kossuth got up and paid him some compliments, he looked very smirking, and for some time cried "Hear, hear," and clapped in the right places, but when Kossuth came to asking "the practical men of Manchester" what was to be the practical issue of this grand demonstration, how would public opinion incarnate itself in energetic action, suggesting that tyrants had never been known to give up their power voluntarily, and that if he, too, hoped for a peaceful solution to the present question, at least as far as England and America were concerned, it would only be if they were known to be united and prepared for combined action, that perhaps Russia and Austria would not try the issue of arms with them; but if they declared they would *never*, under any emergency, TAKE ACTION, their mere *words* would be disregarded;—Mr. Bright turned sulky, and gaped, and talked to his neighbour, and looked at the ceiling for the rest of the speech.

EMILY *to* SUSANNA

BEDFORD ROW, *Nov. 21st*, 1851.

Now I'll tell you our greatest doing since I wrote last. Sunday evening we spent with Kossuth up at Brompton.[1] There was almost no one there but "the clan"[2]—old Mrs. Ashurst, her four married children, a Mr. Masson, secretary to the "Friends of Italy,"[3] and a couple of Italians making up the whole. Mazzini of course.

He did not bring Kossuth, but made the engagement and introduced him when he did come. Not much of an introduction, though. He just met him at the drawing-room door with Mrs. Stansfeld, pointed round the room, and said—"*Voici tout ce que j'aime le mieux en Angleterre —voilà tout*"—and disappeared. Just two or three were named to Kossuth — by-the-bye he had known Mr. Stansfeld in a business way before—and then he came and sat down on a sofa by the fire and began to talk like all foreigners about English comfort and the smallness of our houses—two and three windows where there would be twelve and twenty in Pesth, and so on in proportion; and we on the opposite side of the fire tried to keep up a little running fire of talk among ourselves so as not to do nothing but sit and stare at him. But soon Mazzini came back and seated himself in his favourite place—the hassock by the mantelpiece—and began to talk politics with him.

[1] The James Stansfelds'.

[2] The "Clan" were a set of W. Shaen's most intimate friends, of whom Mazzini was the centre and guide. They met once a week, alternately, at each other's houses—Mr. and Mrs. James Stansfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ashurst, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes (afterwards Madame Venturi), Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dillon, &c. Mazzini, with his fellow Triumvir at the siege of Rome—Saffi—and the Generals Quadrio and Medici, with some others, were also at this time frequent Italian visitors.

[3] The English Association for aiding the Italians to gain their freedom and nationality, so far as they could aid that cause by legal means; subscribing funds, working on public opinion by writing; trying to bring influence to bear on our Government, members of Parliament, &c.

And then we all by degrees drew close and listened. His voice was so low, except now and then in an anecdote when he grew eager and threw out his arm, that one could not always hear what he said. The first thing I recollect hearing him tell was about the flight of the Archduke Stephen. He was saying how often, in those months of 1848, it had seemed as if the whole future of Hungary had been changed by the least trifle. It was during the time when he was out of the ministry (I think he said) one night in Pesth,[1] about 2 or 3 o'clock A.M., as he was sitting writing, for he had still an immense quantity to do, a soldier of the National Guard came in to speak to him. He said his regiment was stationed in Buda, and he could not help noticing that there were a great many travelling carriages on that night in the fortress, and that all the bustle there had been about reviewing the troops the last day or two might very well mask a bustle inside. Kossuth said: "I see what you mean; perhaps the [Archduke] Palatine is running away. But what can I do? I have now no power at all." He reflected a moment, and then determined, on his own private responsibility, without any authority whatever, to write off to M. Hajnik (now here in England with him), the then Minister of Police, ordering him instantly to cross the river with his force, and stop the Palatine if he were making off, at least till the next morning. He also told M. Hajnik if he objected to do this, to send him word back at once, and he would think of something else. Then he told his servant to take the note, see if there was any answer, and if there were to bring it to him directly, and wake him up even if he should be gone to sleep. The man went. Kossuth was tired, went to bed, and fell asleep. About seven he woke, called his servant, and said, "Then it was all right, there was no answer." The man replied: "Please, sir, when I got to M. Hajnik's the house was all shut up; there was not a light in any of the windows, and I knew that

[1] It will be remembered that Buda is the west side of the river, Pesth on the opposite.

Madame Hajnik had been very poorly indeed for some time, and I thought it would give her such a fright for her husband to be woke up suddenly, and he had been poorly too, and I thought I would take him the note the very first thing this morning, as soon as he could possibly be awake."

The Palatine had got away about an hour before! And Kossuth said that if the note had been delivered, there was no doubt that Hajnik would have stopped him, and he would then have been forced, as he was already half disposed to do, to take the lead of the Hungarian nation, and it would never have come to a war with Austria, and Hungary would have been erected into an independent kingdom under his crown. Mazzini said, "Safer as it is, probably."—"Yes," Kossuth said, "I believe so now, but I did not then."

. . . Then Kossuth went on about Russian diplomacy, which he says is the most skilful — the deepest, most patient, most consistent, and most successful—of any in Europe. "They are in no hurry, but they keep to one object, too far forward for any one else to see it, and this they follow without a moment's relaxing. In Turkey, when they like a minister, when he is favourable to them, they keep up constantly a strong opposition to him, talk against him, and make a great noise. And then the English are sure to take him up, make a great fuss with him, and do everything to keep him in power. Russia makes fools of all others. So also there is the great road through Erzeroum" (I forget where, but I fancy on from Constantinople, south of the Black Sea, into Circassia) "which the Russians want so much to have made, because it will be just convenient for their troops. They have always talked so much against it at Constantinople, said it would increase the English power, be another route for them to India, and so on, that the English thought it was quite anti-Russian and took it up, and have made the Sultan make a great piece of it. But I think I have done something to stop that."

CATHERINE *to* EMMA SHAEN

ALDERLEY EDGE, *Nov. 22nd*, 1851.

During Mamma's absence Selina and I have been keeping house, and the chief features of our reign have been that we have had Eliza Paterson to stay with us, and that we three damsels made up our minds to hear Kossuth, and carried it out, in spite of many warnings that we should certainly be crushed to death. Now don't you envy us? And have you seen Kossuth's speeches in our Free Trade Hall, and next day at the Henrys'? because if so, you will think it worth while to have been at the hall that night.

Kossuth is much shorter and more thick-set and military-looking than I had imagined. I had fancied him a more poetical and *schwärmerisch* personage, but he is not that a bit; his face is very pale and deeply marked, very firm and still, with an abstracted look occasionally when silent, but a bright, clear glance, and very mobile features when he speaks, though the quantity of beard and moustaches rather obscures them. His English is wonderfully fluent, though somewhat foreign in construction, and very foreign in accent; now and then he pauses for a word, is silent for some seconds, but he never seems in the slightest degree embarrassed, nor loses for a moment the thread of his argument. His voice was not loud enough to reach to the farther end of the hall, and I was so sorry to think of all that the non-reserveds were missing, especially when some of them had been almost squeezed to death in getting in; positively the crush there was so great that two of Papa's *warpers* actually *fainted!* (Perhaps you don't know that warpers are strong men.) I thoroughly liked all that Kossuth said, and still more his speech at Mr. Henry's next morning and his speech at Birmingham. It is a great satisfaction to know why and how far he is a republican, and to see that he has no stupid French ideas about equality, and one form of government being good for all the world.

Emily sends word that she has had the "clan" to see her for the first time; Mazzini got into a long talk, chiefly with Mr. Stansfeld, that was most interesting. I think I must copy that bit for you, as you worship Mazzini.

"[It was] about property and communism, and how man had no abstract rights, as the Americans put it, only duties, and the right to perform those duties; and 'liberty, fraternity, and equality' is a false cry as commonly understood, and a bad one anyhow; and man's life is a task—the task to transform what is around and in him into something higher. Then you see came morals, politics, art, religion: all man's activity being in truth a transforming; and the things produced the sign of his activity; and property the outward sign of the transforming power he has exerted for use, as art is for beauty in the external world, and therefore as sacred in its origin as any of them. 'Yes, but,' Mr. Stansfeld said (he was arguing for communism as ideally possible), 'why might not all property be vested in Society?' 'Because that was nonsense,' Mazzini said. 'Society abstractedly was nothing: Society really was a collection of individuals; individuals did the work, therefore individuals got the property; they might give it away if they liked, but the right to it was in themselves.' And so the discussion went on for two hours as interesting as possible, Mazzini getting quite eager and pettish, as he is with people he is fond of; telling Mr. Stansfeld he was crotchetty, morbid, &c."

Emily *to* Catherine

Bedford Row, *Dec*r. 14*th*, 1851.

Oh dear! I wish I could keep a journal; things pass away so fast. I wanted to tell you all about the night when little Louis Blanc came to us for the first time. The little Frenchman really did talk splendidly. Not the highest style of talk, because not varied enough, but a perpetual flow—on all subjects great and little—of the

most perfect, rounded, beautiful sentences—clear, apposite, systematic, logical; thoroughly French in the only good sense of the term. And it was all about politics almost; —the evils and absurdities of universal suffrage, which I never heard any one put so cleverly before; character and advantages of different forms of government; actual state of things in France; he will be glad if they have as much liberty there a hundred years hence as we in England have now. About the President's policy; and how he had foretold a *coup d'état*, only not that it was taking place that very night.

CHAPTER V

1852–1854

CATHERINE passed a more cheerful winter at Alderley than she had done the previous year. Her health had greatly improved, and she was now able not only to pursue her studies and literary work, as she had done for some time, but also to join in the visiting and amusements that offered, going with the others to balls and concerts, &c. In December 1851 I went for my first visit to Emily in her new home, where I remained till the end of January, accompanying her and her husband to Crix for Christmas, and afterwards seeing a good deal of the Bunsens and making acquaintance with Emily's new friends, of whom the most interesting to me were Mazzini with his Italian and Hungarian companions.

The first edition of Niebuhr's "Life" sold out rapidly, and I was soon requested by the publisher to prepare a second edition, which was to come out in the autumn, with the addition of another volume, containing those of Niebuhr's minor writings, which might be likely to prove interesting to English readers. As this involved very hard work to be ready in time, Catherine again gave up various visits to which she was invited, in order to assist me. A very pleasant and refreshing holiday, however, was in store for her at the end of this period, for she was invited by the Gaskells to stay with them at Silverdale in July, whence she took a delightful little tour with Stephen

to the Lakes, and, on her return, accompanied the Gaskells on another few days' tour in Yorkshire, seeing Bolton Abbey and the neighbouring scenery.

In the autumn I spent several delightful weeks with the Bunsens — my first long visit there. The quiet season of the year was favourable to my seeing more of the family themselves than I could have done in the bustle of the London season, and I have a vivid remembrance of the charming long evenings, when Bunsen would read aloud or talk, or his sons delight us with their singing. During the day, however, I was by no means idle, for the Chevalier gave me plenty to do in correcting for the press, looking up extracts, &c. From their house I witnessed the gorgeous state funeral of the Duke of Wellington on November 18th.

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

8 BEDFORD ROW, *Sunday, 12th January*, 1852.

On Friday a few people were here, including Mazzini, Saffi, and Louis Blanc, and it was an *extremely* agreeable evening. I had a little spirt of very animated half-joking quarrel with Mazzini; he drinking to "The Republic," I qualifying it with the word "Italian"; he averring that if true at all, it was the ideal for the whole world; I sceptical. Louis Blanc was playing at chess then; he had, however, come in just after luncheon to excuse himself for having to attend a Socialist *soirée* first at Mr. Conyngham's; Will was out, and he sat nearly an hour talking to Emily and me upon all sorts of interesting topics;—his former acquaintance with Louis Napoleon, whom he visited when confined in Ham. He says he has *no doubt* his *arrière-pensée* is a war with England; that though there are very strong reasons to come to this conclusion, to be drawn from his policy and whole position, yet these alone would

not make him so certain, but for his personal knowledge of the man;—that he is possessed by one idea—that of being the "continuator" of his uncle, and filling up the work he left undone, which, as we all know, was the annihilation of English supremacy. To our remarks on the folly and rashness of such an enterprise, he replied, that such considerations might deter him if he were a calculating man, but he was hare-brained, audacious, and foolish enough for any attempt, and was perfectly inspired with the belief in his own destiny.

Mazzini dined here all alone one day and was very brilliant. He and Emily had a great dispute about the highest motives in life, he standing up for morals, and she justifying "art for it's own sake," on which he got so eager that he forgot his dinner, and when pressed by Will to eat, replied: "No, I have something else to do; here is Mrs. Shaen travelling to perdition as fast as she can, and I must save her soul."

The same to the same

DUNDAS PLACE, MANCHESTER,
March 16th, 1852.

Mr. Martineau gave a most beautiful lecture on "The Christian View of Human Nature" last night, one of the series now going on at Cross Street Chapel [on the Unitarian view of leading religious questions], and afterwards Ste, Alice, and I drank tea with him at the Taylers'. Mr. T. began to ask him about the German philosophers. He gives a bad account of them, says they are now nearly all Pantheists, which is almost equivalent to believing in nothing. That in nearly all English writings, however wrong-headed or sceptical, there was a belief in the existence of such a thing as truth, and the possibility of attaining to it, but this was absent from many of the Germans. Mr. Tayler, who evidently, like me, is in ignorance of the writings in question, asked whether Pantheism exceeded the possibility of a man's being religious, and where exactly the boundaries of Pantheism lay, and Mr. M. said: "I

think a man cannot be religious unless he believes in God as a Being, not a mere Law"; and then we were interrupted. But, however, in a pause of the general conversation, I asked him: "Did he call Theodore Parker a Pantheist?" and he replied: "He most strenuously declares he is not, and wrote me a long letter, very much hurt, to explain his views, because I had called him so. The fact is, he is not a consistent thinker; I keep to my opinion that some of his notions properly carried out would involve Pantheism, but then he holds other views quite inconsistent with it." Then he told me how Theodore Parker is writing a book on "The Religions of the Caucasian Race," and how he [Parker] is so much struck and shocked at the spread of infidelity in France and Germany, that he wrote to him lately (he seems in constant correspondence with Mr. M.) that he meant to go over the whole of the early part of his work again which is already written—treating of the positive foundation-facts of Christianity—to make it more full and pointed. Then Mr. Tayler said Mr. Leisler had just been telling him about a very interesting book, the Life of Perthes, the "Murray" of Germany; so I could tell him a little about that, and as I was speaking of Perthes' friendship with Jacobi, and also of his peculiar religious views in later life—when, taking his *Richtung* from Claudius, he became pietistic and catholicizing—said of course then he did not agree fully with Jacobi; Mr. Martineau eagerly asked further explanation about Jacobi, and then went on to say how much he admired Jacobi, and how he was not properly appreciated in Germany, &c.

Next morning came a letter and packet from the dear old Chevalier, sending me a better edition of the *Deutsche Theologie* than I could get through booksellers, and such a nice note!

Emily *to* Catherine

Bedford Row, *July*, 1852.

Monday Mazzini came to dinner. He looked even more oppressed than usual; and I could not help fearing

it meant that things were drawing nearer in Italy. It may be best, and best that it should be soon, but it makes one shudder to think of all that it must bring. And he feels that this must be a crowning struggle;—and *if* it fails—could he live after it? After dinner he began quarrelling with me about Christianity, which he maintains —rank Puseyism as we tell him—to be what, and no more than what, was believed in the first three, or may be the first five centuries. All that is new since then (even Purgatory, in which he believes) he calls "philosophizing upon Christianity," and won't allow Unitarians the name of Christians. He says it is absurd to give the name of a religion to all that can possibly be drawn out of it, or reconciled with it; that except so far as we believe the distinctive original doctrines, we might as well call ourselves also Platonists and Buddhists and Mosaists, for we have undoubtedly received a great deal of what we are and believe from all those sources, and more too. Out of this of course many questions grew;—for instance, what *is* and *makes* Christianity, and what is the right method of answering the question. Of course I think one quite right way is: Take Christendom these eighteen hundred years—what is new in it?—and of what is new, what can *not* be traced to other sources than Christianity? If one only could do it! But Mr. Martineau can. It all came out of Mazz.'s asking about the "Christian Socialists"—some of whom have just taken up two new periodicals by Louis Blanc—and saying it was a mistake to call the social principle Christian; it belonged to all religions in their outset; all taught that men should live for others; the distinctively *Christian* principle was—the individual relation of each man with God; his independence of human mediators; that every man had to, and could, work out his own salvation on the conditions prescribed. The social side of Christianity belonged to it as *a religion*, not as Christianity; that side it had in common with all other religions; the essence of *re-ligion* being something beyond man, which bound men together, &c. &c. When he was gone, Will

went too to the "Friends of Italy," and Sleeky and I set the windows open and talked till past eleven about Susy and Ste and you, and everybody. And the next evening, because it was the last, she sang and played to us the whole time, and it was like old days turned young again.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

THE LAUND FARMHOUSE, BOLTON BRIDGE,
August 3rd, 1852.

We started on Wednesday morning from Silverdale in the Gaskells' pony chaise to Borwick Hall, a very fine old mansion near Wharton, where sketches were to be made. . . . Next it was decided that Mr. Gaskell should drive all the party but me and Marianne to Clapham, a village under Ingleborough; we two were to go by train. So when we had seen them off, we sauntered about the grounds of Hornby Castle—an old castle modernized—and into the church to hear the organ playing, and out again to look at the house where Dr. Lingard, the historian, lived for so many years, and wondered how anybody ever lived in such a sleepy dull place, and then it was time to go. When we stopped at Clapham Station it was getting dark, and we found we were a Yorkshire mile from the village, and Yorkshire miles are inconceivably long. But it was a beautiful walk, over wild undulating misty moorland, with Ingleborough right before us, and near it some hills more craggy and wooded than the rest, among which was Clapham. We enjoyed it very much, and also the fun of finding the inn and ordering the rooms, suppers, &c., for the whole party, the rest not having arrived. Such a nice old inn it was, and one of the rooms furnished with grand carved oak furniture, for which a great deal of money has been offered, but the people are proud of it, and won't sell it. The rest of our people did not arrive till late, but when they did, their cool moonlight drive over the moors had put them in high spirits, and we were all very jolly over our magnificent tea. The next day was very fine, but happily not quite so hot. Altogether our excursion has

been very successful, and the weather charming, and everybody very happy.

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

BEDFORD ROW, *Nov. 3rd*, 1852.

Oh dear, I wish I had six thousands pounds! That is exactly what Mazzini wants and that would be enough. I never before heard him talk of what is going to happen in Italy without its putting me into bad spirits, and this time it made me feel quite exulting;—terrified too though. But the quantity they have already done is marvellous, and then of course now things are drawing on, they are wanting all the money raised in Italy (which has always been his chief source of funds, and that I didn't know before) for immediate use in the country itself—buying muskets, &c.—so that just now, when he wants more than usual at this end also, he can't get it. How little is my intercourse worth for anything, when of all the rich people I know—not many to be sure—there is not one whom I could dream of persuading to give me £50. It's singular; do you know Mazz. is the *only* leader who gets any regular income from his country for political purposes. Even the French don't, still less Kossuth; they all call him "the Banker of the Confederation." That doesn't look as if Italy was so very unpractical, does it?

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

ALDERLEY, *November* 1852.

By the way, when you write next, tell me what rooms are the nurseries, and how your dining-room is furnished. I do want to read Görgey's book, but just now we are quite occupied with Mudie's box, though we are also reading "Hungary in 1851." We have all been full of "Queechy." Have you read it? Fleda is one of the most beautiful characters I ever saw in a book. Papa says she is like our own Mamma.

I hope you are going to have the little creature

baptized? I wonder whether you would think it superstitious to wish for it as much as I know I should if I had a child. But it seems to me such a right and beautiful and appropriate thing, whether the apostles did it or not, to consecrate the little creature to God as soon as He has given it, and mark it with the sign of the faith in which it is to be brought up. Though I think it would be very *un*-Christian to believe that the absence of a ceremony would prevent its being a Christian hereafter. But there would be difficulties perhaps as to where it should be christened. I should carry it to Mr. Maurice if he would do it, believing that the blessing and prayer of a righteous man like him availeth much; but of course it is different for you, and still more for Will.

Tell me when you write anything you *may* about Mazzini and the struggle.

Emily *to* Catherine

It was half-past nine before we had an opportunity to talk over what had been in our minds since last Monday, namely, what we could do for Mazzini. Will didn't approve of our selling anything—best clock, bits of jewellery, &c.—which I had thought of as a better thing than money. Because you *can* say: "I will do without such and such an article of luxury," but we can't say: "I will not want this five guineas for living expenses within the next twelvemonth." However, Will decided it would not be right *at present* for us to give anything, and I agreed, though disappointed.

Will thought of channels for getting at one or two rich men. But you see those bad peace principles are corrupting so many of the Liberals—at least those connected with trade. Will is a great deal less hopeful than Mazzini, or than I had always supposed him to be. He says that in 1848 he was hopeful, and thought it worth giving all he had to give. But now the despotic governments are all better organized and leagued together; the

armies in better training; and also we know now that they do not mind resorting to more cruel and reckless modes of warfare than had ever before been thought possible. And as to the little we could give, it would be of more use then to keep men from starving, than now to help on the revolution.

[As to Baby], certainly she will not be christened in London at present. However much I might like Mr. Maurice to pray with us for her, I could not have him go through the Church Service over her. It seems to me shocking to come before God with words which one does not mean, and I could not mean *all* those. It is one thing to thank God for a child and consecrate it to Him; it is another to baptize it into the Church of England.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

REV. W. GASKELL'S, PLYMOUTH GROVE,
Nov. 22nd, 1852.

Mr. Gaskell is doing a great deal now, and is gaining many warm friends in Manchester, particularly among the Church clergymen, by his activity, good sense, and good temper in two Committees. One is for the better regulation of beerhouses and places of public amusement, the other a Sanitary Committee to prepare the town for the next visit of the cholera. Both the Dean and Canon Richson are saying everywhere that he is the most valuable member on these Committees, and he was invited the other day to the distribution of medical prizes, which is always done by the Bishop or Dean, and to which no Dissenting minister was ever asked before. He clearly feels that he has found his right place, and Lily is proud that he is appreciated by people whose appreciation she cares for.

In the intervals of my other work I began to translate the *Deutsche Theologie* this autumn, but it was not published till the following year.

The study of this gem of the German Mystics of

the fourteenth century, followed up as it was by the study of the early records of Christianity contained in Bunsen's "Hippolytus and His Age," and then, in my own case, by proceeding to the study of Tauler and the other writers of the School to which he belonged, formed an important epoch both to Catherine and myself in our mental development. It led her to clearer, and myself gradually to wider and juster views of Christianity than we had hitherto possessed; and whatever influence these writings exercised upon us, was deepened and strengthened by the acquaintance which we began about this time to make with Mr. Maurice's writings, through his "Theological Essays" and "Kingdom of Christ," and, before long, with himself personally.

A few lines may be inserted from a letter of Bunsen's in reply to my sending him the results of my researches into the various editions of *Deutsche Theologie*, including a transcript of the original in Old-German. "Accept my heartfelt thanks for your work of love anent the *Deutsche Theologie*. You have given me great pleasure by it. Only, dear friend, go forward on this path, and a greater light will arise for you upon Christ and Christianity than is contained in any English formularies whatever. You ought also to read Tauler (his Life and Sermons), which I will send you."

The earlier part of 1853 was on the whole less eventful for Catherine than the two or three preceding years. She continued her literary occupation for some two or three hours of each day, and finished her translation of the first volume of Perthes' *Leben* early in the year. But that, alas! like our previous translation of Madame Pfeiffer's "Travels," was doomed to

prove wasted time, for before the second volume was far advanced, there appeared an announcement of another translation "with the Author's sanction."

My work with translation, my district and the Lower Mosley-Street Schools was interrupted in March by a very delightful visit to Mr. Wm. Greg, then living at Windermere with his sister, Miss Sarah Greg, and a still more delightful visit to the Bunsens in May and June, memorable to me not only for my pleasant intercourse and growing intimacy with Chevalier Bunsen and his family, but as the commencement of my friendship with Mr. Maurice, Archdeacon Hare, Dr. Max Müller, &c., and the opportunity of meeting a great number of interesting people, literary, learned, artistic, such as Neukomm, Dr. Pauli, the historian of Alfred the Great, &c.; Pastor Wichern, the founder of the Rauhe Haus in Hamburg; Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Miss W. W. Wynne, and many other notable people. Amidst all this brightness in England and our own circle, however, we were saddened by the failure of the Milan insurrection in February, which we had followed with passionate interest. While staying with Mr. Greg I first made acquaintance with the Rev. Robert Perceval Graves (author of the "Life of Sir William Hamilton," &c., and brother-in-law of Professor Ranke of Berlin), afterwards a very dear and intimate friend. Shortly after this date, ill-health compelled him to resign his living of Bowness, after which he resided for some years at Dove's Nest, formerly the dwelling of Mrs. Hemans, where I had the privilege of visiting him and his excellent wife, and owed much to his wise help in intellectual difficulties, as well as to their constant kindness.

In April Catherine paid a visit to Emily while I was at the Bunsens', and it must have been during this visit to London that Catherine was introduced to Bunsen. I had mentioned to him her translation of Perthes' *Leben*, and consulted him about Arndt's *Leben* and other books, in consequence of which he asked me to bring her to Carlton Terrace to talk the matter over with him. This must have been about the time, too, when Catherine was first introduced to the German Hymns, as well as to Tauler and the *Deutsche Theologie*, all of which interested her extremely, though the idea of her translating the *Lyra Germanica* was not conceived till the following year.

In August Catherine went to Switzerland with our father; she returned all the stronger for this tour, and was able this autumn to begin active work among the poor in the newly-established Sunday School and District Visiting Society.

As soon as the Vicar was settled at our new church, the district belonging to it was divided among the ladies of his congregation to visit. A scattered district of about forty houses lying at some distance from us and each other was undertaken by Catherine and Alice. They visited separately, calling at each house once a week to receive subscriptions to a Provident Club, and took with them books and papers of their own, which they lent to the people. Among these the *Illustrated London News* was specially prized by the men, who were very glad when they got the chance of a talk with Catherine about the public events mentioned in it. One man, a weaver, and therefore always at home when her call was paid, said, speaking of her one day: "Well, I have always wondered what ladies was made for; I thought them such useless

beings; but at least now I've found out they're the best of good company. Why, you could not find a single thing in the paper that she did not know all about it! I'd liefer hear her talk even than go to the public-house!"

The inhabitants of a country district do not change often like those of a town, and many real and lasting friendships were formed between Catherine and those whom she visited. Her insight into character and wonderful powers of sympathy were among the most striking of her characteristics; perhaps not less so were her remarkably strong sense and sound judgment in all practical matters. Hence people, both in her own and other classes, often felt impelled to open their whole hearts to her for counsel or help on a very brief acquaintance, feeling assured at least of comprehension and sympathy in the difficulties, mental or material, of their position, and with strong hope of effectual guidance. Were there space, we could give many instances of her tact in dealing with the poor, and of the extreme affection with which she was regarded by them. One poor woman, the wife of a labourer, whose lungs were affected, and who had from time to time attacks of severe illness, had twice had her life saved by Catherine's happening to come in; once when she was bleeding to death after leeches had been applied, another time when she was just sinking away from exhaustion. In both cases she was alone in her cottage, and would have soon died had not Catherine with her presence of mind and knowledge of illness promptly done what was required at the moment, and only left her when she had found some one to tend her; after this she used to say: "I'm not so much frightened now at being left alone

when I'm ill, for I feel as if when it comes to the worst the Lord would send you to me as He has done twice already." In another case, she succeeded in persuading a couple to marry who had lived together till seven children were born, and were a very dirty, disorderly lot, but their improvement in all respects after they had thus acquired the first element of self-respect was most marked. At the Sunday School her influence over the children was very great, and all the more so that to her kindliness, knowledge, and good sense, she added a strong vein of humour, and could amuse the children as well as instruct them. Long after she left the neighbourhood, she used to receive occasional letters from her old clients, who never forgot her, and she never forgot them.

Chevalier Bunsen *to* Susanna

Carlton Terrace, *February 3rd*, 1853.

[*Translation*]

I have read "Ruth"; and Goethe's *Briefwechsel mit Lotte und ihrem Manne* (1772)[1] has arrived; and now I must thank you for your dear letter, which has pleased me so much; . . . but if you could only see what I have brought to pass in the time, you would forgive me for not answering sooner. It has been a question of developing and bringing into the shape in which it floated before my eyes, a life-project that I have carried about in my heart since 1850. I found that I was succeeding, and so the creative impulse urged me on to work out the first of four books of the *Weltbewusstsein*, till now the little volume lies complete before me, all but the revision of two Chapters for the Notes; and now at last I can allow myself a little pause.

So first let me tell you that I have read "Ruth" with

[1] Goethe's "Correspondence with Lotte [the "Charlotte" of his "Werther"] and her Husband."

heartfelt sympathy and admiration. I admire the courage as much as the genius of the noble-minded authoress. She has looked the tragedy of life straight in the face. Ruth *must needs* perish, but atoned and glorified. That is required by man's sense of the Eternal Laws of the World's-order. To any one who understands this, the last volume will be as valuable and as indispensable as the two former ones. It is Psyche in the purifying fires of ordinary life, whose kaleidoscopic play of light and shadow is rendered in the successive scenes with much grace, truth, and creative power. The inner side of Dissenting life is very cleverly pourtrayed. Pray express to your charming friend my thanks and admiration for this new production of hers.

Now, dear Child, to return to your letter. So you wish me for the future to write for the English and in English? That is very kind of you, because it implies your faith in me and in my success among your great nation, and both are worth much to me. But if you reflect further, you will see that "*jeder Vogel doch nur singen kann, wie ihm der Schnabel gewachsen ist*," or to employ a more dignified quotation, "the Spirit bloweth where it listeth." The idea of "Hippolytus"[1] was conceived in an interchange of thoughts with Hare, was developed at Oxford amidst English thinkers, who addressed me in English and therefore to whom I had to reply in English. And so he naturally came into the world in English. When I came to the third part the spell ceased, for there was no longer any English mind in intercourse with mine there, and so I composed it in German. Then out of despair over Cottrell's translation, and because the fancy took me—in Latin. But the books that are the work of my life, and meant to live, have all been conceived in German, and therefore must be brought forth in German by all the laws of Mind.

I feel indeed that *here* in England I have a *lever*, which is

[1] "Hippolytus and His Age; or, the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus"; and "Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity Compared," by C. C. J. Bunsen, 4 vols. 8vo. Longmans, 1852.

wanting to me in Germany; where I am, properly speaking, a *foreigner* to this generation. This lever I intend to avail myself of in the way that I believe will be most useful and most welcome to England and the English. But the translation? I have always purposed to entrust the translation of my "Consciousness of the Universe exhibited in the Progress of the History of Mankind" to my eldest, English, son. He is coming to us on the 15th, and then I shall read the work to my people in order. If Henry will undertake the translation, well and good; if not—well, what else can be done, but that my *Töchterlein* should translate it for me. She would do it quite to my mind, and she *would* do it, would she not?

The book will please you. It is the first *national work* with which I come before the world. It strikes the great keynote of human consciousness, and penetrates into the very heart of the Bible, of conscience, and of philosophy. I wish you could come and stay here from the 15th of February to the 15th of March, and be present at my readings. Cannot that be managed, my little Philosopheress? (You shall never be called by such an ugly name again if you will come!) Who knows, but I may add a few special pages in your behoof, if there should be one or another question you want to see treated of!

CATHERINE *to* ELIZA PATERSON

ALDERLEY, *Feby. 9th*, 1853.

I am so glad that you too like "Ruth" properly, and cried over it. I should have given you up as hard-hearted to the last degree if you hadn't. Are not Ruth and Sally and the Bensons beautiful characters? Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Bellingham are quite as well drawn, though not so agreeable. Mr. Farquhar is generally a favourite with people who rather disapprove the book as a whole, and *I* don't like him a bit. What *do* you mean by saying that —— "rather takes Mr. Bellingham's part"? I can't conceive what there can be to say in extenua-

tion of his conduct, and indeed one of Mrs. Gaskell's objects was to make her readers feel how much worse he was in every way than Ruth, although the world visited her conduct with so much heavier a penalty than his. She also wished to bring out how, though the world did not punish Mr. Bellingham, God did, by the entire deterioration of his whole nature, and in this, I think, she has beautifully succeeded. How infinitely below Ruth he is in every way when they meet again; and how well she shows what an intrinsically inferior nature his is, because it becomes coarser as you see deeper into it, while the outside is refined. One thing I admire very much is the reticence, the quiet, even tone of the whole work, the absence of anything like exaggeration. In that point, I think it very superior to "Mary Barton." The only exception is that speech of Jemima's where she bears witness to Ruth, and there I believe a passionate girl like her might have spoken so, and that I shrink from it, not because it is unnatural, but because *I* should in real life shrink from any such wild expressions of feeling. I thoroughly like Sally.

Papa has just finished it, and says, "Tell Mrs. Gaskell that she is a brave, good woman for writing that book, and I honour her from the bottom of my heart. There's more real Christianity in it, than in whole volumes of orthodox theology."

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

ALDERLEY, *March 16th*, 1853.

Lately we have seen a good deal of Mrs. Heugh, and so far I take to her more than any of the younger people about here. She puts me in mind of one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines; one of her pattern ones, I mean; fair and sweet-looking, with gentle, lady-like ways, and a soft, rather slow, yet not languid, way of speaking, very unlike Manchester people in general; often saying very sensible things with something a little old-fashioned or bookish in her mode of expression, and evidently brought up in the strictest proprieties of every kind. On Monday we had a very long

talk, for I went down to read Italian with her, and when the lesson was over, it was raining so hard that I had to wait more than an hour. So she told me how till she married she had lived all her life in Cornwall, near Plymouth, at an old family house, where then her brother lived. How her sister-in-law was very kind to her, and they rode a great deal and had many relatives near there, and it was a very merry life. And then the change of coming to Manchester and living in Upper Brook Street. She had never seen a manufacturing town, and though of course she knew it would be smoky, had never conceived anything like how noisy and smoky, and grimy! And the bustle and drive of Manchester life bewildered her, and the mixed stateliness and roughness of the society disgusted her, and above all, everything was so ugly, it was a constant oppression to her.

CATHERINE *to* EMMA SHAEN

ALDERLEY, *March 23rd*, 1853.

I made up my mind not to write to you again till I had read "Villette," and now I have just finished it, and don't wonder at all you say about it. It is a thorough enjoyment to read it, so powerful everywhere, no rant, as there were bits of in her other books, so deep and true in its appreciation of character. . . . I like him [Graham Bretton] so much, though he didn't appreciate Lucy Snowe. To be sure she scarcely gave him a chance. Should you have fallen in love with the fiery little Professor for scolding so abominably? One can see very well how Lucy did it, when he alone had the power to see anything of her heart.

"Villette" makes one feel an extreme reverence for any one capable of so much deep feeling and brave endurance and truth, but it makes one feel "eerie," too, to be brought face to face with a life so wanting in *Versöhnung*, as Germans would say. I wonder whether Miss B. is so, and I wonder, too, whether she ever was in love; surely she could never herself have made love to any one, as all her heroines, even

Lucy Snowe, do. To be sure Paulina does not; how well she and Ginevra are contrasted; only it annoys one at last that that Nun, who really has frightened one all through the book, turns out a trick of such a stupid creature. How finely done—though very improbable, one can't help fancying—is that fête-night when she wanders out;—just like a wild bad dream; but, as Selina says, "one wouldn't for the sake of a stupid probability miss all that beautiful piece." No, indeed! Yes: there are bits that go very deep into one's heart; more especially with me all she says about facing and accepting some evil fate. And yet, yet, it never goes *quite* deep enough; it comes to an heroic Stoicism which is grand, but not the best.

I have been reading another book, as unlike "Villette" as possible, whereof there are many parts that *do* go to "the innermost depths," and sink into them like water into the dry ground, and that's Bunsen's "Hippolytus and His Age." Have you seen it? I wonder whether you would even care for it at all. I have not seen the fourth volume yet, and the other three I have read in a partial and desultory manner very unbefitting such a work, but I shall go back to it again. Then there is a great deal of Greek and Latin in it, and discussions concerning MSS., which are unintelligible to the unlearned, and some of the English is not over-easy, but it is *worth* thinking about.

Lily herself has been rather ailing and low-spirited lately; she takes to heart very much all the evil that is said of "Ruth," and, of course, a great deal *is* said; among others at Knutsford. But then she gets the very highest praise from Mr. Scott and Bunsen, and from Mr. Maurice and Archdeacon Hare, from Hallam and Monckton Milnes, besides many other less celebrated names, each testifying moreover to its meeting with appreciation among the best of their friends. (Bunsen, by the way, does not agree with you, for he says that any one with real insight will see that Ruth's death was absolutely necessary; "*sie musste untergehen*," and thereby conquer.) Old Lady Stanley sends word, with some truth, "that all the men who are worth caring about

like it: it is only the poor ignorant women who are shocked"; and Bishop Stanley's widow writes that her sons and all the younger men she hears speak of it say that "it is one of the most virtue-stirring works they have ever read."

CATHERINE *to* ALICE

BEDFORD ROW, *June 3rd*, 1853.

On Monday evening came the Stansfelds, Hawkeses, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Masson,[1] and Mazzini. The latter talked very interestingly, but we did not of course ask him any questions about the Milan insurrection lest we should say something indiscreet or make him unhappy, but he confirmed the accounts of his having come through France by the regular conveyances and driven through Paris in an open carriage. Then he talked about France, how thoroughly he distrusted all political parties there, and how very low the standard of public morality was, &c. Then of Turkey, how he wondered that our statesmen were not preparing for the inevitable fate of the Mahometan rule there; that it must end before long; that the Mahometans were only a fraction of the population, and no longer as once the most believing and energetic portion; that their best men were renegades, therefore Christians by birth and education; and that the only true barrier against Russia in that quarter would be an independent Christian State. That such a State must be Greek, that the Greeks did quite look forward to having Constantinople some day; that the Russians, being wise in their generation, were taking the side of the Christians and making themselves their protectors against their Mahometan oppressors; that we ought to take the same course, so that the Greeks who inevitably would have possession of Turkey some day, might not be thrown into the arms of Russia, &c.,—in fact very like Niebuhr in his Letters. Then he went off into a

[1] Mr. David Masson, afterwards Professor of Literature at Edinburgh, author of "Milton's Life and Times," the Lives of "Drummond of Hawthornden," "Chatterton," "Recent British Philosophy," &c. He was at this time Secretary to the Association of the "Friends of Italy."

half funny, half eloquent tirade against the Atheism of civilized Europe at the present day; making out France atheist through and through, Italy and Germany only a little better, and England better as regarded the religion of private life, and not intentionally wicked in public life, but no less destitute of faith in God and belief in real right and wrong as regarded public matters, equally governed by the merest temporary expediency, at least in all their foreign relations.

The departure of our friends the John James Taylers to London in consequence of the removal thither of the "Manchester New College," of which Mr. Tayler was Principal, made a great breach in the circle of our most intimate associates in Manchester. Especially was it so to myself, since Mr. Tayler had been for some years not only my pastor, but of all my Manchester friends the one with whom I could hold the most unreserved and sympathetic intercourse on matters of thought. Of his eminence as a Scholar, a Divine, and an Ecclesiastical Historian, it would ill become me to speak; his writings critical and historical are too well known. But I cannot forbear saying a word of what he was in his ministerial capacity, because with one or two exceptions I have never known any one equally perfect in the pastoral relationship. He seemed able to enter into with loving sympathy and wise comprehension the varying characters and circumstances of each member of his congregation. I think there was not one among them who did not feel that he or she could open their whole mind to him without fear of either offence or misunderstanding. And while he did not bring in direct religious conversation at every turn, yet the highest spiritual truths were so entirely the very life of his soul, the element of piety, the air which he breathed,

that one could never forget for a moment while with him the presence of a Christian minister. He was indeed almost an embodiment of the charity that "thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;" and as humble as he was unselfish. We were wont to declare that Mr. Tayler lacked no virtue, but virtuous indignation. And of that too he was not destitute upon occasion; but it was true, as we sometimes laughingly complained, that everybody instinctively turned their best side out to Mr. Tayler (really because he drew out that side of them), and so he thought people better than they were, and was unconscious of half the wickedness around him. I have often heard Catherine say that he and Mr. Maurice were perhaps the two most saint-like men she knew.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

ALDERLEY, *October* 30, 1853.

It is very nice that you and Will have at last some time for reading together, but I have not read Thackeray's "Humourists" yet, and the lecture of his I heard here was the last on Sterne and Goldsmith. I think I can quite understand that Thackeray could not adore Addison with *his heart;* that he could not help admiring, really appreciating, Addison's talent and character, but that his fame and his morality would give Thackeray a feeling very like jealousy, that would make him involuntarily seek to pick holes. All Thackeray's sympathies seem to me to be with fine *caractères manqués;* characters on a large scale with a great flaw in them; there seems to be always an underlying consciousness that he is not half what he might have been himself; and then, has he not a great thirst for fame and success, so that a tolerably consistent character with

great success in life would be just what he would at once admire and dislike? There's a theory on a small foundation! I dare say it's all wrong. Which side do you take about the *Wahlverwandschaften?* Do you think it highly moral or immoral? You know Mr. Froude thinks the Germans were very stupid not to find out that it is the highest morality possible about marriage, and that English people would see it better. I can't say that I am much cleverer than the Germans, for it seems to me that Ottilie is the person Goethe cared most for, and I think she did behave very badly, though she is better than Edward. But I do admire Charlotte exceedingly, for she could not help liking the *Hauptmann* better than that weak Edward, and she gave him up as soon as she found it out. Her character I think very fine and very interesting. What exquisite writing there is in the book, is there not? That part where Ottilie and the child are in the water is perfectly written I think. Just now Papa has two very interesting works to read, "Lorenzo Benoni"[1] and Mr. Maurice's "Theological Essays." Have you begun the latter yet? I have read a little, and of course I like it. It puts me a good deal in mind of Bunsen in his way of looking at some things, also it seems to me clearer and more decided than what I have read of his before. Mr. James[2] was telling Lily the other day that he did not think there was any chance of Mr. Maurice's being turned out of Lincoln's Inn, for the Benchers would keep him there, if only to spite the Bishop of London.[3]

Mr. Maurice's "Theological Essays," written to controvert the Unitarian system of doctrine (and which have perhaps succeeded in converting more opponents than almost any work ever written with such an object), contained in the last chapter an argument

[1] "Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian." By Giovanni Ruffini, author of "Doctor Antonio." 1853.

[2] Afterwards Vice-Chancellor James.

[3] Dr. Blomfield.

against the necessary Eternity of Future Punishments. For this he was attacked by Dr. Jelf, the Principal of King's College, of which Mr. Maurice was one of the Professors. The controversy thus raised ended in Mr. Maurice's dismissal from his Professorship.

Upon this, Mr. Maurice immediately sent in his resignation of the other offices he held, as Chaplain to Lincoln's Inn, and Professor in Queen's College, Harley Street; in order that if his teaching were unacceptable to his hearers, they might have an opportunity of expressing their dissatisfaction; but in both cases he was requested to withdraw his resignation. This was, however, as can be imagined, a time of great anxiety for his friends, especially as he had declared he would keep to his resignation of Lincoln's Inn, if the Benchers were not unanimous in desiring him to continue his ministrations among them, but they were so. The decision came while I was staying with the Bunsens, and was announced when the Hares were dining with us.

Susanna *to* Catherine

Carlton Terrace, *December 20th*, 1853.

Tuesday we had a party at dinner, and some more people in the evening. At dinner there were Mr. Maurice, Archdeacon and Mrs. Hare, Mr. Trench,[1] Professor Green, Mr. Cottrell, Drs. Max Müller, Pauli, and Boetticher, Mr. Philip Pusey, &c. Mr. Maurice took me in, and I sat between him and Mr. Pusey, whom Miss Bunsen had called the most agreeable man there, but he and Mr. Maurice got so terribly learned directly over Grote and Muir and Herodotus that I was quite awe-struck. Mr. Pusey is a tall, grey-haired, somewhat deaf, old gentleman, very

[1] Afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

gentlemanly, and full of information—if one were not too ignorant to get it out. Then he and Mr. Maurice discussed University Reform, Mr. Pusey thinking some reform was needed, but there was such a good spirit in Oxford that they would reform themselves, if let alone, which Mr. Maurice evidently did not agree with.

Then, on the other side of Mr. Maurice was Professor Green,[1] who talked with him about Oken and Feuerbach and Baur. This Mr. Green has Coleridge's papers, which he is looking through to see what more there is worth publishing. Among other things the beginning of a comprehensive system of philosophy, of which, however, there is little written beyond a cosmogony, which won't stand the test of modern natural science. He dictated most of it (as I understood) to Mr. Green himself, and when the latter urged him to attend in the first place to the moral rather than the cosmogonical part, used to reply: "I have that all so clear in my head that I shall have nothing to do but to put pen to paper when the time comes, but I want to get all this part out clear, which is not so yet." And so what would have been really valuable never got written at all.

Then I had a long discussion with Mr. Maurice about truthfulness, in which he, like Mr. J. J. Tayler, advocated *absolute* truthfulness, though he does not condemn those who think differently. After dinner I was introduced to Mrs. Hare, who gave me the delightful intelligence that the Lincoln's Inn Benchers had refused to accept Mr. Maurice's resignation, and done so in a most satisfactory letter; likewise she told me how it was the Bishop of London, who drew up the Resolution at the Meeting at King's College, expelling Mr. Maurice, and who afterwards said he had only acted as Chairman, and had no objection to Mr. Maurice personally. Then Archdeacon Hare came up to me, and began praising "Ruth," saying how it must

[1] Professor Joseph Henry Green (1791-1863), was Coleridge literary executor, and the author of "Spiritual Philosophy founded on the Teaching of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge." 1865.

do both women and men good to read it, and then he talked a little about Bonn people and *Deutsche Theologie*, and gave me the information that he had translated some of Tauler himself in his "Mission of the Comforter," which I accordingly looked at next day, and was driven to despair to see how beautifully it was done. Mrs. Hare speaks of him as if he were quite better now.

Wednesday morning Mr. Kingsley slipped away after eating two mouthfuls of breakfast, and we saw no more of him till dinner. He had been very busy about the "Address from the Clergy" to Mr. Maurice, of which he brought back copies—the poorest, most *jejeune* production imaginable; as Bunsen said: "Dr. Jelf himself might almost have signed it!" After all, I believe the thing has fallen through from Mr. Kingsley being called away so suddenly next day. They were not satisfied with that address, and Mr. Kingsley was the man of business among them, nothing was got through when he wasn't there.

After tea, I was horrified by Bunsen's announcing to me on coming into the drawing-room, that he had been telling the gentlemen downstairs about my translating the *Deutsche Theologie*, and that he wished me there and then to fetch the book and read what I had done to the assembled party! (This included besides Kingsley, Drs. Müller and Pauli, Count Flemming, Lady Raffles, the Ernest Bunsens, &c., &c.) I fetched the book out of pure fright at doing anything but obeying, but by the time I came downstairs again had recovered myself sufficiently to tell Bunsen how utterly out of the question such a proceeding was, but that if I could get hold of Kingsley by himself, I should be glad to show it to him. So I believe he gave Mr. Kingsley a hint, and after a time he came and sat down by me in a corner, and then I got my book and we went through it. Bunsen occupied the other people with other things to draw off their attention, only Max Müller crept up behind me and sat at my elbow listening to it all. And then I found what it was to read with a real man of genius. For Kingsley, in spite of knowing German very imper-

fectly, understood it all so well and instantly, and hit in a moment upon all the right and wrong words. His advice would in some respects go just opposite to Mr. Scott's, who doubted if I were not too antique in style; Mr. Kingsley would blot out what few Latin words I have kept.

As to politics, the *Times* article on Lord Palmerston's retirement raised shouts of laughter at the breakfast-table, it being perfectly understood the Eastern Question was the real stumbling-block. So Sir George Grey is to take his place! It looks very bad for things in the East that Palmerston should have felt it needful to retire. I have not after all seen Miss Nightingale, and am sorry to hear from Miss Bunsen that she is looking very poorly, and she fears is almost worn out and bothered to death with the Ladies' Committee.[1] What a shame they should not know the treasure they've got! I went with Miss Bunsen to the German Hospital at Dalston on Thursday, and was much struck with the expression of the nurses' faces;[2] so affectionate and so bright.

CATHERINE *to* EMMA SHAEN

ALDERLEY EDGE, *May 8th*, 1854.

I meant to have written to you last week, but finding that I was to see Miss Brontë[3] this week I determined to wait till I could write about her, and her *marriage*. I suppose you will have heard that she is to be married in a few weeks to a clergyman, a Mr. Nicholls, who was for eight years curate to her father, was then sent off in a hurry for his audacity in falling in love with the rector's daughter, but is now coming back to be curate and son-in-law. Alas! alas! I am very glad for Miss Brontë's sake, but sorry for ours, for we can never reckon on seeing her

[1] Miss Nightingale had undertaken the management of the Ladies' Hospital in Harley Street.

[2] The Dalston Hospital was then nursed by "Sisters,"—Deaconesses from Kaiserswerth, where Miss Nightingale had been trained.

[3] Miss Brontë was staying with the Gaskells in Manchester.

much again when she is "a married woman." Emily and I both went over on Tuesday to see her; Emily some hours first, so as to have some talk to herself. When I came in, Lily took me in to Miss Brontë's bedroom and left me for a little bit, intending that I should speak of her marriage. I, not knowing whether I was supposed to know of it, held my tongue on that subject, but we talked friendlily, chiefly she asking me questions about myself, till I thought she looked tired, so I took myself off; but at parting, Miss Brontë said to me: "I hope I shall see you again." So I went in on Wednesday. Lily drew me in directly to the room, whispering: "Say something about her marriage." . . . When she was summoned away I began: "I was very glad to hear something Mrs. Gaskell told me about you." "What was it?" "That you are not going to be alone any more." She leant her head on her hand and said very quickly: "Yes, I am going to be married in June." "It will be a great happiness for you to have some one to care for, and make happy." "Yes; and it is a great thing to be the first object with any one." "And you must be very sure of that with Mr. Nicholls; he has known you and wished for this so long, I hear." "Yes, he has more than once refused preferment since he left my father, because he knew he never could marry me unless he could return to Haworth; he knew I could not leave my father." She stopped, and then went on: "But, Katie, it has cost me a good deal to come to this." "You will have to care for his things, instead of his caring for yours, is that it?" "Yes, I can see that beforehand." "But you have been together so long already that you know what his things are, very well. He is very devoted to his duties, is he not?—and you can and would like to help him in those?" "I have always been used to those, and it is one great pleasure to me that he is so much beloved by all the people in the parish; there is quite a rejoicing over his return. But those are not everything, and I cannot conceal from myself that he is *not* intellectual; there are many places into which he could not follow me intellectually." "Well; of course

every one has their own tastes. For myself, if a man had a firm, constant, affectionate, reliable nature, with tolerable practical sense, I should be much better satisfied with him than if he had an intellect far beyond mine, and brilliant gifts without that trustworthiness. I care most for a calm, equable, atmosphere at home." "I do believe Mr. Nicholls is as reliable as you say, or I wouldn't marry him." "And you have had time to prove it; you are not acting in a hurry." "That is true; and, indeed, I am quite satisfied with my decision; still"—here Lily came in, and Miss Brontë repeated what I had been saying, ending with—"still such a character would be far less amusing and interesting than a more impulsive and fickle one; it might be dull!" "Yes, indeed," said Lily. "For a day's companion, yes," I said, "but not for a life's: one's home ought to be the one fixed point, the one untroubled region in one's lot; at home one wants peace and settled love and trust, not storm and change and excitement; besides such a character would have the advantage that one might do the fickleness required one's self, which would be a relief sometimes." "Oh, Katie, if *I* had ever said such a wicked thing," cried Lily; and then Miss Brontë: "Oh, Katie, I never thought to hear such a speech from *you!*" "You don't agree with it?" "Oh, there is truth in it; so much that I don't think *I* could ever have been so candid," Miss Brontë said; "and there is danger, too, one might be led on to go too far." "I think not," I said; "the steadiness and generosity on the other side would always keep one in check." But they made a great deal of fun and laughing about this, and then Lily was called away again, and Miss Brontë went on: "He is a Puseyite and very stiff; I fear it will stand in the way of my intercourse with some of my friends. But I shall always be the same in my heart towards them. I shall never let him make me a bigot. I don't think differences of opinion ought to interfere with friendship, do you?" "No." And we talked about this a little, and then I said: "Perhaps, too, you may do something to introduce him to goodness in sects where he has

thought it could not be." "That is what I hope; he has a most sincere love of goodness wherever he sees it. I think if he could come to know Mr. Gaskell it would change his feeling." Then, quite suddenly, she said: "Tell me about your sister. Is she happy in her married life?" "Yes, very happy indeed." "Sincerely?" "Yes, she not only says so, but it shines out in everything that she is happier than ever before in her life." "And what is your brother-in-law like?" So I had to describe Will, thinking privately that it did not sound as though Mr. Nicholls would make half such a good husband, but did not say so, and to tell her a good deal about their engagement. What she cared most about hearing about Will was, whether he was selfish about small things, whether he took his share of small economies, or whether he appreciated Emily's endeavours and small self-denials, &c. Concerning which he had been praising Emily to me the last time he was here, so I edified her with reporting that, and gave him generally "an excellent character," as people say of servants. About Emily she wanted to know what variations of mood, what doubts and fears, she had felt about her marriage beforehand. Had she felt any, or was she always light-hearted during the time? So I said that no one could be exactly always light-hearted, I thought, who was not very young and thoughtless, whereat it came out that she thought Emily not twenty-five now. And then we talked over all the natural doubts that any thoughtful woman would feel at such a time, and my own mother's early married life, and when Lily returned, she said she felt greatly comforted; and thereupon Lily set off praising *her* husband for being a good sick nurse and so good to the children, and how very winning that was to the mother. Afterwards, Miss Brontë asked me a good deal about you, with a great deal of kindly interest.

What I hear from Lily of Mr. Nicholls is all good. She [Miss Brontë] knew him well all those eight years, and has the greatest trust in his temper and principles. He

loved her, but she refused him; he went on, but her father discovered it, went into a rage, and sent him away. He wrote to her very miserably; wrote six times, and then she answered him—a letter exhorting him to heroic submission to his lot, &c. He sent word it had comforted him so much that he must have a little more, and so she came to write to him several times. Then her father wanted a curate, and never liked any one so well as Mr. Nicholls, but did not at first like to have him; sent for him, however, after a time. This was about Christmas. Miss Brontë had not then made up her mind; but when she saw him again, she decided that she could make him happy, and that his love was too good to be thrown away by one so lonely as she is; and so they are to be married. He thinks her intellectually superior to himself, and admires her gifts, and likes her the better, which sounds as though he were generous. And he has very good family connections, and he gets on with her father, and all the parishioners adore him; but they will be very poor, for the living is only £250 a year. If only he is not altogether far too narrow for her, one can fancy her much more really happy with such a man than with one who might have made her more in love, and I am sure she will be really good to him. But I *guess* the true love was Paul Emanuel after all, and is dead; but I don't know, and don't think that Lily knows.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË NICHOLLS *to* CATHERINE

CORK, *July 30th*, 1854.

DEAR KATIE,—It was at a little wild spot on the south-west coast of Ireland that your letter reached me. I did not at first recognise the handwriting, and when I saw the signature and afterwards read the full and interesting communication, I was touched;—you are very good, Katie, very thoughtful for others.

Yes! I am married. A month ago this very day

(July 27th) I changed my name. The same day we went to Conway; stayed a few days in Wales; then crossed from Holyhead to Dublin. After a short sojourn in the capital we went to the coast. Such a wild rock-bound coast: with such an ocean view as I had not yet seen, and such battling of waves with rocks as I had never imagined!

My husband is not a poet or a poetical man, and one of my grand doubts before marriage was about "congenial tastes" and so on. The first morning we went out on to the cliffs and saw the Atlantic coming in, all white foam, I did not know whether I should get leave or time to take the matter in my own way. I did not want to talk, but I *did* want to look and be silent. Having hinted a petition, license was not refused; covered with a rug to keep off the spray, I was allowed to sit where I chose, and he only interrupted me when he thought I crept too near the edge of the cliff. So far, he is always good in this way, and this protection which does not interfere or pretend, is, I believe, a thousand times better than any half sort of pseudo-sympathy. I will try with God's help to be as indulgent to him whenever indulgence is needed.

We have been to Killarney. I will not describe it a bit. We saw and went through the Gap of Dunloe. A sudden glimpse of a very grim phantom came on us in the Gap. The guide had warned me to alight from my horse, as the path was now very broken and dangerous; I did not feel afraid and declined. We passed the dangerous part, the horse trembled in every limb and slipped once, but did not fall. Soon after, she started and was unruly for a minute; however I kept my seat, my husband went to her head and led her. Suddenly, without any apparent cause, she seemed to go mad—reared, plunged;—I was thrown on the stones right under her. My husband did not see that I had fallen—he still held on: I saw and felt her kick, plunge, trample round me. I had my thoughts about the moment—its consequences, my husband, my father. When my plight was seen, the struggling creature was let loose, and she sprang over me. I was lifted off the

stones, neither bruised by the fall nor touched by the mare's hoofs! Of course the only feeling left was gratitude for more sakes than my own.

I go home soon; good-bye, dear Katie, I direct this to Plymouth Grove, not being sure of your address.

C. B. NICHOLLS.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

BEDFORD ROW, *May 28th*, 1854.

Went to Royal Academy. The Landseer I like the least of any I ever saw of his. It is the Queen and Prince Albert looking at some dead game. There are two pictures by Holman Hunt. I had not time enough to know how much I liked "The Light of the World." The face I thought had a very lofty and sad expression, but the general colouring was so odd one cannot tell what to make of it at first. The sky is *olive green*. His other picture, "The Awakened Conscience," tells its own story so perfectly that I cannot conceive how any one should need Mr. Ruskin's explanations in the *Times*.

Early in March, I came to town suddenly to arrange about the publication of my *Theologia Germanica*, expecting only to stay for a day or two, but Chevalier Bunsen requested me to come and help him in the absence of his usual literary secretary, and I remained at his house for several weeks, during the eventful period which immediately preceded and followed the Declaration of War with Russia. It was my last visit to him in England, for his disapproval of the course which his Government took in not siding distinctly with England and France, rendered his resignation necessary, and he quitted England in the course of the summer.

This summer I had the great pleasure of my first

tour in Switzerland. On our way back we stayed at Heidelberg for a few days to see the Bunsens, who were now settled there, and they persuaded my father to leave me behind with them, where I remained till October.

My autumn visit to the Bunsens was a great contrast to that in the spring, when all was gloom and anxiety. It was indeed a very sunny time; the Chevalier had quite recovered his health and spirits after the troublous period of the spring, and was thoroughly enjoying his release from the heavy burden of official cares and responsibilities, with the leisure thus afforded him for his more congenial literary work. He had resigned himself to cease from tugging at the wheel of Prussian politics for the present, and leaving it to roll on in the old ruts, till better days should dawn. And, in the meantime, all our hearts were uplifted with joy at the successes of the Allied Forces at the Alma and during the earlier weeks of the war, when all were looking forward to a speedy and glorious termination of the struggle.

CHAPTER VI

The "Lyra Germanica"

1854–1855

We now come to what was a turning-point in my sister's life, namely, the production of the *Lyra Germanica*. She was, as we have seen, much delighted with the *Theologia Germanica*, and afterwards with Tauler. I had intended to arrange a series of Tauler's Sermons according to the Ecclesiastical Year, and I think it must have been in the summer of 1854 that I suggested she should translate a companion volume of sacred poetry, since she had always succeeded well with the translations from German poetry which Mr. Gaskell required of his pupils. She replied that that was quite beyond her powers; but when at Heidelberg I imparted my idea to Bunsen, who strongly approved of it, and afterwards wrote to me on the subject. From the following letter it appears that she was then attempting to translate some hymns, but was so far from having any definite plan of publishing them, that she was still looking out for some book to translate, in which case she would give them up. But I think that the letter of Bunsen's to which I have alluded brought her floating ideas to the crystallizing point.

Catherine *to* Emily

Alderley, *September 13th*, 1854.

Selina and I are going on very quietly and pleasantly here; asked out to tea by kind people who pity our dulness,

but very happy when not asked out! On the evenings that Ste is here we read Ruskin's Lectures aloud. Selina draws till I am afraid she will draw her eyes out, and goes deeper in despair every day over Richardson's landscapes. Then she practises in the evenings, when Ste is not here, and we are out a great deal in this delicious weather. I read Machiavelli's "History of Florence," whereof I sha'n't remember a word, I fear, for want of chapters and other breaks to the narrative, and lose myself in wonder how the Florentines could build their Duomo and pay for it, when they apparently had no time for anything but fighting. And I have been trying to translate some German hymns that Susie and I are fond of, and don't succeed very well, but I like doing it.

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

HOTEL DE HOLLANDE, HEIDELBERG,
October 4th, 1854.

I am so comfortable here, I feel as if I could settle down for two or three months with the greatest ease in the world. Even apart from Tauler,[1] my time has been anything but wasted here, and I shall come home with a stock of new thoughts as well as new outward images from my Swiss journey. The latter have quite gone into the background at present. The present moment so fills up my mind, and stretches my attention, that I haven't time to go backwards or forwards; but *pictures* always come up again fast enough with me. It is not so with facts and things I have heard, and I am sadly afraid of not remembering half what I should like to repeat again to you, because each day I have been tired, and had no time for digestion of all I heard.

I have seen a great deal of Bunsen here. In the afternoons the ladies often go out in the carriage and leave me

[1] Baron Bunsen wrote: "I have arranged with Miss Winkworth the publication of twenty-six Sermons of Tauler's, from Advent to Pentecost, with his Life. The trial of skill has proved successful. She has hit the right tone."—See "Life of Bunsen," vol. ii. p. 358.

to take care of him, so we have got quite long talks together; and it is very charming to find he is really *better* the more one knows him. As to the accusations made against him of worldliness in money matters, either as regards himself or his children's settlement in life, if people only knew the facts I do, they would see how *entirely* groundless it is. To my astonishment, though he does not take his pension, he has *not* quarrelled with the King personally; and says he shouldn't, if the King had treated him ten times worse [only he will have nothing to do with him in politics unless he can "go to England with a treaty of alliance against Russia in his pocket"]; and his coming away from England so *soon* as he did, without visiting his children and friends first, was an act of generosity towards his Government, to make his successor's position less difficult.

The journey home after this visit was made in company with Chevalier Bunsen, his daughter Emilia, and his son Theodore, as far as Bonn. We started on the 10th of October, and spent a delightful day together at Mainz.

The next morning we had scarcely got on board the steamer which was to carry us to Bonn, than Bunsen announced that he had not slept, but spent the night in elaborating the idea of publishing his "Table of Bible-reading," in English and German, with a corrected translation of the Scriptures.

This was the first germ of his great *Bibel-Werk*, which expanded afterwards into a complete Revised Translation of the Old and New Testaments, accompanied by a Commentary. He spent that morning reading to us on the steamer what he had been composing since the day before; and writing to his wife, on our arrival that evening at Bonn, he says: "In the course of this day, the thought has ripened within me

(which had flashed on me at Fox How, in 1839) to arrange a series of Bible-readings, *as the real History of Revelation*, in their historical order—the text, with a short introduction prefixed to each division of the Divine Drama—a People's Book, for the use of my English and American fellow-Christians. As an English composition, the thought came new before me, and the form was at once clear to my eyes."

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

BEDFORD ROW, *October 30th*, 1854.

I've had a delicious letter from Lily this morning—a regular folio—most about Miss Florence Nightingale, and just *what* one wanted to hear, not idealizing descriptions such as come first—and *must* always come first—but facts and details, and the wrong side of the tapestry as well as the right, and the impression she has made on other people, dry practical men like Mr. Sam Gaskell, for instance, who began with calling her "your enthusiastic young friend," and now says he never saw a man of business so business-like, and is quite off his feet about her higher qualifications.

The following winter was a gloomy one, for, besides and worse than various private anxieties, the political clouds that hung over us weighed upon the whole nation like a pall. It was the time of our disasters in the Crimea, and day after day our hearts were sickened by the accounts of all that our brave troops were suffering in the East.

During the spring Catherine continued working busily at her Hymns, which came out in August, 1855. Meanwhile the volume of Tauler's "Sermons and Life," which was to have accompanied them, was destined to be again several times laid aside for other work. To-

wards the close of 1854, Bunsen sent me through Mrs. Schwabe a MS. containing the further development of the idea conceived on our journey along the Rhine in October; a sort of Preface explaining the nature of the proposed Bible-work, with the reasons for its existence. This was intended as a kind of precursor to test the light in which such a scheme would be regarded by the thoughtful English public, as well as the disposition of publishers to embark in it, and was sent to me for correction.

In December I paid a visit to Archdeacon Hare, in order to consult him as to my selection from the eighty-four Sermons of Tauler, and to read him several of the passages I had translated. Bunsen and Kingsley had strongly advised my omitting every passage which only a Roman Catholic would have written; saying they would both give offence and detract from the usefulness of the book to Protestants. I demurred to this as injuring the historic truthfulness of the work, but was anxious to have the opinions of Maurice and Hare, both on this point and also as to the style I had adopted for the translation. This visit was the last time I saw the Archdeacon. The illness from which he was then suffering was the beginning of the end. He was removed home a day or two after, but died a few weeks later.

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

BEDFORD ROW, *December 20th*, 1854.

The Archdeacon and Mr. Maurice, to my extreme delight, quite differ from Bunsen and Kingsley as to leaving out Romish passages. Mr. Maurice thinks it quite a point of conscience to retain them, and the Archdeacon, when I showed him my favourite passage about purgatory—which would, however, be the greatest stumbling-block of any

passage I proposed to retain—exclaimed on reading it: "Why this is splendid; it would be a thousand pities to leave it out!" Just exactly, you know, what I thought myself.

The whole set of people were delightful, so thoroughly friendly and kind. And Mr. Maurice is charming. I never knew before that he had fun in him, but he told good stories and can laugh most heartily. What hundreds of things I should like to say to him! If you can conveniently send them, it would be very nice to have your MS. of hymns before Sunday or on Christmas Day, when there would be a little quiet time to read them with Emily. What do you think of my showing them to Mr. Maurice?

Rev. F. D. Maurice *to* Susanna

21 Queen Square, *February 1st*, 1855.

Dear Miss Winkworth,—I have just returned from the funeral of my dear brother-in-law, whom I saw, almost for the last time, in your company. Ill as he was then, I had no expectation that the time of parting from him was so near. But I do not wish to trouble you with our griefs, though I am sure you and many others will share in them.

My sister has given me a commission—or rather, it has the most sacred character of a commission from the grave—which I must execute at once. Hare had undertaken to furnish the letterpress to a series of illustrations of "Luther's Life," which Longman was bringing out. . . . When Julius was unable to write himself, he dictated a letter advising the publisher to give the book out of his hands . . . and strongly advised that you should be asked to undertake the "Life." To this Longman readily assented, promising that the arrangement as to terms should be the same as with him.

My sister begs me to entreat you very earnestly to accept this task. She knows the task upon which you are now engaged, but if that could be suspended for a time, she thinks you would feel that you were engaged in a useful as

well as a very kind work. She desires me to say that all the books which he had set apart for this purpose are at your service, and should be sent to you whenever and wherever you pleased; or that if you would go to Hurstmonceaux during the short time she is allowed to remain there, and to make any selections from the library, she should be very glad to see you. Will you, at all events, communicate with Longman and me as soon as you can on the subject.—Very truly yours,

F. D. MAURICE.

Such a request was sacred, but it involved a much larger amount of work than would have been supposed from the results, for I had some sixty volumes to read through for sketches occupying little more than twice that number of pages. The task was, however, intensely interesting, and set me speculating upon the possibility of writing a popular Life of Luther; but the leisure for that work never came.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN *to* SUSANNA

HEIDELBERG, *February 15th*, 1855.

[*Translation*]

Yesterday I received your letter, my dear Child, which has given me great pleasure in every respect. About your stay at Lilleshall, I had already heard from Henry . . . and am very glad that you and they have mutually recognized each other's merits. . . . Thank you, too, for your tidings of your own people which I hear with hearty sympathy.

Specially do I rejoice that my beloved Julius Hare has bequeathed you so noble a legacy, and through the medium of his worthy brother in spirit—Maurice. He could not have given you a more emphatic proof of his respect and affection. For, after the Apostle Paul, Luther was and always remained the first hero in his Pantheon of Christian Humanity; and I feel just the same. The original work

itself ["Gustav König's Illustrations"] is very dear to me; and it was I who first proposed to Longman to lay it before the English public.[1] Its text is good and based on a thorough knowledge of Luther; but it is calculated for German readers *only*. The English text must give more and less; in short, be quite a different work. Now listen to what I tell you; you can do the work very well. Do not be afraid. If you want to read more besides [what Mrs. Hare is sending you] you may; but it is not necessary. In this case you will certainly find that we Germans as yet possess no proper, adequate "Life of Luther." D'Aubigné's delineation of him is better than any German one, although he, as an incarnate Frenchman, after all can only truly understand and love Calvin. However, he knows how to write, and he understands the Man and the Theologian, though not the Human being.[2] Brilliant and true flashes of light are thrown upon the Reformer by Michelet in his *Vie de Luther* (of which, however, I think there is only one volume out yet). The man is cracked and a Frenchman; *mais il y a de la méthode dans sa folie*, and he writes splendidly. Marheinecke's *Leben* (3 vols., 1817) is dry, but good as a work of reference.[3]

All this is only to stop your mouth, if you shriek again that you don't know enough, and such like foolish stuff, after the manner of you girls.

Only write away with a fresh heart and a free soul, and it will turn out something good.

God bless you, and don't forget me, your faithful friend,

BUNSEN.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

CRIX, *March 13th*, 1855.

I am sorry for your headache, dear Child, and I am afraid "Luther" must have something to do with it. No

[1] "The Life of Luther in Forty-eight Historical Engravings. By Gustav König. With Explanations by Archdeacon Hare. Continued by Susanna Winkworth." Longmans, 1855.

[2] *Mensch*. Bunsen meant his place in the history of mankind.

[3] I procured these works and found them very useful.

doubt the weather has too, but your hard work and worry and *solitude* I fear have more. Yesterday I thought of you and pitied you, for I was seized, almost for the first time, with an awful fit of spring laziness and dreaminess, and wasted nearly all my afternoon for work, and got nothing but pricks of conscience for it. Then I thought if I were more "subject to such attacks" over my work, and were alone besides, so as to have no external help to get over them, I should not like it at all, and felt sad to think how much of that kind you had had to fight with. I don't mean to assert, my dear, that I never am lazy, but only that when I have work clear before me, my temptation is much more to do it carelessly and quickly than not to do it at all.

I am going to reckon up my Hymns, but you see I could do no more at best than get the translating done by the middle of May. I shall be exceedingly glad to read them over with you, because you can judge both of translation and interest of idea. I have done sixty, and have forty yet to do. I am doing them at the rate of one a day, when I can get a day to myself.

EMILY *to* SUSANNA

BEDFORD ROW, *May 28th*, 1855.

I think "Westward Ho!" glorious, and can't bear to hear people call it a failure. But it does seem to me less grand and coherent and finished than "Hypatia" and even "Yeast"; not cast red-hot like them, but pieced up in plaster. In fact, up to Ayacanora, and indeed to the Spanish Armada, it is rather a series of pictures than a story. There is no centre and no circumference. You are never once put into the heart of poor little Rose Salterne, for instance; at least, except that last moment in the garden. By fits, you see into Frank's (*my* hero; just because formerly Amyas used to be my temptation) and Amyas's, and always clear and straight into Mrs. Leigh's, who is perfect and beautiful. But altogether the tale is too out-

ward to suit one's modern taste;—no, not too outward; it can't have *too much* on that side, but it has too little of the inward. And though every one else since Walter Scott may push the latter too far and be morbid, still it *is* worth its true weight for all that. And hosts of little defects seem to grow out of this to me;—you don't care for Rose Salterne half enough; and never come to *enter into* that noble Frank talking all that stuff to Queen Elizabeth—and —however, I dare say I'm all wrong quite, and it's my own want of imagination. Only in Shakespeare and Goethe and Thackeray, I feel both outward and inward just to match, and plenty of both. Did you ever read anything so grand as the whole Armada history? I never entered into a sea-fight before in my life; one hears the guns and smells the salt water and feels the fierce fiery hubbub, and every change in the wind and weather, and lives through all the nights and days. And those luscious South American forests! I never read Humboldt and so I dream about these. And the rivers are like some of one's child's dreams, aren't they?

BEDFORD ROW, *May* 1855.

I'm very glad to be in London just now for two months, because of the beginning of Mr. Maurice's "College."[1] The arrangements will all be being made now; and the Introductory Lectures are to begin directly, in order to be got through by the end of July, that people may be ready to set to work properly in November. *How* he does bring things to pass! When he spoke to Lily that Sunday—two months since, perhaps—he was only beginning the *plan;* it has all grown up since then.

[1] The Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street was started by Mr. Maurice in 1854. It has now moved to larger premises in Crowndale Road, Camden Town, where it still carries out the ideal of its founder, the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of mental culture, not with a view to increase of power of making money. In its early days there were classes for working women in connection with it, and it was in these that Emily was specially interested. An interesting account of the College by many hands was published at the time of its jubilee by Macmillan & Co.—[ED.]

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

BEDFORD ROW, *Jany.* 23*rd*, 1856.

The only extra thing I have done lately has been taking a part in the settling of the Working Women's Classes at Red Lion Square. They are opening this week. . . . Two hours every afternoon. The first hour gentlemen are to give lectures to the women on history, Bible, domestic economy, and health. The second hour ladies are to teach them writing, needlework, geography, arithmetic, &c. Don't you wish you could send your District there? Mr. Maurice does manage everything so nicely about these classes. I like him because he is so despotic. I am deep in "Macaulay's History"; and it *is* fascinating, in spite of the Reviews.

Catherine was desirous of dedicating the *Lyra Germanica* to Chevalier Bunsen, through whose present of his *Andachtsbuch* she had first become acquainted with the treasures of German hymnology, and through whose persuasion and encouragement she had been stimulated to attempt to introduce them to the English public; and at her request, I wrote to ask his permission for her to do so, to which he replied in a very kind letter, thanking her for her "very kind and welcome proposal."

The book came out in August. Notwithstanding the unfavourable time of the year for publishing, it had a very rapid sale, so much so that a large edition was sold out within two months, and she had to begin correcting the proofs for the second edition in October or November, to come out for Christmas. Very gratifying letters of appreciation poured in from all the men whose approval we valued the most—Bunsen, Maurice, Kingsley, Martineau, A. J. Scott, &c.

Baron Bunsen *to* Catherine

Charlottenburg, near Heidelberg,
23 *Sept.* 1855.

Mein liebes Fräulein Winckworth,—Das Herz treibt mich Ihnen Deutsch zu reden, da Sie mir meine deutschen Lieblingslieder, die heiligen Gesänge meines Volkes so herrlich verstanden und wiedergegeben haben. Ich danke Ihnen also *doppelt* für Ihre freundliche Zueignung: es ist mir eine wahre Ehre und Freude meinen Namen mit einem so *gelungenen* Werke verbunden zu sehn. Meine Frau und Töchter theilen meine Bewunderung dafür, und grüssen Sie herzlich. Ich habe auch andere Beweise, wie sehr fromme englische Christenseelen sich daran erbauen, als an einem Nationalwerke. Das Buch wird seinen Weg machen. Ihre *Vorerinnerungen* sind sehr zweckmässig und klar. . . .

Da haben Sie mein Angebinde für eine zweite oder vierte oder zehnte Ausgabe! Ich habe sehr bedauert Sie hier nicht gesehn zu haben. Ich hoffe Ihr bester Vater ist wieder wohler. Sehen Sie dass unsere *Susan* sich nicht todt arbeitet; und leben Sie selbst wohl und glücklich! Ihr aufrichtiger Freund, Bunsen.

Dr. Martineau *to* Catherine

Park Nook, Prince's Park,
Liverpool, *Oct.* 6, '55.

My dear Miss Catherine,—Let me confess to you a sin of greediness which I should hardly have brought home to myself, but for the aid of your precious gift. I had hung back from ordering your volume, though it excited my eager longing, in the secret hope that perhaps it might spontaneously appear. Yet it was not any stinginess—as you will believe—but a certain particular delight in being not forgotten by pupils and friends dear to my own memory, that made me repress my impatience for a few days. And now you have rewarded my presumption, and rendered the book doubly sacred by your friendly and gracious words.

Many delightful hours have I spent with the originals of these hymns; and it is easy to see at once that your

translation introduces them to the English reader with the least possible drawback from passing out of their own language. The difficulty of really naturalizing them among us arises, I think, less from the mere interposition of a foreign medium of expression, than from a fundamental difference of national feeling in regard to religion: the extreme *inwardness* of the German Christian sentiment appearing to the English a little sickly and unreal; and the more descriptive or historical hymns of our own country seeming to Germans often painfully anthropomorphic, and usually deficient in close personal appropriation of the life and death of the Redeemer. A better service cannot be rendered than such a mediation between the two as your volume tends to effect.—Believe me always, most sincerely yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Within a few weeks of the appearance of the *Lyra*, she began to receive applications from clergymen and others, who were making collections of hymns for public worship, to allow them to select hymns from her work so that she had what was to her the great happiness of knowing that her Hymns were not merely a source of edification or comfort to individual Christians, but were felt to be a gain to the whole Church of her country; indeed, before long, they came to be so, too, to the Church in all English-speaking communities.

On the completion of the "Sketches of Luther's Life," in August, I had hoped at length to return to my studies of the religious movements of the fourteenth century in Germany, of which the *Theologia* was the first-fruits, working up from them to a "Life of Luther." But these were destined to be once more postponed; for in August, Bunsen began sending me a series of pamphlets of his which had been called forth by the ecclesiastical disputes then pending between Prussia, or indeed Germany, and the Vatican, in consequence of the constantly aggressive policy of the latter. These

were published complete in the course of the summer, under the title of *Zeichen der Zeit*. The importance attached to the work by public opinion in Germany is sufficiently attested by the fact that the first edition of 2500 copies was disposed of within a month from publication, and a third edition was required within three months. It was desirable that the work should be translated as quickly as possible, and therefore Catherine agreed to share with me the work and the profits, but she would not consent to her name appearing with mine on the title-page. We worked together at it during the winter of 1855, and it appeared in March 1856.

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

LINDETH TOWER, SILVERDALE, *August* 1855.

Here I arrived yesterday, and find the weather, which I left fine and soft, just as blustering and showery as it used to be, so that a fire is welcome in the sitting-room. Lily received me most affectionately, and I am glad to find that her quest for materials [for Miss Brontë's "Life"[1]] has been most successful, and I really think that now she will make a capital thing of the "Life," and show people how lives ought to be written. . . . It was a great bustle before leaving Manchester, as I had a good deal of "Luther" still to do. Spent three hours on Thursday, verifying a passage of three lines, to be picked out from the fifty volumes (which, like most German books, have no general table of contents), but found it at last, which was a triumph.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

NELSON STREET, MANCHESTER,
Novr. 23*rd*, 1855.

Susie told you, of course, all her publishing affairs, and aren't you pleased that we are to get £150 for *Zeichen der*

[1] Charlotte Brontë Nicholls had ended her brief eight months of bright happy married life on the 31st of March, and, shortly after, her husband and father had requested Mrs. Gaskell to write her "Life."

Zeit. It turns out, however, no easy matter to translate Bunsen, and I feel a little fearful whether I, unused to this style of translation, am equal to it. I have agreed to do whatever Susy sets me in that way, as if I am really to help her and all the responsibility is hers, it is but fair that I should work under her orders. As yet, however, I have not quite finished reading the book, for I have had as much to do with my own proof sheets for the second edition of the *Lyra* as in my present lazy mode of life I care to do. Mr. Gaskell has found up no end of faults for me, and I have omitted a few incomplete hymns.

The same to the same

ALDERLEY EDGE, *Dec. 26th*, 1855.

To-night Mr. Heugh and Papa and some more gentlemen are to meet at Mr. Consterdine's to try and arrange plans for opening a Reading Room that shall be a counter-attraction to the public-house. Mr. Tom Fletcher thinks that there should be some one to read aloud to the rest for an hour or two every evening; Mr. Herford, that the working-men should be associated with the gentlemen in the managing committee; Mr. Heugh, that beer and coffee should be supplied as well as papers and books.

My little visit to Manchester was very pleasant, only rather tiring. On Friday evening we went to Lily's, where Mr. and Mrs. Nasmyth and others were spending the evening. I enjoyed it extremely, getting plenty of talk with Mr. Nasmyth.[1] The latter is one of the most charming men I ever saw. Not in looks, for he is simply a shortish, broad-shouldered, square-headed Scotchman, not always sure of his "h's," and saying "Ma'am" and "Sir" every minute. But I never saw any one uniting such force of character, and sharp hard cleverness, with such a splendid imagination and delicate fancy. He told us a

[1] James Nasmyth (1808-1890), the great engineer and inventor of the steam hammer, whose works were at Patricroft, near Manchester; not the artist, who was his brother.

great deal about his early life; his living for two years on five shillings a week for food, five more for lodging and dress; how, when his wages were raised to fifteen shillings a week, began the "butter" period, "and I laid by my first capital besides." How he is going out of business next year, and means to live near London, and devote himself to science.[1] Then he told us about the difficulties of his new monster gun, and his new plans about it; the difficulty of finding workmen with trained eyes—how one of the first things he would teach a boy would be to drive three nails into a board, at equal distances, without measuring; and a girl, to carry a tray of china three times round the room without breakage, and to lay a table with everything square and straight. Then he got off on his great moon studies; and he described great geologic eras in the earth's history in quaint vivid language, more like Mr. Kingsley than any one else I know. Lily promises to take us to Patricroft before he leaves.

This promised visit took place in the following March, and Catherine writes of it:—

I enjoyed it very much. Mr. Nasmyth showed us his room and models, and gave us a lesson in geology, illustrated by impromptu diagrams drawn on the wall, alternately with a piece of white chalk and a sooty fore-finger; and then took us into the works, lamenting that "there was nothing worth looking at." However, it was all new to me—the planing and chiselling of iron, the steam hammer and the foundry—and I found it very interesting.

[1] I remember that what he was specially interested in just then was the perfecting of his map of the moon, which he looked forward to with the aid of the new telescope he meant to construct; and one of the principal conditions in his choice of a residence, was to get the clearest atmosphere possible for this and his other astronomical observations. I remember, too, how when I expressed my surprise at his being able to live (especially working immensely hard as a journeyman engineer) on 5s. a week, he explained to Catherine and me the details of how he managed it.

CHAPTER VII

1856

DURING the early part of this year, Catherine was busily engaged on our joint translation of Bunsen's "Signs of the Times." As we both felt somewhat weary after our hard work with this book, which we had hurried to get done while the sensation it had created in Germany was still fresh, we agreed to spend part of our gains from it in a little trip together to Ambleside, which we much enjoyed in the society of our friends there. Meanwhile Bunsen proposed that I should come over to Heidelberg at once and begin working with him, but after much discussion it was settled that instead of this Catherine and I should go there together in the course of the summer.

Catherine's Hymns sold so fast that it was already necessary to prepare for a third edition of 3000 copies.

It was Chevalier Bunsen who first suggested the idea of endeavouring to introduce the German tunes as well as hymns into congregational use in England. The suggestion was taken up by my sister at once, but owing to various circumstances, some years elapsed before it bore ultimate fruit in the "Chorale Book for England." About this time, too, Catherine conceived the idea of forming a collection of the best hymns, including both German and English, which might become a hymn-book for general English Church use. But just as she had begun to think about it, she received from the Rev. William Mercer, of Sheffield, a

copy of his "Church Psalter and Hymn-book." This work had been compiled with a similar aim, and its success was so rapid and enormous, as it was adopted almost immediately by numbers of congregations, that she felt as if there was hardly room for another publication of the same nature. Mr. Mercer's book had already reached a third edition, and had been stereotyped before the *Lyra* fell into his hands. But after seeing that, he wished to make use of many of the hymns therein, which would have involved a new edition of his work, and wrote to my sister requesting her assistance in this, and her permission to make use of many of her translations. The latter she was not at liberty to grant without Longman's permission, having sold to him the copyright, and to her and Mr. Mercer's extreme disappointment, Longman declined in this instance to grant it, fearing, I suppose, that a work in such extensive circulation would act as a rival, and interfere with the sale of the *Lyra*. Catherine regretted this on religious grounds; she was sorry that the multitude of Christians who were adopting Mr. Mercer's book for constant use in their worship should miss the edification which she and so many more were deriving from the German hymns; while Mr. Mercer represented to the publishers that it was a mistake in policy, since the selection he would have made would rather have served to introduce the original work into new quarters. Subsequently Mr. Longman was converted to this view, and agreed that other collectors applying for permission to insert hymns from the *Lyra* in their hymn-books should have permission to do so on condition of acknowledgment and payment of 5s. on each hymn, but this permission came too late for Mr. Mercer to avail himself of it. He, however, became for the next

two or three years a frequent correspondent of Catherine's on this topic, and an occasional visitor at the house. After a time, however, "Hymns Ancient and Modern" appeared, and, as is well known, has become almost of standard use in our Church.

In March Bunsen wrote to tell me that Dr. Kuno Fischer, "the most rising philosophical writer in Germany," was bringing out a work on Bacon's philosophy, and asked if I would undertake to translate it into English.

SUSANNA *to* CHEVALIER BUNSEN

WALTON COTTAGE, AMBLESIDE, *March 18th*, 1856.

As to the main question of your letter, you will not be surprised that that is one which cannot be answered in a moment, but will require a few days' consideration and inquiry before I can decide upon it. The great question is, first, as to the desirableness in itself of doing Kuno Fischer's work; secondly, supposing it to be desirable, whether it is so much so as to be a more really useful work than Tauler, and worth swamping the latter for. You know that in doing Tauler, I really believe myself to be conferring a religious benefit on the people of England. If I do Kuno Fischer, it will be a good six months' *hard work*. Meanwhile the interest attaching to Tauler has already suffered, by waiting so long after the *Theologia* and *Lyra*, owing to "Luther," and every six months makes it worse.

But the still more important point is as to the character of Fischer's own philosophy. I wish, and believe it to be my calling, to work for religion; not by writing myself, but by translating books which I believe to be calculated to promote true religion. Now I shall be identified, and rightly so, with the *general tendencies* of any book I translate. Therefore if I should make a false step and translate anything of whose general tendencies I disapprove, it will be an

irreparable injury, not to me personally, but to my *usefulness*.

Of course I know nothing of Kuno Fischer, and he may be most excellent. I only beg you to be quite satisfied both as to his philosophy and his personal character before embarking me and yourself in the same boat with him.

To this letter Bunsen sent me a very kind answer, giving up the idea of my translating Kuno Fischer; and it was arranged that Catherine and I should go to Heidelberg together in August, by which time the second volume of Bunsen's *Zeichen der Zeit* was to be ready, and I hoped to have completed my work on Tauler. As to the latter I had a great disappointment, I was forestalled as to everything but the actual sermons. A son of Dr. Vaughan's, I think partly led to the subject by my Preface to the *Theologia*, published "Hours with the Mystics," in which he worked up all the facts regarding Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, Ruysbruck, &c., into a sort of story, thus taking all the interest of novelty from anything I could say.

In May the first volume of "Signs of the Times," at which Catherine and I had been working together, was published, and Bunsen wrote of it:—

I must particularly thank you for that *excellent Preface*, which is not only perfect in itself, but also just what I must have wished as a German and as a Prussian, because it says exactly what every good Englishman and Protestant should see and feel, as well as every German. You have done a real service to the good cause as well as to myself.

In another letter a few days later came Bunsen's suggestion which led to the "Chorale Book for England," as already mentioned. He says:—

I mean to propose a plan to our dear Kate, the idea of which has come to me through Neukomm's visit. As her

really wonderful translations seem to promise to effect what hitherto has proved impossible—namely, to *naturalize* in England the German *Hymns*, the most immortal literary fruit of the Reformation—it should be attempted to naturalize also its inseparable companion, the Latin and German *Chorale;* but with due regard for the English element of congregational singing—the *Liederweise*—for such all really English melodies for their so-called psalms or hymns are.

The hymns translated by her should be divided into two parts; the real *Kirchenlied*,[1] and the *Andachtslied*.[2] The first must be sung as chorales; where the metre has been changed, the melody of the original must be *adapted* (which surely is possible?) or another melody must be substituted for it, which can easily be furnished from the store of 1200 good chorales we possess. But with regard to the *Andachtslieder*, they must have a singable character, with a rhythmical swing, but really melodious and dignified. I have already a good number of such, and Neukomm is now composing twenty-five similar ones for the Evangelical community at Jerusalem. He would like this very autumn to compose those which are still wanting. Then an edition of the hymns would have to be issued with printed tunes for one voice, with accompaniment for organ or piano, which is quite feasible and inexpensive. The accompaniment must be so arranged that the notes would also serve for four singing parts. If it takes, which I am sure it would, an immense thing would be effected.

My sister and I sent a copy of the "Signs of the Times" to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, in response to which he wrote the following letter:—

REV. F. D. MAURICE *to* SUSANNA

21, QUEEN SQUARE, *May 21st*, '56.

MY DEAR MISS WINKWORTH,—Many thanks to you and to your sister for your valuable present. I cannot

[1] Hymn for public worship. [2] Hymn for private devotions.

doubt that this translation is like those you have both of you given to the world already; and nothing better can be said of any translation than that.

I am glad you have not attempted to un-Germanize the book, or to separate it from any of the details which define its purpose and its application. In spite of Mr. Bunsen's long residence in England, of his English life, and of all the relations into which he has entered with Englishmen, I do not know any one who is so little capable of placing himself in our points of view, or of seeing things not only as we *do* see them, but as, by the laws which God has imposed upon us, we *must* see them. He thinks that he only repudiates and anathematizes the English ecclesiastic; in fact, his worship of the *Gemeinde*—his determination to make that, not the climax of our thoughts, but the foundation of them all—is just as inconsistent with the feelings of every Wesleyan, Quaker, Unitarian, as it is with the feelings of the most bigoted Churchman. We all of us demand, in some form of speech or other, a beginning from God. We are not content that He shall be the object of our faith. We must refer to Him the origin of all orders amongst us, the growth and development of all our polity. We cannot throw ourselves into that elective habit of mind which characterizes the Germans; which was worked into the organization of their empire; which comes out in their theology; and which, as Mr. Scott once observed to me, is just as apparent in their novels, where the affection of the lady so generally precedes that of the man. We ought, I think, to understand this, that we may do them fully justice, and yet not dream of imitating them, or cultivating a method of thought which would be fatal to all the re-formation of Unity which we are in search of.

> In native swords and native ranks
> The only hope of freemen dwells,

and you have therefore done a good to Germany and England, as well as an honour to your author, in exhibiting

him strictly as a German patriot; strong when he has his foot upon his own soil, very weak, as I venture to think, when he tries to lay down laws for any other. He would of course treat all such observations with profound contempt, and speak a great deal about the unhappy effect of a sacerdotal theory, &c.; as to all which *criticisms* one is *so well used* that their power is somewhat exhausted. But I have ventured to address them to you and to your sister as Englishwomen, because I believe that there is something in your hearts which will respond to them, and will make you feel that we need not love Germany less because we love England, and the work God has given us to do in it, more. We need not aspire to teach them anything; we may learn much from them; but we must hold our own, or nothing will be added to us. Very truly yours, F. D. MAURICE.

P.S.—I need hardly tell you that nothing I have said interferes with my admiration of Bunsen's heart, which comes forth as strikingly as in anything he has written. That, as we all know, carries him far beyond the limits of race and country, though even it, I think, has its freest play where it is nearest home.

SUSANNA *to* REV. F. D. MAURICE

12, NELSON STREET, *May 22nd*, 1856.

DEAR MR. MAURICE,—Thank you very much for taking the trouble to write to me. Your letter was full of interest and suggestion to me, but I felt I did not half understand it, and it gave me, too, a painful fear that I might be very much farther from understanding you altogether than I had supposed before, though I knew I was in many respects a long way off you. I do feel very strongly whenever I come in contact with German thinkers and writers, however earnestly religious and reverent they may be, that there is something in their way of regarding religious truth quite different from ours as English people, which

I hardly know how to define, and which your phrase, "elective habit of mind," does describe. They seem to think we are to shape out truth for ourselves by analyzing our conceptions, and when we have done this to the best of our ability, there is the truth *for us, our* truth; *all* the truth that we need recognize. We believe that there *is* truth *somewhere*, and however far we may be personally from having found it, we recognize its supreme *authority* over us if we could find it. We look up to it and bow down before it, as our ruler and lord, and the rightful sovereign of all other men also. Hence we cannot but wish and long to bring others to believe that of which we are most utterly convinced, and feel as if we were doing them a benefit thereby. Of course the prevailing practical fault in England is that people too readily identify the absolute truth with the doctrine of their particular communion or school of thought; but one may quite recognize this, and all the terrible evils to which it gives rise, without in the least relinquishing our belief in the reality and authority of a truth outside ourselves. Further, we believe not only in the divinity of reason and conscience, of the facts of nature and providence, but further that God is willing to show us personally and individually somewhat of the truth, whether we look for Him to do so by means of an outward Church, or by His Word in Scripture, or by His blessing on the exercise of the faculties He has given us. I do not know enough of the Germans to say that they do not in general do this, but at any rate it is not so clear with them as with us. I feel I have expressed myself very roughly and imperfectly, but if something like this is what you mean when you say that we English, even if Wesleyans, Quakers, Unitarians, &c., believe that our orders and polity must come from God, then I do, as you expect of me, feel a response in my English heart to what you say. But I am not sure that you do not mean something quite distinct from this—viz. that all our different sects do, in one shape or other, believe, and are right in believing, that a certain ecclesi-

astical organization and a certain body of dogma are of divine origin, and have a right to claim our submission. Now this, whether rightly or wrongly, I do not believe, and therefore do not wish you to suppose that I believe. Neither can it, I think, be said that the Unitarian body in general believe this, though Wesleyans and Quakers may.

June 10th.—In reflecting on your letter it occurred to me that probably I should find the key to it in your "Kingdom of Christ," which I had never seen; so since writing the above I got that work, and have been reading it with deeper interest than I have read anything except Tauler, &c., for many years past, and with as much understanding of it, probably, as can be expected of a Unitarian. (I am not, however, a born and bred Unitarian, but was educated in Evangelical Church of England views; and the first form of my religious belief, when I came to be old enough to have one, was High Calvinism.) I can say very little about the book, for it has given me too much food for thought for some time to come; but suffer me at all events to thank you for it, for even though it should leave me unconvinced on many points, it will have been a great boon to me.

May I try to tell you, if in a very disjointed way, how it affects me so far? It is very egotistical to do so, but it would be a help and comfort to me to speak out about things which are matters of life and death to me. (I do not mean in the sense of any lurking fear of being punished hereafter for intellectual mistakes made here, but in the sense that all the worth of life depends on being at one with the Author of life, and turning it to the ends He meant it for.) Not that I can even come to you simply asking for guidance (if I could, I think I should long ago have yielded to the impulse to speak to you in fact and not only in imagination), for I cannot come to any teacher as believing him to have authority over my faith, except so far as he may convince me. It is not that I am such a fool as to set up my judgment

above that of men whose immeasurable superiority in all ways I perfectly recognize, but just that I feel myself responsible for the exercise of my intellect such as God has given it me, and *dare* not yield it over into the keeping of another, however I may think him more likely to have a true insight than myself. But there is more in your writings that does speak to my heart and answer to my deepest convictions than I find in any one else's; and so I cannot but inquire where the reason lies when I find some things in them which I do not believe, and others which I do not understand, and try to find out whether this arises from any ignorance or misunderstanding on my part which might be removed, or whether, after all, there is that in your doctrines which is at variance with what, rightly or wrongly, I cannot but cling to as truth which I dare not part with.

Besides, I see that you and your fellow-thinkers have at all events got hold of principles which will work, and you do work them with a real hope for the regeneration of society. This hopefulness and confidence in the possession of remedial agencies, *combined with the full recognition of existing evils*, is just what I find wanting in most other people I know of, though there may be individuals to whom I look up with equal respect. I have never in my life doubted that the refuge for society, as for individuals, must be in faith, and that a *true* faith must be capable of becoming a *popular* faith. I do not see that Unitarianism is incapable of being such, but neither do I see that any set of English Unitarians have a notion how to make it such by meeting the spiritual wants of the people, and the most noble-minded and intellectual among them seem to me about the least hopeful. Of course I only feel this to be a reason for inquiry, not a ground of final decision, seeing that different bodies have in different ages been the chief depositories of regenerating tendencies for their own times, quite apart from the absolute truth of their systems.

The doctrine of the Incarnation is, according to you,

the centre of all divinity. How is it, then, I ask myself, that, not believing in this in any orthodox sense that I can attach to the word, I should yet, if I understand you rightly, believe so thoroughly almost everything that you say respecting God and our relations to Him? Is it that you use the word in some sense I am unacquainted with, and according to which I do, or might, believe it? Is it that there is some chasm in my faith which I am not aware of? Or is it that the doctrine is not, after all, organically connected with the recognition of our estrangement from God by sin, our recovery and reconciliation by His redeeming grace, and the renewal of our nature by virtue of union with Him?

I do believe in "a communion between the Divine Word and the heart and conscience and reason of man;" that is, I believe that *God Himself* inspires, speaks to, acts upon, our inward part, in the most literal sense, and not as a mere figure of speech; so that when we do wrong we are not merely sinning against the nobler impulses of our nature, but refusing to obey His voice; that all righteousness and strength in us is not ours, but His; that it is He who has "condescended to interfere personally for the rescue of His creatures" when we are raised out of a state of death in sin, to a life dedicated to Him. Yet all this you seem to speak of as necessarily implying the doctrine of the Incarnation, and not to be believed without it. You say that the Unitarian "denies that the Almighty has in His own person interfered to redress the evils and miseries of His creatures," "that God has ever wrestled with sin," or "devised any means save that of sending a wise teacher for delivering mankind out of it." Surely He does wrestle with sin in every human soul that does not quench His Spirit; surely with a Father's love for, and sympathy with, His children, He does "share in the misery" of the world when men resist and grieve His Spirit? (This seems to me most beautifully set forth by Tauler.) And surely He does all this as the *Father*, the very, actual Father of whom Christ is ever speaking to

us in the Gospels? And if the Father does not do this, what is there left for Him to do? What does He do for us? What is He to us? I cannot help feeling as if the tendency of such views as you give[1] was to concentrate our thoughts and affections round a *human* figure, when all that we know of Deity, all the relations of God to us, are so closely identified with Jesus of Nazareth; and as if along with much of beauty and truth there was a lurking danger of worshipping something short of God. I shrink from the idea of worshipping one whom we can think of as presented to our bodily eyes, as subject to human limitations. You would say—"Is this sentiment to be set against a fact of divine revelation, if it can be shown to be such? Surely this were an arrogant prescribing of conditions to God? the fruit of wicked self-confidence?" I do not think it is so; I believe that this shrinking is a right terror of giving God's glory to another. (I hope, however, that you will believe I do not speak of such sacred things in an irreverent spirit, and that if my words ever sound so, it is only the awkward use of language by an unlearned person not versed in philosophy.) In your way of stating things all the offices of the Divine Persons seem to me to be merged into the work of the Son, and I cannot see what you believe respecting the Father or the Spirit as distinct from the Word.

You speak of the denial that it is possible for men to be the subjects of a spiritual influence as the great characteristic of Unitarianism. That this is true of the sect of the Unitarians, historically speaking, I see to be the case now that I know something of them; but that it follows from that which I take to be their distinguishing trait (what marks them off from other Christians), namely,

[1] I say the class of views you put forth, because I do not feel exactly *that* objection to the system in which I was educated. In that the humanity of Christ was almost entirely evaporated into His Deity, and ceased to be a distinct object of contemplation, the offices attributed to the Persons in the Godhead were kept most distinct; so apart that one was conscious of worshipping three separate Persons, it was indeed practical Tritheism.

that the Father is the sole object of adoration, I cannot conceive, nay, cannot but feel the natural influence of this doctrine to be the very reverse, as bringing God closer home to the heart than any doctrine which interposes a human personality between Him and the soul.

One point after another rises up that I would fain mention, but I have already trespassed too long upon your time, so will only indicate the tendency of my reflections. It is when I come to the latter half of your book that I find at once most to attract and most to repel me. The sentiment which it does appeal to in me is "the inextinguishable longing for a human fellowship" in God—a *Church*. It is this longing especially which has never been satisfied among Unitarians, even before I learnt some other of their deficiencies. The Communion service among them always seemed to me to have less meaning and solemnity than their ordinary religious services. The latter I find often devotional and helpful, the former always seems to me to remind one more of one's membership in a protesting sect than of one's fellowship with all saints; the mental attitude produced by the forms used is one in which the thoughts are thrown back upon oneself, in the making a conscious profession of faith, not the forgetting of self in gratitude, and love, and aspiration. So again I have always felt it as a strange defect that the minister never speaks to the people in God's name, but, putting himself on a perfect level with his brethren, simply invites and persuades them to join with him in good resolutions. The formula in preaching is always "Let us," *not* "Do ye,"—in blessing, "May God be with us," *not* "God be with you." Yet with all this (and much more) I am at an immeasurable distance from believing in an outward authoritative Church, against which I should find more obstacles than I will trouble you by enumerating, but which may, I think, be nearly summed up in what seems to me the palpable historical fact that the Spirit works outside the visible Catholic Church as much as within it, and that when a revival of spiritual life has taken place

the Church has generally been rather disposed to quench it than to welcome it.

Then too this intense *wish* for a Church, which I know is what gives many of your arguments their hold over me, is a sentiment which I regard with mistrust, not as wrong in itself any more than any other craving of the affections, but because it brings with it a temptation to sacrifice truth to the satisfaction of feeling, the yielding to which seems to me just as sinful as to sacrifice duty in any other way to the impulse of affection.

But I must leave off. What I have said is I dare say very confused, and if so, it represents all the more truly my puzzled condition. But it has been a comfort to me to write, and I can only throw myself upon your kindness to forgive my doing so. Do not think me unreasonable enough to have any idea of asking you to answer me. I shall be well enough satisfied if you are not angry with me for writing. Believe me, dear Sir, yours most respectfully and gratefully,

SUSANNA WINKWORTH.

P.S.—As you will probably have supposed us to be a Unitarian *family*, I think it but right to explain that that is not the case, and my sister Catherine has always been a member of the Church of England.

In this letter I have only had occasion to admit the defects of the body to which I belong, but their excellences I feel most strongly — especially their truthfulness, and sincerity, and respect for their neighbours' consciences, in which they do seem to me superior to any other body I know. Unsatisfactory too as I find nearly all Unitarian sermons, the devotional part of the religious services among the more earnest of them seems to me generally very beautiful, and to have infinitely more warmth and life than I find in the devotional services of other dissenters. A fact which has sometimes puzzled me, but I think it is that the Unitarians don't think it is a duty to profess feelings, and generally do believe and feel a good deal

more than they say, so that their prayers are truer than their sermons.

I love the Unitarians as one loves one's own countrymen, even when most provoked at their faults.

Rev. F. D. Maurice *to* Susanna

5 Russell Square, *July* 8, 1856.

My dear Miss Winkworth,—I have delayed my answer to your letter, as I have put off many duties which are also pleasures, from a kind of faithlessness and fear which grew upon me and had to be stoutly resisted. I had certainly no cause from your letter to despair of making you see what I mean; and that I do not mean what you at first supposed I might; nevertheless, even when the encouragements to explanations are the greatest, one sometimes, in a kind of wilfulness, remains silent. But I will [not] do so any longer.

Your starting-point, like mine, is the belief in a Father. It is certainly not the German starting-point, so far as I can venture to judge, and therefore all that I said in my first letter is, as I thought it would be, inapplicable to you. The ground from which we begin is not the spiritual nature of man, or the aspirations of man after God, but God Himself. We assume that there is a relation between Him and us; we long to know what that relation is. We are sure that it is more deep and real than the human relation is which is denoted by the same name; we are sure that the identity of name cannot be accidental; we are sure that the human [heart] must be the image of a divine original; we are sure that one ought to be more actually felt in our lives and in the life of human society than the other is. We are determined, therefore, not to let the word *Father* stand as a mere synonym for *Creator*. Perhaps we are not quite sure that we understand what that word signifies. It is further from us, at all events more unknown, than the one which is presented to us from our cradle upwards in a living form, and through

acts of which [we], and others probably as well as we, are the object.

Then I am quite willing to admit—indeed, I have often joyfully, and from personal experience, confessed—that the Unitarians have had a hold upon this name which it would be an infinite loss to them and to the world that they should lose. It has been one of my causes of anxiety respecting them that I fear they are in danger of losing it; and in part through those influences which on other grounds I should hail as hopeful and beneficial; their discovery that there are spiritual desires and instincts in human beings of which their creed in its original shape took no account. They are no longer mere naturalists, as most theologians were in the last century; they must speak of a Will and a Spirit. How to connect this with their old belief they do not know; and therefore, as it seems to me, they are in perpetual fluctuations; now falling back upon a somewhat rigid and formal Monotheism, now ready to plunge into the sea of Pantheism. I look upon the struggle as profoundly interesting; to me nearly the most serious—and I will add, hopeful—spectacle which the times offer. I would not for the world that it should cease prematurely; I should be afraid of even speaking a word which might lead to that issue; and so prevent God from doing His perfect work. And I should not speak at all, except I were confident that God has bridged over the chasm which no notions or dogmas of men could ever fill up.

That God speaks to us and in us you believe; as I also most earnestly believe. But the more you try to connect that belief in God as distinct from all creatures, as the Absolute Eternal Being, with this faith upon which all that is good in our lives depends, the more you will be at fault, the more you will have to go over these experiences in yourself by which God led old philosophers to feel that the Word in them was not the same with their intentions or apprehensions, but was the guide and governor of them, to *which* they must do homage; the more you will under-

stand why they continually exchanged the *which* for the *whom* —(Marcus Aurelius especially cannot avoid this, enemy as he was to Christians)—the more you will see by what a wonderful education God led His Hebrew prophets, who had so profound a sense of His separateness from the works of His hands, to confess that the Word of God was a Person who came to them, before whom they must tremble, who was not merely their Teacher, and Reprover, and Ruler, but the Teacher, and Reprover, and Ruler of the most reckless and disobedient of their countrymen. This lesson is the one which connected their personal with their political life; which made them patriots as well as sages; which made them prophets to mankind of God's relation to Gentiles as well as to Jews.

The more you read the Mystics and see how the Word in whom they so strongly believe is apt to be confounded with the conclusions and processes of their minds, while yet it is their great desire to escape from this confusion, while they *wish* to look upon Him, and do in all their best and humblest times look upon Him, as their judge, as the deliverer from their *Ichheit* and *Meinheit*, the more you will see how infinitely precious this education was, and what the peril to our moral state and our intellectual clearness is, if we do not look at the Word as distinct from the Father and one with the Father; as the Lord of each man, because He is the Lord of *man*. You will see as you read Tauler, how much his better experience and his active life of love kept him from the perils of other mystics, and led him to that sense of the utter poverty of the creature which is the great help to receiving the Word, not as part of ourselves, or of our reason, but as God. And yet I think you will feel how far he was short of the breadth and simplicity of St. John's teaching. You will see why the Apostle alternately uses the names Word and Son and rests in the latter; you will see how he vindicates the glory of the Original Absolute Father, not by diminishing the glory of the Word who was with God and was God, but by bringing it forth; you will see how carefully he affirms this Word to have been at

all times the Light of men; you will see with what emphasis he declares that this Word was made Flesh and dwelt among men, that they might behold the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

Now, what I wish you to observe in reference to this doctrine of the Incarnation is that the full idea of a Father by the very name is connected with it and consequent upon it. You find it haunting the Gentile mind; but it cannot be realized; the Philosopher discards it. You find the Jew gradually spelling out the name; but only the last Prophet is able to pronounce [it], and he feebly. You open the Sermon on the Mount, and there every sentence is full of it. You read on in all our Lord's discourses, and a Father is the root of them all; it is a Father that He is revealing to all. Look at St. John for an explanation of the facts of the other gospels, and the unity of the Father and the Son appears as the very subject and connecting band of the whole narrative. And then in those last interviews with the disciples, the gift which had been announced before as the characteristic one of the New Covenant, the gift of an Indwelling Spirit to bind all together in one Church and Family, to testify of the Father and of the Son, is revealed as the crown and yet the foundation of all previous revelations.

I think the more earnestly and practically you seek for the foundation of a Church Universal, a Church in which there shall be no [contrasts] of national or personal life, but the greatest expansion of both, a Church in which there shall be all earnestness and no persecution, the more you will find that this is the ground for it, and that all the bitterness and falsehood of the Christian world have proceeded from nothing else than from its denying this foundation. What you say about the tendency of all sects, and of all churches so far as they become sects, to Tritheism and then to dry Monotheism, and then a horrible Dualism (two Gods apparently united really hostile in all features to each other), is strictly and dreadfully true. Because I see this tendency so prevalent among us, because I see how the

nature of the Father and the Son are set in direct contradiction, therefore it is that I feel the assertion of their essential and eternal unity in one Spirit to be the business of my life. There is nothing else I have to maintain but that; I am sure if we do maintain it in God's strength and by His Spirit, we must be at war with all Sects, and we may be instruments of bringing about the true Peace which shall come when they are extinguished. Believe me, very truly yours, F. D. MAURICE.

Early in August, Catherine and I started on our journey to Heidelberg, spending a few pleasant days in Bonn on our way thither for me to see my old friends there, and introduce Catherine to them and to my old haunts. Our sojourn at Heidelberg was fruitful in valuable experience for my sister from the number of interesting persons whom we met and the enjoyment we derived from the lovely scenery around. Among the visitors at the Bunsens' whom I remember most vividly were Baron Raggenbach, then in office (I think Prime Minister) in Baden, a young man about thirty, with dark hair, and bright dark eyes full of fire; an extremely clever, enthusiastic Liberal, with his whole soul bent upon the regeneration and political union of all the then separate German States. He took a great fancy to Catherine, and she had much conversation with him about the social state of Germany at that period. Also Professor Max Duncker, whose unrivalled "History of Antiquity" is now laid open to the English public in the excellent translation of Mr. Evelyn Abbott and Miss Alleyne. The first volume of this History had just come out, and many were the discussions thereon between him and Bunsen, who in his "Egypt" and *Bibel-Werk* was just then occupied with the subjects of which it treated. Duncker, too, was an ardent Liberal

politician. We also saw much of my old friend, Baron Gagern; and Count Usedom was in Heidelberg for the last week of our stay. The chief topic of conversation among these men was always the condition and prospects of Germany, as to which their views were of the gloomiest description. Bunsen and Gagern were constantly complaining of the deterioration of the national character; of the want of manliness, for instance, in the habits of the students; how instead of spending their recreation in athletic exercises as in England, they spent their leisure either driving about in carriages with their pipes and dogs, or in the beer-shops, or fighting duels; while Raggenbach complained bitterly of the want of public spirit and self-devotion which kept the middle classes slaves to a bureaucracy which they nevertheless hated; telling us various instances of how he had endeavoured to persuade the citizens, and also the farmers on his estate, who were perpetually bringing him complaints of the officials, to combine and assert themselves, promising, if they would bring him well-authenticated instances of official oppression, that he would support them in the Chamber; but he never could get them to act. "How are people to be set free, who will risk nothing for their fellow-citizens?" he would say. Then behind all this lurked the ever-present though silent apprehension of attack from Russia or France, or both, with possible repetition of the calamities of the early part of the century; so that altogether good German patriots were very unhappy in those days. The contrast between the whole state of German feeling then and what it was the next time Catherine and I visited Germany sixteen years later, in 1872, was something marvellous; showing itself even in the very bearing of the common people.

Mr. Edward Herford, to whom the following letter was written, was one of the earliest and most active leaders of the movement for abolishing pew rents. In this question my sister also took much interest, and sometimes contributed papers to its organ, *The Church of the People*, of which Mr. Herford was editor. Both he and his wife became very valued friends of Catherine's for the rest of her life. She and Alice worked with Mrs. Herford in various parish matters.

Catherine *to* Edward Herford

Heidelberg, *20th August* 1856.

We spent two or three days at Bonn to see my sister's friends there. She spent some months there when translating Niebuhr's "Life," and I much enjoyed seeing all the persons of whom she had often talked to me; they were all families of the professor class, and a very ugly, dowdy-looking set of people they were, yet most of them polished, and all cultivated, and the warmth with which they received Susanna, and me for her sake, was extremely pleasant. I was very much amused, however, to find myself treated as a little girl hardly "come out" yet, and to be asked whether I was going to Heidelberg for the benefit of masters, &c. But I made a much worse mistake myself, for I took a young lady, really, I suppose, about my own age, for a lady of forty, and mother of a lad of sixteen who was with her! I hope I succeeded in hiding it; but many German women have a way of dressing like untidy servants, that quite puzzles one as to their age and condition.

Among others we saw the poet, old Arndt; he was gone to bathe in the Rhine when we first came in, so we talked with his wife, and told her how I had been making use of his childhood life lately; presently he returned, a strong old man, close on ninety, stooping a little, but active and vigorous, with a most stentorian voice. Unluckily, we soon got on to politics, and the Schleswig-Holstein question, which

distance, and uncertainty. But when one keeps close to the great realities, one feels that they in heaven must have the same work to do that we have—to work for God, and all goodness, and that the same things must be deepest for them as for us—the love of God and the persons He has given us to love. And so I cannot help believing that it is as impossible for my own mother to forget me, as for me to forget her; and that in some way or other, at some time, she will surely know and be happier for all the love we have treasured up for her since she went away. And so, too, it is terrible to me when I see people, as some do, wrenching themselves out of their pain (or trying to do so) by putting away the memory of the past as much as possible, and making a new life for themselves. I feel as though they might really be breaking for ever a tie which death alone would only have severed for a time. But of course, too, I know that every one must do this to some extent; that is, must so far surrender the past as to take up life again with courage; but surely this would come of itself in due time, if they took good care not to neglect any present duties. But I almost feel as if I had no right even to write this, for the thought of the pain to you always comes back and back, and makes all I say seem cold and heartless.

Catherine *to* Edward Herford

Heidelberg, *5th September* 1856.

I have been thinking a good deal of your advice to learn Latin. It agrees with what I came to some time ago myself, that it would be a very good thing to acquire at least a certain amount of knowledge of it, as soon as I could find a clear space of time and some one to help me. It is very uphill work to begin such an undertaking quite alone, but if you would kindly give me a little help, as you offer, I should not any longer feel *that* difficulty. My only real one is the doubt whether I shall have time for it *this winter*, if I am busy with my new Series, which,

I know, must sound rather absurd to any man who has a business or profession, and yet does anything beyond it. If you can find time to help me, I certainly might find time to learn, it seems; and, indeed, as soon as I am once at home, I shall not give up the plan unless I clearly see I *cannot* do it, and even then I mean to bear it in mind till the right time comes. We girls are better off in our house than in almost any I know, as to time for our own pursuits, for Mamma is not only indulgent, but takes a warm interest in all we do; still it makes us feel all the more how wrong it would be to neglect any of those tiny home duties which look so like idleness, and yet are so essential to the pleasantness of daily life, and it really is marvellous how much time they fill up. As to "becoming blue," I should not fear that;[1] in the first place, because it is really nowadays an uncommon piece of ignorance *not* to have studied Latin, and in the next, because it is not learning any special thing would make one so, but it comes from forgetting how much is *unlearnt*, and from overestimating the value of study altogether, which may be a clear duty at any given time, but can never be a primary one—at least to women. But I must protest against your talking contemptuously of Beethoven —of waltzes if you like, but he did not write waltzes, and I must own, heresy as you think it, that if I could be offered at this moment the choice of possessing either my sister Susanna's knowledge of Latin, or Selina's gift of music, I would take the latter fifty times rather than the former.

Chevalier Bunsen is extremely anxious that I should bring out a book of German tunes with the words from the *Lyra Germanica*. It has always been a favourite idea of his to introduce the German tunes into England, and he has made a large collection of them in their best forms,

[1] Many years after this, when Catherine had become intimate with Madame Goldschmidt, the latter was asked by a friend whether Miss Winkworth was not "very blue." "Ah," said Madame Goldschmidt, "it is a *heavenly* blue!"—[ED.]

which he would put into my hands. My doubt is that, for practical purposes, our Sheffield friend has superseded me in this respect, and Bunsen is going to look through his work to see whether he thinks so too. How shocked this gentleman would have been to have heard Bunsen's advice to me about style. He was asking me what faults were found with me, so I told him that I did not keep the double rhymes, and that I was too severe and literal. (I saw the same objections just before I left home in a long review in the *Christian Observer*.) "My dear child, never mind what they say—you are quite right in both. It must be Evangelicals who say that, and the Evangelicals in England have the worst taste I know, sink to the last point of sentimentality and fine writing. Never mind what any Evangelical says, unless he praises your verses for being sweet and pretty, and then you *may* be afraid."

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

HEIDELBERG, *Sept. 9th*, 1856.

The Welcker here is brother of the one at Bonn, a great jurist, and one of the Liberal leaders in 1848. He is an old grey-haired man, very like the portraits of Beethoven, with very kind, fatherly manners. He was at the Bunsens' in the evening, where we were also, at a small sort of party, and talked to me a good deal in a very kind way. I had also a good bit of talk with a Mr. Naumann, of Bonn, composer of oratorios, and *Kapellmeister*, in Berlin, about the modern school of music and Mr. Chorley. He declares that the judgments of the *Athenæum*[1] are considered throughout musical Europe the soundest and most conscientious of any. His sister was there and sang beautifully, and was most pressing to Susie in her invitations to Bonn, and the Ritschls, who were there too, were no less so. Bunsen himself also talked to me for awhile, and entirely agrees with me in his preference of single over double rhymes in most cases,

[1] Of which Mr. Henry Chorley was then the musical critic.

like him, who *can* say what he has to say in his own tongue, to save himself the trouble of finding the right English word by coining a Greek one.

Nov. 5th, 1856.

I am very glad to see the *Guardian*. Perhaps you will think me all the more dreadfully in want of it if I own that Mr. Martineau does not seem to me so terribly "unsafe" as he does to you. It is, I believe, because I owe him a debt of gratitude myself for positive help. At the time when the slight tincture of the German philosophy to be obtained through ordinary literature had so taken possession of my mind that everything else seemed giving way to it, and all truth seemed growing dim and indeterminate, if indeed we had any power of getting at it at all, he was the first person who cleared away the mists, and showed me that there were great eternal pillars of truth, founded by God Himself, which had stood out the world's battling, and were none the less secure because I and a few more people might miss our footing on them for a while. What I admire in him is his religious philosophy, as far as I understand it, his absolute fearless truth, his singular power of appreciating other people's standing-point, and his deep conviction of the evil of sin. This last, especially, is utterly unlike anything I have ever seen in other Unitarians, whose easy way of getting over the difficulty in general, by a few moments of not over-sharp repentance, and a forgiveness that really deserves no better name than good-nature, is to me one of the worst parts of their system. In this, as in many other points of his philosophy, I always feel as though Mr. Martineau were wholly out of his place among them. Where he seems to me most wanting, is in feeling the necessity that all these principles should have a realization in historical facts. In the article I was mentioning, he says that the weak point of the "Coleridge set" among our theologians is in Biblical criticism, and in connecting the doctrine of "the Word" with the historical Jesus of Nazareth. His weak point seems to me to be that he does not do it,

and that he does not seem to feel how absolutely essential a direct revelation in history is, to give principles any power to touch the soul; that we must feel that something has been actually done for us before we can do anything. Nothing else than the knowledge that this is so can ever give a wide and living influence over men's hearts.

Nov. 18th, 1856.

I hope you did not think from what I said of Mr. Martineau that I do not agree in thinking the way he treats the historical facts of Christianity *most* unsafe and unsound. I certainly do; and for other people more so than for himself, for somehow he personally does often seem to me out of place where he is, and as if he were far nearer in faith and inward experience to the Church. He seems to have so deep a longing for Church communion, too, that I fancy he always feels rather exiled in his present position, but then comes in his great unbelief about the Scriptures to prevent him from changing. It is a great pity, for it is impossible not to perceive in him a deep-lying sadness, and despondency of his power to enkindle faith and touch men's hearts, which show how he himself must practically feel the want in his own theology. Last night I met him at the Taylers'—the first time I had seen him for a long time—and he was talking to me of Bunsen, and, oddly enough, calling him too "rationalistic"—he "feared he was going farther in that direction"—"it was deplorable to see to what rationalism had conducted German thought"—he must "own that some things that Bunsen said made him shrink." In which, if I understood what he meant, I agree; for there does seem to me in Bunsen's mind a dislike to mystery, which in matters of faith is to me both distasteful and unreasonable. And yet I do like him and Mr. M. very much—far more than that timid spirit one sometimes sees among people with whose theology one has infinitely more sympathy and agreement, who are in effect a little dishonest to themselves and the truth of things around them, because they dare not look at the world *as it is*.

My week at Pembury was pleasant. But I felt "great cause for thankfulness" that I don't belong to a small dissenting "cause" in a village! I happened to be seeing the inner workings of one, and the mutual jealousies and petty spites within the "church," and the contempt of all without it; the way in which the minister is patronized and held in bondage by increasing or diminishing the subscriptions as his doctrine pleases or displeases the most illiberal part of his congregation—is really something awful! We may have quarrels enough in the Church, but they are not like this!

"The Life and Sermons of Dr. John Tauler," the work on which I had been so long occupied, and which has always been to me the dearest work in which I ever engaged, came out at Christmas, and was received with much interest and sympathy.[1]

Dr. Martineau *to* Susanna

Park Nook, Prince's Park, Liverpool,
Dec. 26, 1856.

Many things have contributed to fulfil your friendly wishes for the happiness of this Christmas time, but nothing in a greater degree than the surprise of your delightful gift [of Tauler]. I unpacked it with reverent hand last evening; and when the excitement of the day was over, and the young folks had gone upstairs with their burthen of gifts and thankfulness, indulged myself with the first draught of its pure wisdom. I see at once that the book will be, for the rest of my life, one of my sacred guides; and will stand, after my Bible, with Plato, and Leighton, and the *Theologia*

[1] Three years later Susanna wrote of Tauler to a friend: "That is a book I love very dearly, because the original has done more for me than almost any other book in the world; taught and guided me more; besides that, it was that which gave the principal shock to my Unitarianism, and, as I trust, was the means of introducing me to a higher life."—[Ed.]

Germanica, and Coleridge, and Tennyson, and the German and Wesley Hymns. A strange jumble, you will say, of heterogeneous springs of thought!—yet all, I think, assuaging to the same thirst. I do thankfully congratulate you on the completion of such a work, and on having clear hours at Christmas to rejoice in the blessing you have brought to many a reader.

Rev. W. H. Channing *to* Susanna

Dingle Priory, Liverpool,
Saturday, Dec. 27, 1856.

Your beautiful book came this morning; and as a proof of its interest and value, let me own that, although this is my busy day, I at once opened it, and have read the "Prefaces," the "History and Life," and the "Introductory Notice" directly through. Neither have I in doing this neglected my preparation for to-morrow; for if I had wished a helper, none could have been more timely than the "Friend" Nicholas and his wise scholar Tauler. Well may every professed preacher of the Word lay to heart that most touching story of learning to love "truth in the inmost part." I was much touched by it as given by Vaughan in his "Hours with the Mystics," and now am rejoiced to get it in its pure original form. Deeply impressed, too, have I been to-day by your own sketch of "Tauler's conversion." It is a portrait from life—from the lives of many. Do you remember dear George Herbert's tale of the way in which his heart was softened? And God's modes of discipline are as countless in variety as his creatures. How rich in beauty and wonder the inner histories of this common life are; and what a world of novels and poems shall we be born into when "in the Spirit" the secrets of all hearts are told.

I have time only to add my most earnest thanks, and my hope to be made better by this communion with the friends of God.

CHAPTER VIII

1857–1858

EARLY in January, Catherine accompanied me on a visit to the Martineaus', in Liverpool; the last we paid there, for in April Mr. Martineau accepted the Professorship of "Mental, Moral, and Religious Philosophy" in Manchester New College, and removed to London after the summer vacation. We had a most interesting visit, not only from our intercourse with the Martineaus themselves, but with several of their friends, and, most memorable of all, it was the date of the commencement of our more intimate friendship with Mr. Channing, who was at this time pastor of the Renshaw Street Chapel.

In the summer Dr. Max Müller applied to me to translate his little story called "German Love," which I gladly consented to do, and had the satisfaction of receiving his entire approbation of my performance. But as at that time he steadfastly refused to allow it to be known that he was the author, so much so that I did not even reveal the fact to my own sisters, and had taken no precaution to secure the copyright of the translation, no publisher would consent to pay me for my work. However, it was a labour of love, though bringing no profit.[1]

[1] "German Love." Translated by Susanna Winkworth. Chapman and Hall, 1857. The current edition (Longmans, 1898) bears Professor Max Müller's name as the author, and was translated by Mrs. Max Müller.

The latter part of the year was overclouded by the terrible Indian mutiny, and by the commencement of a long depression in trade.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU'S, LIVERPOOL,
January 16th, 1857.

Saturday morning I went over to Lily, who was unwell all last week, but was hoping to be well to write again[1] this week. Miss Nussey was there all last week reading through the "Life," and says it is excessively interesting, and seems to approve it altogether. I saw her, and wished much I could have seen more of her. She must have been very pretty once, not a sparkling beauty at all, but a quiet one, tolerably regular features, large eyes, soft complexion, and thick wavy brown hair.

Mr. Channing's sermon yesterday morning was extremely interesting and clever, but interested me more like a lecture than anything else. It was specially addressed to Unitarians, and took a Unitarian view altogether. For instance, after speaking of their form of Christianity as *the* true and pure Gospel, he went on that the three great truths of it were: the radical goodness of man, the implicit reliance due to the human reason, and that religion is a good life. These were his words; but when he came to explain them, he put in much that made me think I could feel much more agreement with him than I had thought when I was startled by this announcement of the Gospel. Still there was all through the colouring of beginning from man, not from God. What I did like thoroughly was the earnest, straightforward way of preaching to the very people he had before him, his strong feeling that he was dealing with facts, not speculations. He talked about the *Gottesfreunde*, and recommended his people to get "that noble volume of

[1] At Miss Brontë's "Life." Miss Nussey was Miss Brontë's most intimate friend, often mentioned in the "Life."

Tauler's Life and Sermons," that had just come out! He started and looked rather confused when Susie spoke to him in the vestry afterwards, saying, "I little thought you were here, but I am glad I did not know it." In the evening we heard Mr. Martineau, and that I did like. His sermon was on "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him"; a most beautiful sort of meditation on these words, and his prayer was particularly good. After supper we got into a talk that startled me very much, for he was defending the Romanist doctrine of the merit of good works. Presently I said humbly, "I suppose I never understood it; I fancied it meant that we could do things of ourselves which really did lay God, so to speak, under an obligation to us, which is so utterly false." "Well," he said, "that's what I do mean," whereat I started. "That is," he continued, "God has laid Himself under the obligation by attaching certain consequences to the fulfilment of His law." "Yes, the perfect fulfilment, but even the best saints must be forgiven." "If you suppose the law of God requires absolute holiness." "Yes, I never thought of believing anything else." Then he went on that we Protestants didn't honour the saints enough, and Susie said, "But the theory of merit would certainly never spring from what the saints themselves said of their works." "No, of course not," he said, "because of their humility." "Well," I ventured to say, "I always thought the saints knew best about that;" whereat Mr. Martineau burst into a fit of laughter, and then went on declaring that the Romish morality was so much higher than the Protestant on this very ground; and Susie stood up for the Protestants, but I presently thought Mr. M. didn't want to "argufy," but to be pleasant and uncontradicted, so I was silent, and Susie said afterwards I was recreant, but I can't argue, especially if I fancy it jars on any one. But I do wish I could see what Mr. Martineau meant; what he said startled me so much.

SUSANNA *to* CHEVALIER BUNSEN

12 NELSON STREET, MANCHESTER,
Jan. 28th, 1857.

First let me thank you for your book.[1] I wish I could tell you that I had already begun to study it, but, alas! a trial to do so in Liverpool came to such bad results that I must be content to be idle a bit longer.

Our visit to Liverpool was most interesting, not only from the character of our host and hostess, but from that of some of their friends, more especially Mr. Channing, whom we saw several times, with growing respect and admiration. He eagerly asked for all I could tell him about your plans and works; indeed there are few, perhaps, with whom you would have so much in common, and I wish you could meet. That, however, is hardly likely to take place, if he carries out his present intention of returning to America this summer. He is meaning to leave his present congregation in Liverpool, where he is almost idolized by his flock, who would do anything to keep him, and go to a poor congregation, or rather set of people not yet organized into a Church, at Washington, that he may have the opportunity of fighting against slavery in its stronghold. The only question is whether the people will have him there at any price. He wants your *Gott in der Geschichte* to be published in America rather than England; thinks that it would find there a much larger public ready to receive it than in England. Probably it may be so; here, at all events, the tide seems setting in the opposite direction. The *moderate* people are declaring against Bible revision. To-morrow two great battles are to be fought here in Manchester that will decide whether the direction towards free criticism or the reverse is to prevail in the Unitarian and Independent bodies. Among the Independents, Dr. Davidson is to be tried by the trustees of the chief Theological College for his criticism contained in his recent "Introduction to the Old Testament," and most

[1] *Gott in der Geschichte.*

likely he will be turned out of his Professorship.[1] Among the Unitarians it is to be decided whether Mr. Martineau or one of the old school be invited to a vacant Professorship of Theology in their College. People are coming from all parts of England to vote in these two contests, which are of the highest significance for the future of Free Thought among the Dissenters of England. Mr. Tayler is so anxious to have Mr. Martineau by his side, that I hardly know if he will remain in the College if the authorities refuse to have Mr. Martineau.[2]

The next event in Catherine's life was a journey to Rome, which she made with Mrs. Gaskell and her two elder daughters. They started in February, and went by way of Paris to Marseilles (visiting Madame Mohl in Paris), and thence by sea to Civita Vecchia. On the second night of their voyage the boiler burst, and they had to put back to Marseilles, so that their journey was considerably lengthened, and those at home began to be anxious at not hearing of their arrival. However, after this accident all went smoothly, and it need hardly be said how greatly Catherine enjoyed and valued all the new experiences she gained in these travels.

At Rome she joined her friend Emma Shaen, who was staying there for her health. They all started homewards in April, travelling by *vetturino* to Florence, from which she writes:

April 22nd, 1857.

We had a beautiful drive to S. Miniato, and coming home Mrs. Gaskell asked me to go with them to the Brownings', while Marianne sat with Emma. It was a very quiet evening, and, to my horror, Mrs. Browning

[1] He was turned out.

[2] It was decided in Mr. Martineau's favour by a majority of 115 to 17.

reminded me at first sight of that Miss Rutter with the curls. She wears her hair just in the same way, and is very shy and silent, and looks *very* delicate. Her little boy is pretty, but too pale.

April 29th, 1857.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Gaskell, Meta and I went to the Brownings'. I really only *saw* Mrs. Browning, for she scarcely spoke. In fact the evening was not particularly brilliant. Mrs. Gaskell talked chiefly about Miss Brontë, in which I acted chorus. Also a Miss Blagden, evidently a very intimate friend of the Brownings, who has a lovely villa near Florence, talked of the delights of living in Italy instead of England in the style of artistic pleasure being the only thing in life.

The summer was a very busy one in Manchester, where all the world came to see the unrivalled Art Treasures Exhibition, and every one had many guests. But its most important event to us was the marriage of Selina to John Collie, which took place on August 25th, after which Catherine accompanied our father and step-mother in a tour to Switzerland and the Italian lakes.

CATHERINE *to* MR. HERFORD

ALDERLEY, *October* 22, 1857.

I agree in disliking trust in mere "notions" or mere powers of reasoning as much as any one can, but I am jealous of seeing the authority of the Church in any way put above that of the Scriptures—first because it seems to me that the life and words of our Lord and His apostles *must* be the highest authority, and then because when the "certainty of all Christians for hundreds of years" is spoken of, I do not exactly know what is meant. They have been always disputing except on a very few points, and I am too ignorant to know where to look for their

united certainty. That, however, may be the fault of my Evangelical up-bringing and heretical associations. Then I have a great fear of confounding mere "notions and views" with those deep truths which are arrived at by personal experience; and sometimes when "private judgment" is spoken against, it seems not to be distinguished from what is in truth different enough—the inner Light which I believe lighteth every man, and reveals to humble and prayerful hearts whatever is necessary to their salvation. No truth can be received profitably on any outward authority alone; until it has this inner witness it is not really *known*, and does not rule the soul and heart. I suppose it comes to this: you speak as if there were but two means of arriving at truth—mere human reasoning, or the outward authority of the Church, giving us notions and views, or a complete body of doctrine. And I think this leaves out *the* grand method by which truth comes to us—namely, that the Spirit shows it to those who do the will of the Father; sometimes through the Church, but often directly in the heart without the intervention of any creature. Such truth is confirmed by the outward witness, but cannot be given by that alone. Also, we only see bits of *the* Truth at a time; to us it is ever growing, and can never be complete and entirely systematic; therefore we must always be ready to see the different aspects of truth which *may* be hidden under some one else's apparent error.

Catherine *to* Emily

Alderley Edge, *Nov. 1st*, 1857.

On Thursday evening I went to the Concert Hall to hear Beethoven's 9th Symphony, the grand choral one. It was a great triumph for Mr. Hallé to get it up, for it is only the second time it has ever been given in England. The symphony itself seemed to me quite as grand as I remembered it when we heard it in Dresden, but the performance not equal to that. The parts were not so well blended, and the voices were especially deficient in force.

But it must be enormously difficult. We had a sort of explanation handed round, informing us that "the symphony was descriptive of the various manifestations of the passion of joy." But I don't agree with that. *I* think it begins with the striving after joy. There are lovely little bits like innocent childish happiness, long crescendos beginning in struggle and ending in exultation, then bits of intense longing and passionate despair—all mingled together in a most fitful, chaotic manner, like many lives; but it ends sadly. Then comes the *Scherzo*, a very long and important movement, beginning with a dance, and going on to drinking songs and all sorts of gaiety, sometimes sparkling and graceful, sometimes irresistibly comic; every now and then comes the longing, despairing strain over again, and then it is drowned by the dance music with the tact marked by the drum and rising to a fortissimo of mad revelry, and it ends in a grand crash. The *Adagio* is most exquisite—one of the most lovely, round, rich harmonies that Beethoven ever wrote, like sailing over Como in the moonlight, or through Venice in a gondola; less broken than the other parts, but getting wilder and more dreamy at last, and ends sadly too. The last movement begins oddly with broken bits of all the others; at last a more solemn strain, like a hymn somewhat, begins very far away in the basses, and comes nearer and nearer, till just as you think the whole orchestra will take it up, the miserable despair comes in with a crash, and then a pause, and then the bass voice gets up and exhorts them to throw off their misery and take up the harmony, and then all the chorus bursts out with Schiller's Ode to Joy. The last part is solemn and triumphant, very grand—not sweet in its grandeur, as Mozart would have made it, but echoes of the past storm rolling through it still.

The opening of 1858 was a time of great distress throughout the silk manufacturing districts, from the badness of trade. The French treaty of commerce had much to do with this. My father, true to his Free

Trade principles, had worked with Mr. Cobden and others in promoting this treaty; indeed, if I remember rightly, he was the commissioner for the silk trade. But in this case he was decidedly a martyr to his principles; for this treaty gave a blow to the English silk trade which it never recovered, and my father was one of those most greatly affected by it. After various fluctuations, within the next few years nearly every house in the English silk trade succumbed.

Catherine *to* Emily

Alderley Edge, *Jany. 2nd*, 1858.

Papa is busy about the terrible distress in Macclesfield; has been over there twice looking into the matter himself, and is out this afternoon with Mr. Jackson collecting for the relief fund. The relief seems excellently organized and administered; the only question is how long the fund can hold out, when there are 17,000 persons to be maintained by charity in some shape, legal and otherwise. Papa's own mill and two of Mr. Brocklehurst's have been working three to four days a week all through, but that is a bare subsistence for the hands, and the other mills have nearly all been stopped. Two began partially this week, and one thinks this state of things *cannot* last much longer.

You have read Susie's little book, "German Love," now, I suppose? How do you like it? I think it's uncommonly pretty, only they ought never to have been in love at all, when it was clear God never meant the Princess to marry. They ought to have had only a good, deep, sincere, frank friendship. Do you agree?

Catherine *to* Edward Herford

Alderley Edge, *Jany. 20th*, 1858.

Here is the notice you asked for [of Max Müller's "German Love"], and if your editor does not want it after

all, never mind. Are you shocked at my hard-heartedness in calling the Princess's death opportune? But after they had once settled that they meant to marry, she must either have died or been miraculously cured; and I do not like stories to resort to heart-complaints because they have raised a question of right and wrong which it is not easy to answer. That is my one objection to the story, otherwise I think it very beautiful.

The same to the same

ALDERLEY EDGE, *Jany. 27th*, 1858.

It seems to me you hold the paramount authority of the Church over the conscience; while I hold the paramount authority, for the individual, of the individual conscience. For the community, I think the Church has paramount authority in all matters of practice and discipline, and that every member is bound to conform to her rules for the sake of order; just as we obey the laws, even if we do not altogether approve them, so long as they involve no violation of the conscience.

But for the individual, it seems to me, nothing can supersede that inner sense of right and wrong, which I believe to be the voice of the Holy Spirit in the heart. But this voice never discovers truth *systematically;* what a man has learnt from it, is *true,* but only a point of the Truth, and in determining its relations to other truth—in systematizing and reasoning from it—there is scope for innumerable errors; yet no one will ever come nearer to the truth by giving up one such point that he has clearly seen. The greatest certainty of knowledge in all things is, of course, attained when the individual perception or conviction is confirmed by the universal conviction of men; and in religious truth, where a man's own heart gives response to what the Church has always taught, he has the greatest certainty that we can imagine it possible to attain. But if the Church's doctrine has not been always equally decided, or if it seems to him to contradict the

voice of conscience, then arises the necessity of choice. Must he forcibly put down the suggestions of doubt by the authority of the Church? I think not. He must be a fool, or very presumptuous, if he proceeds as though the Church had never spoken at all; if he does not feel that what she has held is one of the very most important elements in his decision; if he does not listen to it with reverence and candour, and does not own at last that, in differing from so many holy men, his own view is most likely partial and utterly inadequate. But if, after all, his conscience still will not give its adhesion to the Church's doctrine as presented to him, I think he must follow it. He will be right in his affirmation (supposing him to be honest and humble, as I do), if wrong in his rejection, and in the best position for gaining further insight.

The second point was as to the extension of the Catholic Church. We must, I think, acknowledge some unbaptized persons as Christians. Indeed, I do not see how that name is to be denied to any who profess to love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ and to draw their spiritual life from Him. But for any purpose of organization or distinction, it seems to me Baptism is the true mark of the Church.

You seemed to me to hold that there was no salvation out of the Church; and it seems to me that the Bible teaches that there is no salvation out of Christ, which is not the same thing. For I believe that none are saved except by Him, but that some are saved by Him who have never known Him by name here. I believe that many a poor struggling soul among our neglected working-men, for instance, that has been blindly striving after a more honest and manly life, whose very honesty and manliness have been in part the cause of its fierce rebellion against the form of religion which is all it has known of Christianity, will find the veil drop from its eyes in the next world, and see that in Christ was the noble manhood, the Divine Love and Justice, it had ignorantly yet earnestly sought for here. We none of us see all truth now; we shall all need a new enlightenment then.

SUSANNA *to* BARON BUNSEN

NELSON STREET, *Feby. 25th*, 1858.

I wonder that you have been able to get on so much with your writing, considering how much besides you have had to occupy your attention. A preface to "Hypatia" too! That, I am sure, will have come from your heart. I too cannot think "Two Years Ago" equal to "Westward Ho!" or "Hypatia." Parts seem to me among the most beautiful things he has ever written—the descriptions of natural scenery and life among the people; also the characters of all the Scoutbush family; but I think he has made grave mistakes in the characters of Thurnall and Stangrave, whose faults he passes over with far too light a hand; and altogether the last quarter of the book seems to me far inferior to the rest. Opinions are divided about "German Love." All agree that it is charmingly written, but some think the tendency immoral as encouraging wrong and imprudent marriages. Dr. Müller is still anxious about the *incognito*, and quite forbids my putting his name to it. So of course I am silent, having literally not even told my sister Kate of the authorship. But so many people know it that soon all will; and meanwhile, what with the *incognito* and his having omitted to reserve the right of translation, it is as much as it will do if the English translation pays its expenses, instead of being of some profit to Chapman and me, as it otherwise might. His great confidant, Mr. Froude, let the cat out of the bag with his review in *Fraser*, though he afterwards wrote three times to me to enjoin secrecy—much to my amusement.

Just now I am reading Livingstone with great delight as my recreation book. "Sir Charles Napier's Life," too, I have been reading with deep and sad interest. My reading, however, and still more my thinking, has been principally theological of late. Till this autumn the state of my head prevented my thinking much; but since I have, as it were, woke up again, my thoughts perpetually turn to theological

topics. You know there was a time when the whole fabric of my faith was knocked over. Since then there has been a constant slow process of reconstruction going on. First the great questions that concern our individual relations with the Infinite came up for such a solution as the capabilities of my nature would allow. One must *begin* with the building up of a personal religion, the making sure, as it were, of a foothold in the universe. But one cannot rest with that. The more one's own nature expands, the more one becomes sensible of all the links that bind one to one's species, the more does *Humanity*, as distinct from the aggregate of individual men, come to mean something real to one. This was what used to puzzle me in your books. I think I am nearer to comprehending now. Thus you will see the idea and the need of a *Church* has come up into greater prominence with me, and of course all the questions contingent thereon. But I am very far indeed from having thought these things out yet. Numbers of ideas start up which seem separately true, but which I cannot reconcile; and all I can do is to give entertainment to each as it comes, to try and keep clear of prejudices, to read what I have opportunity and health for, and then to wait in patience till my notions crystallize into something palpable that one can work with. I forget if I told you that I am reading now with great interest, and I hope profit, a book called "Catholic Thoughts," put into my hands by my clergyman friend at the Lakes, Mr. Graves. It is a very voluminous work in four books, "The Church," "The Church of England," "The Bible," and "Theology"; written by the late Rector of Keswick, Mr. Myers, but not published, only printed by his widow for private distribution. I wonder if you know it? If not, I may just tell you that Mr. Myers seems to write *to* the Evangelicals and the High Church party in the tone of apology for that which would offend them. I should judge that he himself had started from an Evangelical *Standpunkt;* is of a deeply thoughtful and strongly logical cast of mind; much more liberal and rationalistic than Maurice as to the Bible and ecclesiastical

questions; resembling him in theology, but on that side somewhat more timid and decidedly orthodox; but all together a man too original to be ranked with any party. This is my stiff reading, but as I go along I dip into various other things by way of reference, Unitarian, Anglican, and Romish. I wish any of our leading Unitarians would write their notions of a Church, but Mr. Tayler and Mr. Martineau seem too busy with their college work to do anything for the public besides at present.

In April Catherine was planning out the musical edition of the *Lyra*, and consulted Mr. Longman respecting it while staying with Emily.

CATHERINE *to* WILLIAM SHAEN

ALDERLEY, *April 1st*, 1858.

Mr. Longman has set me to look out for a musical editor for the *Lyra Germanica*. He says he shall be satisfied with any one I choose. I may write to any I think fit for the work and ask if he would be willing to undertake such a task, and if he says "Yes," put him in communication with the Longmans. It was not clearly said, though rather implied, that the musical edition should include the words of *both* series. It would be advisable that it should do so, I think; and with this view I have translated several hymns in the second series carefully in metres which have some of the very finest German tunes, for which there are no words in the first series.

I wrote to Mr. Hallé last week, asking his advice about an editor, and then receiving no answer, and bearing in mind that he was particularly busy with concerts just now, began to think I had taken a great liberty. However, I called on Mrs. Hallé, meaning to tell her so, whereupon Mr. Hallé came in, and was so good and kind that I began to think, as I have done before, how much pleasanter it is to consult a man full of business than idle people who seem to have nothing to do but listen to you! He had been think-

ing over my questions, and gave me very clear advice; only all the people he recommended are so busy he doubted himself about their doing it. Still, he said, for a skilful musician it would be an easy, interesting, pleasant task, but any other than a *really* good musician would utterly ruin it and not find it easy. He recommended Dr. Sterndale Bennett most of all; nearly as much Goss; then Dr. Wesley as to *music*, but thought he would not do it; then Dr. Elvey of Windsor, Horsley, Mr. Henry Leslie. Finally he said if none of those would do it, I might write to him again, and he would give any suggestions or advice he could.

On May 14th Catherine writes to Emily:—

I have had a letter from Dr. Sterndale Bennett; very civil; would much like to undertake the work, but must make some inquiries as to details from me, and could not begin before autumn; wants to know if that will do. So I am telling Mr. Longman I suppose there is no objection to its waiting till then, for I should think not. I have my last proof, but am keeping it back, for I should like to announce therein that Sterndale Bennett *would* do the musical edition.

Catherine *to* Richard Massie[1]

Alderley, *June 11th*, 1858.

I admire and love Gerhardt's hymns so much that I am half unwilling to admit their defects; yet while many have marvellous dignity, force, and tender sweetness, others, it must be confessed, are curiously prolix and unpoetical. The latter were evidently written not from the impulse of some deep experience, but because he wanted a hymn of a certain class for the sake of instruction or some other extraneous purpose. Now hymns of this kind often maintain themselves in their own country by dint of their usefulness, though as poetry they may be little above doggerel; but when they are translated and deprived of all the aid they receive from early associations, their defects become too

[1] Translator of "Luther's Spiritual Songs," &c.

strongly visible to allow them to take root in a new soil. Some of Gerhardt's best hymns will, I hope, become naturalized among us, like the *Befehl du deine Wege*,[1] translated by Wesley. With regard to form, I should claim more latitude than you find it necessary to allow yourself. But a hymn that sounds popular and homelike in its own language must sound so in ours if it is to be really available for devotional purposes, and it seems to me allowable for this object to make such alterations in the metre, as lie in the different nature of the language; that is, especially, to substitute in most cases single for double rhymes and in some few cases to adopt an iambic measure for a trochaic. I think the change to iambic measure adds dignity and force occasionally where the trochaic melts into too great softness. And the constant recurrence of double rhymes, which is natural, almost inevitable in German, gives a weakness to English, besides the danger of the line being a little strained for the sake of the rhyme. The Germans are particularly fond of ending with a double rhyme, but the English ear prefers it anywhere rather than at the close of a verse, where we like a good strong, accentuated syllable to rest upon; all these differences in the genius of the two languages may surely be legitimately considered. Still, I feel that the more I have read and translated, the more I see the inward adaptation of thought and metre in good poems, and the less licence I am inclined to take.

[This spring Susanna paid a long visit to Emily, during which she had much valuable intercourse with the Rev. F. D. Maurice, to which the following letter refers.]

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

HEIDELBERG, *14th July*, 1858.

I asked Mr. Maurice how far he thought a correct intellectual belief was necessary to make it right to receive

[1] "Commit thou all thy griefs."

the Sacrament. He said: very little; that where there was a living faith in Christ, and a sincere desire to lead a holy life, it was right for those to come, whatever their views of the rite itself were; that he would exclude or refuse to communicate with none, from those who took the lowest view of it, as a mere commemoration of a past act, to those who believed in transubstantiation, only that the latter class of course *would* not come to the Church of England Communion. I said: it all depended upon what he meant by "a living faith in Christ," whether it meant or included a belief in His deity, whether in short one was to test the rightness of coming by one's answer to the formula of invitation, or by the Nicene Creed as a profession of faith. He said he did not think any but the clergy were bound to be able to subscribe that: at the same time, he thought a person ought to be able to feel that the service in general expressed his own feelings. Then I tried to tell him, as near as I could, what I did and did not believe, and thought I made it pretty clear that I was not a Trinitarian, that while believing in a real union of all members of the Church with each other and with Christ, which seemed to me exactly expressed in the Church of England Communion Service, I could not assign a distinct rank to Christ, &c.; my fear of idolatry, &c. To this last he said, *as I understood*, that I did quite right to cherish such fears, and must not quench them, but wait and see what I came to. How he believed that the Communion itself taught us so much, was a real means of grace, and would be blessed of God to lead us on. All this I am expressing very imperfectly; but it was what I believe, or would like to believe if I might. He fortified his arguments by saying that if the Church had meant to exclude the diverse opinions which must inevitably spring up, many of them being extremely wrong or even injurious, she would have given her ministers authority to exclude heretics from the Lord's Table, but that the only class whom she told them not to admit were notorious evil-livers, who gave no sign of penitence; she recognised no other ground of exclusion.

Then I asked him about Baptism. He expressed himself quite clearly that the unbaptized were God's children nevertheless; only what he wanted to insist upon was that they were so not by virtue of their natural and physical birth, but by God's taking them into His adoption, and this was what Baptism expressed; and it was as the expression and acting out of this, that it was so important: as the living witness of God's act towards us. Hence it was that he justified the expression in the Catechism, "wherein I was *made*, &c.," that it was God's free act towards us to take us as His children, not ours towards Him to confess Him as our Father. Altogether, all he said on this point was extremely satisfactory to me; but of course his time was up long before I had asked him half I wanted to. One thing specially troubled my conscience, so I laid wait for him coming out of his Working Women's Bible Class the Wednesday before I left, and told him how I had forgotten to say one of the things I had specially meant to, because it might modify, perhaps, the advice he had given me about the Sacrament, viz. my position with regard to the Unitarian Communion. That believing as I did all that they said in their Communion service, and agreeing with everything as far as it went, only that I believed something more besides, I had no *scruple* in attending it. That considering how people in general treated them as hardly or not at all Christians, while I not only thought them as good Christians as other people, but thought this sin of uncharitableness worse than any mistakes of theirs, I should not even feel myself *at liberty* to stay away from their Communion now. He said he could not see it at all in that light; that he by no means wished to exclude them from Christian brotherhood, but he thought their rite an utterly imperfect one, and (something like this) one must think so if one thought the other right, and refusal to communicate did not mean cutting them off from Christian sympathy. I said, would he then think it wrong, if in Germany, to communicate with the Lutherans, though one might think their rite imperfect? He said he would not

judge for others, one must do what one felt right, but certainly he could not communicate with the German Lutherans, and he thought Dean Alford had made a mistake when he did so, which he (Mr. Maurice) regretted. This somewhat posed me. I said, "Well, I am not looking at the question as it regards clergymen; possibly their position might be somewhat different from that of laymen." "I think it might," he said, "and altogether I should not like to give a positive answer on such a subject as this without taking time to think it over." I said, "Of course I am not discussing the question theoretically or as it bears upon clergymen, but as regards my own duty. For myself, I cannot help feeling that being already a communicant among the Unitarians, and they being regarded in the light they are by other Christians, my withdrawal from Communion with them would be equivalent to saying that I no longer regarded them as Christian brethren. If I had never communicated anywhere, and had now to make my choice for the first time, the case would be quite different." He said, "I don't see that your withdrawing, &c., involves anything of the kind. Might it not rather be a declaring to them that you see more in the rite than they do; that to you it essentially involves an idea of sacrifice which they do not receive; and rather have the effect of suggesting to them that you hold something higher, than that you wish to condemn them?" I said, "If there were any expression in their service which I disagreed with, the case would be different, but there is *nothing* that offends me; only a lack: and I cannot feel as if that were a justification."

On one point, I do feel quite clear that I differ from Mr. Maurice. I do regard the Communion as the sign of Christian brotherhood, and think that we should be (or at least feel that I should be) ready to communicate with all to whom one does not deny that brotherhood. Mr. Maurice says: Yes; if they will join me in celebrating the rite after my fashion. I say: Yes, I will join with them, providing that they admit me without asking me to do or say any-

thing contrary to my conscience. It seems to me that the burden of justification lies on the side of *separating yourself* from any communion in which you find yourself, and that it would be perfectly monstrous in me to refuse to communicate with such people as Mr. Martineau, Tayler, Channing, Hutton, though quite true that I prefer the Anglican service to that used in their chapels.

In a letter from Emily to Susanna, written in January this year, there is the following passage:—

"I have always thought of the sacramental services of the Church, including marriage and confirmation, as implying an act of the individual; so that it would be as great a sin in any lay communicant as in the officiating minister to join in them while disbelieving any word that was uttered. With the daily services I have felt, on the contrary, as if this act was not implied, and that one might join in them in spirit, even though in the course of them sentences might come that one did not believe. I have also thought that externally there was a recognized difference; that going to a sacramental service said to others that one was a member of the Church, that going to an ordinary one did not."

On June 24th I started to pay what proved to be my last visit to Baron Bunsen at Heidelberg. For some weeks I had the happiness of staying once more in his lovely house at Charlottenberg with my dear old friends; but when in August the arrival of other members of the family filled up the house, and Bunsen wanted me still to go on with his proof sheets, I took lodgings in Heidelberg for a time with a French family.

SUSANNA *to* REV. R. P. GRAVES.

HEIDELBERG, *Aug. 3rd*, 1858.

Till yesterday I have been staying with my dear friends the Bunsens, and need hardly say how much I have

enjoyed my visit. The work on which the Baron is specially occupied just now would interest you much. It is the second volume of "God in History," in which he hopes to review the leading religions that have prevailed among the nations of antiquity, showing how far each nation has attained to a perception of God's moral government of the world. There seem to me few things more calculated to strengthen faith than thus to be able to trace the gradual unfolding of God's revelations to man, and the unity of His teachings everywhere, and at the same time to see the enormous and generic superiority of the Jewish and Christian revelations. It makes infidelity appear so thoroughly unhistorical, and unphilosophical. I only wish I felt equal to the task of translating it, but I see more and more that no one but a thoroughly learned man could do it satisfactorily; and I think I have almost succeeded in convincing the Baron of it too, though he had always made up his mind that I was to do this particular book. He will now (or at least when it is finished) offer it, I think, to a gentleman whom I should imagine very well fitted for the work, and, in case he accepts it, I am looking out for other work.

I have been peeping, too, into different theological books to see if I could find anything to help me, but they are generally too learned for me to understand, and Bunsen sets his face against my doing it, so I must peep by myself without hints. He thinks he makes things plain himself, and I find him quite as difficult to understand as any of the books. I wish to understand his way of thinking, which I see is an organic whole in his mind, seeing that he is at once freethinking, practical, and pious, as well as profoundly learned; but it is something so foreign to me, I can only catch glimpses which I know not how to put together, yet which are enough to disturb my ideas from crystallizing into any other mould. So I am altogether rather in a state of bewilderment, and there is nothing for it but patience and taking up one thread after another to see if it is the right one, as one does with a tangled skein

of silk, though thread after thread seems to tie the knot tighter and has to be broken.

Believe me, yours very truly,

SUSANNA WINKWORTH.

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

HIRSCHGASSE, HEIDELBERG, *Aug. 25th*, 1858.

On Sunday I went over to Bunsen, by his request, for the evening; when it appeared he had changed his mind about offering *Gott in der Geschichte* to B.; would only consent to give him the Heathen World (vol. ii.), and insisted on my taking vol. i. (the Hebrews) and vol. iii. (the Christian World). In itself the division is so reasonable that I can't refuse, and yet it is just these volumes that, as you know, I dread, for the hard metaphysics, and also the theology. It was very tiresome he did not say this a fortnight before, during which time I've never been able to get anything out of him (plenty of amusing fun, but no business), and have been working my heart out over "The Peasant War," &c., thinking it was all over with my doing *Gott in der Geschichte*, at least for a year (till B. could reply), most likely for ever. However, I believe Bunsen was too busy with politics to give me a thought till he found I was really going, which indeed he knew well enough before, but he thinks I can always change at the last moment, and if I object to the inconvenience I should cause to other people at home, says, then I shouldn't *fix* any time! After which talk he *raffte sich zusammen*, and came to the above conclusion. Then I got through an immense deal with him, and read the opening of his third volume, which certainly I like very much. Altogether he put me into much better heart about doing the thing. . . .

Yesterday I worked hard at *Gott in der Geschichte* with Bunsen, and had a long metaphysical argument with him about Personality, the only satisfactory conclusion of which was that I told him I should be obliged by conscience to put in a note to say *I* did believe in a Personal

God, at which he laughed and told me to take care. Still, I've said it, and that's a comfort.

This autumn Emily first met, at Mr. Martineau's, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who became one of her most valued friends. She described her to me on Oct. 14th as "fair, fat, like Alboni; quick, frank, jolly manners; going now for the winter to help Miss Carpenter reform boys at Clifton. When I spoke to her of you and your desire to know her, she did not know of you, and I saw Mr. Martineau putting your books and Kate's into her hands, and talking to her about you both."

Miss Cobbe and her writings[1] were first introduced to us and to Mr. Martineau by Mr. Francis Newman. She had now just returned from her travels in Italy, Egypt, and the Holy Land, which she undertook after the death of her father, to restore her spirits and strength after her long trial in nursing him.

Catherine *to* Emma Shaen

Alderley Edge, *Oct. 28th*, 1858.

At the J. J. Taylers' I got but little talk with Miss Cobbe, a little bit with Mr. Newman, and a very nice bit with Mr. Martineau, which was my enjoyment. But I thought he looked ill and depressed. All he said, too, was in that tone; of the break-up of society and religion in America, how the Churches had sold themselves to the Evil One by taking the wrong and populace side in slavery and politics; and how all instincts of faith and religion

[1] In the previous August Susanna had written to Baron Bunsen:—"I recommend to your notice a work which seems to me of extraordinary beauty—'Intuitive Morals,' vol. ii. 'Religious Duty.' The writer, apparently a disciple of Kant, seems a person of uncommon learning and *eloquence*, and deep piety."—[Ed.]

were breaking out in abnormal and diseased forms—Swedenborgianism and spirit-rapping, &c. How he had at last found one consolatory aspect of spirit-rapping, which was to him utterly disgusting in itself; at least it showed that human beings could not live without *some* faith in the supernatural world. And about differences between German and English modes of thought, and especially in the conception of God. He has the greatest horror of the German *un*-personal mode of conception, "substituting a mere blank for a living object of reverence, affection, and communion, under the idea of getting rid of limitations. Even some of the grosser anthropomorphic conceptions were less far from the truth; if this mode of thought once got footing among us, it was the only thing wanting to complete the miserable confusion of our minds now in England." Also strongly against "German Rationalism"; that "dislike to anything like miracles," and anxiety to explain it all into delusive effects of natural laws; whereof he accuses Bunsen—more, I think, than Bunsen deserves. Also concerning the want of a *Church* in England; I maintaining that the Church of England had all the necessary elements of a Church, though it might need some reforms, he doubting whether it could ever recover its hold in large towns, &c., all much too deep subjects to be more than touched upon.

SUSANNA *to* SELINA

No date.

Last week we had a great treat in Miss Cobbe's visit to Emily. She is a most cheering person, so *fresh* and genuine, sparkling on the surface with geniality, fun, and affection, and at the same time deep both in character and in intellect as very few are, and deep and varied in learning as even very few *men* are, not to speak of women; so that one feels her such a very *reliable* person, while she is as brilliant and entertaining as the very charming persons whom you don't

feel at all inclined to lean upon. And with all this she really does seem in her right nook in living with Miss Carpenter, reclaiming little vagabonds and diving into all the lowest parts of Bristol in various walks of mercy. The thing that fits her for this is that her physical strength is almost as great as her mental, and after spending a day in this work she can read and write in the evening. She and Miss Carpenter live together opposite the Reformatory, their household consisting of two little thieves and one little honest girl to act as a spy upon them! She came to dinner on Saturday evening at 6.30; no one else but Mr. Newman; in the evening she read us a paper she had been writing, full of extracts from Hindoo religious writings, *i.e.* Brahmin, Buddhist, Parsee, &c., several different religions; and it was most striking what lots of sentences there were almost exactly the same texts as in our Scriptures, though of course written hundreds of years earlier; three or four of them had Decalogues, some almost exactly the Mosaic, others more differing.

Monday morning, Miss Carpenter left at one, but before then I had called there by appointment, as also Mr. Newman and a Mr. Adolphus Trollope, a gentleman of her way of thinking, and who has just written an interesting book, which I think you and John would just like, called "A Decade of Italian Women." He lives in Italy, and has rummaged up all the historical documents for it. He is brother of Anthony Trollope, but a much more religious and earnest man. Though only an hour together, spending that in political and theological talk, we parted, I think, all fully downright *friends*. It was his first introduction to Mr. Newman too.

In December I arranged to spend the winter in lodgings near Bedford Row. I wished to study more closely the working of some charitable institutions, with a view to future efforts (never, alas! destined to be carried out), and especially to join Emily in workhouse

visiting and to take part in the newly-established "Working Women's College." But a still stronger motive was the inward necessity of endeavouring to attain to clearer vision of Divine truth, in which I hoped to obtain aid from the preaching and conversation of Messrs. Maurice, Martineau, and Tayler, and to have other opportunities of hearing or seeing the leaders of thought.

CHAPTER IX

1859–1861

THE remaining chapters were left unfinished by Susanna; the narrative, therefore, here ceases to be told by her. The break thus caused may be taken advantage of to give a short description of the two sisters which was, of course, unnecessary when these pages were only to be read by those who knew them well.

Susanna was handsome even in middle age, and her countenance showed her at once to be a woman of unusual intellectual power. It is not necessary to say much as to her character, as no one can read this book without recognizing her absolutely single-minded devotion to duty, and her warm-hearted quickness to seize any opportunity of benefiting her fellow-creatures. When young she had great power of imagination, and would hold her sisters enthralled by her stories of adventure; unfortunately she came to think this power a temptation, not a gift, and deliberately set herself to crush it. In later years she often lamented this misjudged sacrifice.

Catherine was short, but her fine head, erect carriage, and quiet and gracious dignity prevented her making the impression of a small person. The first thought of all who knew her, high and low, rich and poor, was that she was lovable, that her mere presence brought comfort and strength. She had more humour than Susanna, which could be read both in the kindly

Yours very truly
Susanna Whitcomb

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Yours very truly
Susanna Wakefield

twinkle of her eye, and the amused curving of her mouth.

Her conversation was always interesting, never overbearing, and she had that rare and delightful power of making those she talked with feel their best and talk their best; she was like the pure gold which finds out the gold in others and draws it forth. A large part of her strength was given to helping friends who were in trouble, with her delicate and strengthening sympathy and the calm wisdom which she had won in her own wrestlings with spiritual problems and long and repeated periods of ill-health.

During the later years of her life her principal work was in connection with education. Clifton was one of the first places to start lectures for ladies, and it was greatly owing to Catherine's tact and judgment that they succeeded so well in avoiding the opposition which was on the alert to discover all manner of undesirable results in such a new departure. It is difficult to realize, now that the education of girls is so firmly established on modern lines, how much its peaceable development has been due to such women as Catherine Winkworth and Miss Clough.

At the beginning of 1859 Catherine was able to do hardly any intellectual work, as all her energies were taxed to the uttermost by home affairs owing to the state of her father's health, which was the cause of much anxiety. She was beginning to think of translating a selection of the prayers in Bunsen's *Gebetbuch* and also of possibly translating Ranke's "History of England." She also had some correspondence this spring with Dr. Sterndale Bennett, who was now preparing the tunes for the "Chorale Book."

During 1859 Susanna was continually checked in

her work by illness. She had never been really strong since her fever at Heidelberg in 1856, and it was partly on this account that she decided to spend several months in London, whence she wrote the following letter to Bunsen :—

SUSANNA *to* BARON BUNSEN

40, GREAT ORMOND STREET, LONDON,
Jany. 19th, 1859.

With regard to Mr. Mark Pattison's offer to translate *Gott in der Geschichte*, I think it the greatest piece of good fortune for the work that could have befallen it. To get a man of such accomplished scholarship, and such high intellectual ability, as a *translator* at all, is what does not often happen ; and his offer shows his appreciation of the importance of the work as a great step in the progress of the thinking world. You certainly, I think, cannot do better than accept it at once. For myself, I relinquish it, as you can well understand, with very mixed feelings. I believe it is best for the book and for myself that I should do so. Better for the book certainly, if Mr. Mark Pattison is to be the substitute.

My friends, Messrs. Martineau and Tayler, have just been appointed pastors to the Unitarian Church in Little Portland Street, vacant by the death of Mr. Tagart, one of the thorough old-school Unitarians, a disciple of Locke and Belsham and Priestley. It is remarkable that his two greatest opponents (though personal friends) should have been chosen to succeed him, and a hopeful sign for Unitarianism. I hope to see a good deal of Mr. Martineau and Mr. Tayler while here ; indeed I want to talk to them about the doctrinal matters which are puzzling me. I understand Richard Hutton declares himself no longer a Unitarian, but do not know whether he calls himself anything else, or whether this is public as yet beyond his own family. Mr. Maurice has been making quite a sensation in Manchester, where he was almost a stranger,

by a speech at the soirée of the Working Men's College there; and is altogether very bright in mind, though suffering frequently in body from lumbago produced by overwork. He has preached two magnificent sermons the last two Sundays against the doctrines of Mansel and Rogers, who teach that man can know nothing of "the Infinite," and recommend belief in revelation on the score of *safety*.

The next few letters contain frequent references to the preparations which were being made by Mazzini and his party for another struggle in Italy, seen to be impending. In fact, the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out on April 26th. Mazzini established a newspaper called *Pensiero ed Azione*, and as Catherine was so good an Italian scholar, it had been suggested (probably by Mazzini) that she might contribute to it translations from other journals or periodicals. Susanna, Catherine, and Stephen all did what little they could in the way of contributing and collecting money to aid Mazzini.

SUSANNA *to* CATHERINE

GT. ORMOND STREET, *Jany. 21st*, 1859.

Don't take in Mazz.'s paper if you don't like, merely because I ask you. As to your translating articles for it, I told Mazz. it wouldn't do, for you have already too much work to do for your health, but I do think it would be of use your taking in the paper, if only to tell things out of it to other non-Italian-reading Mazzinians. I repeat I *do not* want you to translate, on health account; but it is not true that your name "could carry no weight in this line." Just because you are so widely known, and so well known as a highly orthodox Church and State woman, it *would* carry a weight which Miss Cobbe's or Miss Bessie Parkes' or the "hundred other people who understand Italian better" than

you, would not do. Even mine Will and Mazz. care to have, though it is worth much less than yours, because I am less known, and less identified with Conservatism.

MAZZINI *to* SUSANNA

June 12th, 1859.

A part of the £100 so nobly given by our unknown friend has been applied to prepare, if possible, the escaping of Nicotera; the thing is extremely difficult, precisely because the place in which he is is extremely small, and it is difficult to escape attention.

Another part has been and is applied to propagandism for National Unity, and opposition, when the time comes, to any undue Bonapartist influence in the settlement of the internal question. This is vital for us. You remember what I told you concerning what had been agreed upon, at Plombières, between L. N. and Cavour. The scheme is exactly the one which I have expressed in the No. 17 of *Pensiero ed Azione*.

All that is done—the suppression of the liberty of press, &c., in Piedmont—the refusal from the Sardinian King of the *civil* dictatorship offered by Tuscany, Tuscany being destined to Napoleon Bonaparte—the *envoi* of N. B. himself to Tuscany—the incident of two tri-coloured flags surmounted by the imperial eagle having been exhibited at Florence, to *tâter le terrain*—the revival of the fusion of 1848 implying the Kingdom of the North and excluding therefore National Unity—plenty of other additional indications—all tends to further the realization of the scheme.

Against that scheme—against the establishment of new foreign dynasties—against the substitution of French power for Austrian power—we must work up public opinion throughout Italy, so that when the time comes, its manifestations may be imposing enough to not be easily disregarded.

Believe me, dear Miss Winkworth, ever gratefully yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

WANDSWORTH, *June 17th*, 1859.

I don't like to say what a happiness it would be to me if you could feel it right to join the Church, because I am always afraid of anything like personal influence in these matters; but while I do feel strongly what a personal sacrifice it would involve to you now on account of your many friendships with Theists, &c., I still cannot but feel, too, that if you saw it right, it might be of the greatest service to *them*. I think your calling would be to show them . . . that you had found it necessary, and a great blessing, to believe *more* than they do, while yet thoroughly holding as most precious all the *positive* truth that they have; and on the other side to protest in the Church against that spirit of exclusiveness and uncharitableness which is too common among the orthodox of all kinds. In very many cases it arises from pure ignorance; but it is a terrible and dangerous thing as an error, and still more when it is a sin, and I doubt whether any work is more needed at the present time than this, bringing people to acknowledge gratefully true religion wherever, and in whatever form, it exists. I do feel that in your case, having once made the step of joining the Unitarians, and taking all the consequences arising from it, the easiest course is to remain with them, fraternizing, as far as possible, with any specially liberal Church people you may come across; and I do feel it very hard you should have any more trials of this kind to go through. But I do believe that any one called to pass through so much doubt and conflict, is being trained to be of great use to others, and is bearing the brunt of the battle. Those who have a quieter course have a much less honourable post, though doubtless the one they are meant for.

For the present, however, what I most wish for is that change and quiet may bring you rest and stronger health, and, in the meanwhile, I doubt not that things will silently work themselves out in your mind, and grow clear, against the time when you can work again.

SUSANNA *to* REV. J. J. TAYLER

12, NELSON STREET, MANCHESTER, *July 1st*, 1859.

I ought to have returned the sermons you so kindly lent me much sooner, and should have done so but that I wished to write a few words with them, which either time, or more often strength, failed me from day to day to do. First let me thank you very much, both in my sister's name and my own, for your kindness in allowing us to read them at leisure. I did so with great interest and profit. Every word in them speaks to my heart and commends itself as true to my conscience, and fills me with shame that I live so far below their teaching.

But while this is so, I wanted also to tell you that the more I study the subject, the more I am impressed with the idea that Christ does stand in a closer relation to the whole human race than He could do if simply a man like other men, however good.

It seems to me that St. Paul taught that He did so, and that his teachings answer to and explain the facts I observe of the moral universe around me, and those of experience within me. It is on this ground that I accept his teachings; and not because I start from any notion of his infallible inspiration, or doubt that in point of fact he sometimes made mistakes as well as others.

I fear this is not very clear, and my head is so far from strong that I must not try it by endeavouring to develop my ideas more fully, especially as they are in a very half-formed and fermenting condition. But I felt as if it would not be honest not to say this to you, to whom besides inclination no less than duty would always prompt me to say just what, and all, I thought about anything. One thing more, however, I *must* say. Though these ideas certainly give me in some respects more in common with my orthodox friends than I had; and especially put me more in sympathy with the Church *Services* than I used to be, I cannot feel that they in the least put me out of communion with my

Unitarian friends. I am sure they have not interfered with my sense of, or my profiting by, the *great privilege* it has been to me to attend the Portland Street services during the last few months; about which, both as it regards yourself and Mr. Martineau, I feel more than I can say.

I cannot but believe that there is a real and practically adequate ground of union in common spiritual sentiments and apprehensions, even where doctrinal views may in some respects differ. If it were not so, I know not with what religious body I could unite. As it is I feel myself to some extent in union with all; and especially with the Unitarians, inasmuch as they, more than most others, seem to me to recognize the true ground of Christian union to be spirit and sentiment, not doctrine, and to uphold the duty as well as right of free search after truth and of intellectual veracity.

SUSANNA *to* A FRIEND

Sept. 13, 1859.

I know how fearfully the being obliged to lead an unnatural life in any way adds to one's moral difficulties. I believe people are apt to think that those who are secluded by ill-health from the ordinary spheres of activity have along with their privations also the advantage of immunity from the temptations of ordinary active life. It is a great mistake. Immunities from some temptations of course there may be, but the temptations attendant on any non-natural mode of life—from solitary confinement to non-natural bustle and excitement—are ten times worse than those attendant on the ordinary duties and relationships of life. In the latter, though temptations to various faults beset every step, things have always a *tendency* to right themselves, through the influences of intermingling interests and affections. You get perpetually pulled up by other people. In the former, once go wrong, and there seems a liability to geometrical progression in error, with nothing but the will to pull you up short. Indeed, I often think that with many kinds of ill-health, the extra moral tempta-

tions would be worse to bear than the extra pain, which is all that people in general sympathize with.

They say starvation is the most horrible of deaths. Certain it is, that the pangs arising from the starvation of any part of our nature are worse than the pain we are liable to through the possession and exercise of the same faculty. . . . That you have many humiliating slips and falls to look back on, I do not doubt, but I trust and believe you know far less about that than I do, with whom slips are the rule and success an exception, coming now and then to show me that I am not quite left to myself. It is true, as you say, that however far we seem to have climbed we are liable in a moment to fall back again. But is not that to show us that our strength is not in ourselves, that we must drink it in from *moment* to *moment* from a higher source, that in the power of the living God is the life of our derived will? and then, though "the faith in one's power of resistance" does "get weakened by those repeated shocks," faith in the power and in the willingness of God to work *moral* MIRACLES within us may strengthen with experience of His never-wearying patience and loving-kindness, both felt in ourselves and seen in others. We all begin with great faith in the efficacy of forming good habits; this is one of the illusions of life (do you remember Robertson's beautiful and helpful sermon on Illusions and Delusions?) which serve an admirable purpose, but have to merge through painful disappointment into the perception of a higher and better truth. We are meant to exert our wills to the utmost, but then to find our own limits and weakness, that we may come at length (alas! how few of us do!) to say with St. Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

But what we need to feel more and more is that God *is there*, whether we see and feel Him or not, that His "drawing near" is not really "drawing near to us," any more than the sun really rises, but only unveiling Himself to our eyes; that we *are* His children, and regarded with a Father's love, and whether or not we are conscious of it or behave as such.

EMILY *to* SUSANNA

BEDFORD ROW, *Nov.* 11*th*, 1859.

Mr. Litchfield told us something one cares to hear the other night. At the annual meeting at the Working Men's College, Mr. Hughes, who, you know, is the life and soul of the boxing class and the Wednesday evening "tea and talks," at the end got up and said that it had grieved him very much to see that, attached as he and the men were to each other, he had not been able to carry them with him on what he felt the deepest thing in his life (alluding to the absolute failure of the attempt at regular evening prayers), and so he felt that his influence could not be what it ought to be, and that he must, in fact, withdraw a good deal. His voice shook with emotion, and it produced a great sensation, though no further speech was made by any one. But ever since there have been at least twenty at prayers every night, and he goes to the college as before.

This summer Susanna had had a threatening of illness similar to that from which she suffered at Heidelberg, and as she did not recover very satisfactorily, it was arranged that she should go to Malvern for the winter, placing herself under the care of Dr. Gully. Catherine accompanied her to Malvern on October 31st, to make the first two or three weeks of her stay somewhat less cheerless. She was to introduce Susanna to Dr. Gully, and when she returned home Susanna was to go into his Establishment. But their parts of nurse and patient were speedily reversed, for a few days after their arrival, Catherine very nearly fainted in the street, and this was the beginning of a very severe and tedious illness. December was a very cold month, and she had a second attack of illness, but she must have rallied quickly from this, for before

the year was out she was able to take one or two drives. Through the winter Catherine got slowly better, but they did not leave Malvern till May. The following letter bears witness that in spite of all her anxieties and own want of strength, Susanna's mind was still actively at work upon the deep problems which had for a long time been exercising it.

William Shaen *to* Susanna

Bedford Row, *Nov. 30th*, 1859.

Of course I agree in all you say as to the importance of keeping our notion of our own personality clear, and I agree quite as much that we are each a part of Humanity and that Humanity is an organism and has a life and history of its own, which we must study and understand before we can solve social problems or deal with social evils, such as trade questions. I think, too, these are *the* great questions of our day, though I am happy to say I do *not* think theologians have yet cleared and drained the ground. You *can't* clear the ground mentally or socially in an old civilization, and no ground can remain clear for a moment. The only clearing axe is a new truth, and a vast number of those have been at work, and the ground is cumbered with ruins as it was in the days when Christ was a boy, and we are waiting for the master truth which is once more to reduce them to order by spreading abroad once more a common faith. That that faith will be *called* Christianity is possible, but it will *be* Theism, and one into which all the other great religions of the world can develop from sympathies now existing in them all.

You know, I suppose, that this belief in Humanity (already, as belief in Christ was of old, travestied into an orthodoxy by the Comtists) is a cardinal point in Mazzini's faith, and that the Book of Genesis in his Bible of "The Religion of the Future" is Lessing's "Education of the Human Race"?

Yes, I think an organism existing complete as a whole must have a head and a centre, but in applying this idea to Humanity we must be very careful not to be led astray by words as the middle age Fathers were. The fauna of the world is an organism, and its head and centre is God. From another point of view the guiding head and centre of Humanity looked at by itself is that nation or that man who for the time being heads the divine progressive march of Humanity. That any one man, unless he were the first Adam or the last that is to be born before the Day of Judgment, should be the one permanent head and centre of Humanity, seems as unlikely, as impossible, as that there should be one head lion or elephant as the centre of the organisms of those animals; for they form an organism as truly, though in another way, and without certain characteristics, as man does. It is only by looking at Humanity with a glance altogether wider than Christianity, and older, too, that we can conceive of the progressive life of Humanity.

Now, as to authority. Of course the belief as to this of Peter, Paul, and John, is *no* ground for our doing more than consider the question; and as the conception is first not wanted, nay a great difficulty, an apparent impertinence, a wart on the great kosmos to be explained, and as, secondly, Peter, Paul, and John *could not help* believing it, whether true or not, if they looked up to Jesus, as we know they did, their doing so shows them true men of their age and race, but is no more a guide for us than their belief in demons. I have a great value for flashes and inklings, and believe that all inspiration, that is, all truth, comes so, and if such a guess *does* explain puzzles, it is strong presumptive evidence in its favour. Only this particular guess seems to me to teem with puzzles and difficulties and uglinesses, and to explain *nothing*.

Our old Nonconformist toast or sentiment is just what you have got at, "The *right* of Private Judgment and the *Duty* of Free Inquiry."

Emma Thomasson *to* Catherine

34, Craven Hill, London, *Feb. 7th*, 1860.

A few nights since we met Sir John Lawrence and his wife. Have you seen him? He is a strong, powerful-looking man, grey and grizzled-looking, keen deep-set eyes, and a set, determined mouth, altogether some one who *can* be very fierce, but he has a kind look withal, though his manner is too dictatorial for what I like, though in that he is only like Bright. We met him at Mrs. J. B. Smith's, and she told us that twenty years ago she and her husband spent five months at Rome in the same house with the Lawrences, both parties being on their wedding tour; and that one day John Lawrence laid his hand upon the ground and bade his wife stand on it, then lifted her slowly up and deposited her on the table with his *one* hand! This will give you some idea of his power, for he has even now a very gladiator look. He was then tall, thin, and stern-looking; she, extremely young, slight, and childish, with a devotion and patience like Enid's, from what Mrs. Smith tells me. Now Lady Lawrence is a sweet, gentle but firm-looking woman, still fair, and rather young-looking for her age, and a very good mother to her *nine* children. She has large soft blue eyes, which made quite an impression upon me. They both liked India extremely.

Emily *to* Catherine

West Hill, *Feb. 7th*, 1860.

It is such a comfort to hear of your being a bit better again, and I can't help hoping that as the spring opens you will feel a sort of reviving that hardly can come in the winter, when it's hard work for a weak thing like you even to hold her own against the cold and the darkness and the want of out-door air, let alone making any steps forward.

It is so nice being here. We came this morning to dinner, and Maggie has been "so happy she didn't know what to do" till now, when she is fast asleep in her nice little bed. When I look at her, her face all one irrepressible grin, I remember the feeling of endless delight I used to have at her age in the beginning of a visit. I can recollect lying awake in the early morning in that great old spare bed at Bromley that we used to think so grand —you never knew it, did you?—wrapt in an ecstasy as I heard the first carts go by, and the first-up people calling to each other in that lazy street, and the hens cackling in that ugly old yard behind, and those delicious little larks and bullfinches singing, that used to hang somewhere over the front door. And then came a vision of the long morning; we would go off after breakfast on to Martin's Hill, with "Shades of Character" in one hand and a great piece of moist plum cake (oh, how juicy and spicy that cake was!) in the other, and sit among the broom and read and eat, and run up and down the grass slopes, and poke through the hedges—easy hedges they must have been for us little Cockneys to poke through. But one thing regularly spoilt that first morning; they never used to come to dress us till 7, or 8, or 9 o'clock, I don't know when, only it used to seem interminable captivity, and Susy and I were far too good children to stir without leave, though we used sometimes to feel a mysterious dread lest perhaps in that house they might entirely forget us and never come at all, and then what would happen next?

EMILY *to* SUSANNA

BEDFORD ROW, *March 6th*, 1860.

Everybody is ill with colds now ("Nightingale colds" they are called, because everybody has stuck their bedroom windows open), so I hope Katy's is *en règle* and to be expected; but I am so sorry for it, because it must put her back so and weaken her, and then I am so afraid you will catch it too, and be not fit to nurse her.

This morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, Arthur trotting about "bo-in a tumpet," and allowing himself to be persuaded to lend Lily "Arty dear own boom," and Will playing with them all three in the intervals of bacon, I could not help thinking how happy we were, how much more of one's life all that makes than the rushing about and business, and yet how little of it goes down in one's letters. Please believe it always nevertheless, for I know you're one of those people who like to think of one's being happy, you and Katy too. It's very odd how much the thought of other absent people's happiness enters into some people's happiness, and how little it does into that of others.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

2, PORTLAND PLACE, MALVERN, *May 13th*, 1860.

I have come to the conclusion that I *do* want to trouble you or Will about the illustrated edition of the first series of the *Lyra*, because I want to get an opinion from Mr. Ruskin about it.

What I want from Mr. Ruskin of course is an opinion as to the artists I should name to Mr. Longman for the principal pictures. The hymns give scope for three or four landscapes, and for scenes from all the principal events in the life of our Saviour, the calling of some of the Apostles, angels singing, &c. Papa wants us to try if Holman Hunt would give us any designs, and on my objecting that I don't think he would, and if he would, he would take so long about it, says that one can but ask, and that very likely he might have sketches by him, if he would put them into Leighton's hands. If you speak to Mr. Ruskin, I should like you to ask if this were possible; also I should like to know, with regard to any artists he might name, what chance there would be of their getting the work done within a definite time. I am afraid all the really good artists have their hands so full that there would be a practical difficulty on this point. I do not know at all

what Mr. Ruskin knows about German artists. I mean to write to Mr. Henry de Bunsen on this point; for myself, I could only tell Mr. Longman to consult Gruner and Colnaghi as he proposes. Of course you would not allow Mr. Ruskin, or any one else you might speak to, to suppose that *I* could do more than suggest names to Mr. Longman; any decision of course rests with him.

CATHERINE *to her* AUNT, MISS ELIZA WINKWORTH

ADELAIDE HOUSE, GT. MALVERN, *May 28th*, 1860.

I am asking Stephen to send you from me a little book called "Life Thoughts," by Mrs. Stowe's brother, Mr. H. W. Beecher. If you don't know it already, I think you will like it; Mrs. Twisleton lent it me in the winter, and I liked it very much indeed. There are Americanisms of thought and expression which jar on our taste occasionally, but there is a great deal of beauty too, and a spirit of courageous faith and large-hearted charity that is most helpful, I think. Then it is broken up into detached passages, which just suited me when I was weak and could not read for long together, or take in anything requiring a continuous effort of thought. Mr. Baldwin Brown's book, for instance, was too hard for me for a long time after we got it; but when I could read it I enjoyed it exceedingly. There is the one obvious defect that the style is too laboured and ornate, but that is a small thing where the book is itself so noble, so deeply thought out, so *true*, as I think his. Alice sent me a very interesting account of the day she and Charlotte spent at his house; she was very much struck with him, and I am extremely glad she had the opportunity of going. I am afraid he takes his "persecution" to heart; but how absurd it is of any one to accuse him of being a Unitarian or "Socinian," as absurd as to bring the same charge against Mr. Maurice; with them, as with Mr. Scott, too, the Incarnation is the ground fact on which their whole fabric of thought rests, and if people don't see

this, they can't have understood a single word of their writings! But I always suspect such people of not having *read* them!

I dare say Aunt Mary told you that I have been *very busy* (for me!) lately with correspondence about an illustrated edition there is to be of the first *Lyra Germanica*, and about the "Chorale Book," and a visit from Mr. Otto Goldschmidt on the subject of the latter. I really worked hard with him for some days about it. I like him very much indeed; he is a very religious man evidently, but with no cant, and cultivated in many ways besides music, and I quite approve of Jenny Lind's choice, though he is not at all striking-looking, young and slight and noways remarkable.

For some time past, as will have been seen by allusions in the letters, Catherine had been anxious to bring out a hymn-book with tunes, the hymns to be from the *Lyra*, and the tunes from the rich store of German chorales. Mr. Henry de Bunsen advised her to endeavour to secure the services of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who had already thought of publishing a similar collection of tunes himself; but Mr. Longman had already entrusted the musical part of the work to Dr. Sterndale Bennett. Mr. Goldschmidt, however, was so deeply interested in the project that he offered to join Dr. Bennett in it; whereupon Dr. Bennett wrote to Catherine as follows:—

DR. STERNDALE BENNETT *to* CATHERINE

EASTBOURNE, *Aug. 5th*, 1859.

I had recently a conversation with Mr. Otto Goldschmidt (who requested to see me purposely) upon the subject of the work which we have in hand, and I found that he was anxious to undertake a somewhat similar work, had he not been made aware that I had already started with it. He

has been most polite towards me in the matter, as you will see in a letter which I enclose, his great object being, however, to persuade us to enlarge the character of the work. He offers his co-operation, in case we can arrange it, and I am to see him this evening and talk his ideas over with him. I have already explained to him that I am bound to Mr. Longman and yourself to carry out *your* plans if you see no reason to alter them, and I assure you that I am quite in a humour to fulfil my task to the very best of my ability.

I send you the first *catalogue* sheet of the twenty-five Chorales which are finished, and I shall certainly do as many more in the next days, that I may have done a fair portion of my work before I even enter into the joint work with Mr. Goldschmidt. I do not disguise that I consider his co-operation would be most desirable, from his being a first-rate German musician, as well as having a keen feeling in this exquisite branch of music.

Catherine was only too glad to have such valuable additional help; her sudden illness put a check to it for many months, but in May of this year Mr. Goldschmidt spent some time at Malvern, working with her in the mornings over the hymns and tunes whenever her strength permitted. She found in Mr. Goldschmidt the rare combination of a deeply religious nature and a widely cultivated mind, and always retained a peculiar affection for the "Chorale Book," as having laid the foundation of her close and highly prized friendship with Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt.

By the middle of the spring Catherine had fairly recovered, and Susanna hoped for the rest she so much needed after the long winter of anxiety. But this was not to be, for on their removal into other lodgings Catherine caught a chill from a damp room, and became in a few hours dangerously ill with pleurisy and

So I am perfectly certain, too, that "divine affections" can entirely *fill the heart*, and give not only peace but joy. But this we have no *right* to expect or covet; *peace* and *content* in the living and working for duty *will* come if we persevere and do not ask for happiness. But joy is a gift which many of God's dearest children may be left without in this life. But that joy is possible—if God sees fit to give it—under the most tremendous privations, I believe, as I believe in my own existence. How many martyrs (martyrs in reality as well as those so-called) have proved it so! What else does Paul mean, for instance, when he tells his friends to rejoice evermore, speaks of himself as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, reckons that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed, is persuaded that neither death nor life shall separate us from the love of God?

If one believes that one is one infinitesimal particle of a divine organism, one meanest member of a vast divine body, that one is linked to all, through common relation to a divine Head, a common participation of one divine Spirit, one divine breath of life; that through our common relation to God, all our actions, sufferings, learnings, experiences, *tell* (so to speak) on the vast mass of humanity, mere particles as we are in it—will through Him be made available, if we perform our small (but appointed) functions rightly, though how, we cannot foresee, for others of His children; then we know it is WORTH WHILE to do or bear anything that our nature can, even though we may be base enough to fall into unfaithfulness in action, and fall away in practice from the right over and over again. That we *are* not only individually related to God as our Father, but also parts of a divine organism, is the great truth that has been growing more and more certain to me for some time past. Innumerable things point to it, and are explained by it. How else, for instance, should our prayers affect the condition of others, while yet we have such an irresistible impulse to pray for them if we believe in prayer at all, that it must surely be *implanted* in us by Him who made us?

In February 1861, Susanna returned to Nelson Street, where there was much to settle connected with the breaking up of her and Stephen's joint establishment owing to his approaching marriage to Miss Thomasson. Susanna had only been there a short time when the Thornfield gardener came to tell her that her father had had a seizure in the train on his way back from business, and had been carried home. For many months he had been very much harassed by business anxieties, as well as all the sickness in the family. Susanna at once went to Thornfield to help in nursing him, and by the end of March he was able to be moved to Southport. This illness was the beginning of his complete breakdown in health, which obliged him to give up his business, and ultimately led to the family settling at Clifton in October 1862.

The following letters show how, through all the family troubles, her mind was still occupied with religious problems:—

SUSANNA *to* A FRIEND

Jan. 20th, 1861.

I perfectly agree with Miss Cobbe, that such Theism as hers is sufficient for all this world's need, but one may have blessings over and above their sufficiency both for physical and moral cravings, and the question is, whether Christianity does not offer such a blessing. But Theism, as Miss Cobbe and Mr. Newman hold it, is a far warmer and nobler faith than that held by most Unitarians, because it far more vividly recognizes the presence of God's personal Spirit with us. The experiences of such an one as Miss Cobbe are almost identical with those of the most spiritual Christians. I agree with her in all she says of Theism, only not with her in her view of Christianity, because she confounds (the natural results of her early surroundings) Christianity with

Evangelicalism, whereas Evangelicalism is as different from the doctrines of John and Paul and the early fathers as the two other modern developments of eighteenth century Unitarianism and nineteenth century Romanism are, and far more cramping and deadening to the mind than Unitarianism is at least. Of course I am here speaking of the ordinary Unitarianism of Belsham, Priestley, &c., &c., and not of Mr. Martineau's phase of Unitarianism, which is something very different.

I think you hit the right nail on the head in wishing to get at the "pith of the records of other faiths," that you may "compare them with Christianity." That is really the test of what is essentially Christian and not merely Theistic. Miss Cobbe's letter would be the EXACT expression of what I thought some years ago, when my essential spiritual beliefs and experiences were precisely the same as now, and I too felt as if Christianity would be a sort of limitation to my faith, at least to my communion with my pious brethren who were not Christians, and how often have I said to myself, like her, "I *have* come to the Father, that is as certain to me as my own existence, and I certainly have *not* come by Christ." Of course the answer of the Evangelicals to this would be, "You *have not* come to the Father"; the answer of Mr. Maurice and of Mr. Hutton, "You *have* come and by Christ, unconsciously though not consciously." I quite agree with Miss Cobbe *now*, that *were* her view (and the Evangelical view) of what Christianity *is* the true view, she would have "all to lose and nothing to gain by becoming a Christian." For she would have to give up the faith in a God who is by *nature*, and not only by virtue of our choosing Him, our FATHER, and the Father of the *whole* human race, heathen, Jewish, or Christian, and who speaks by His Spirit to all in various degrees, for the faith in a father who has confined the revelation of his love to certain races and ages, and whose love to us can be averted by our refusing to believe in his son. But I do not so read St. Paul and St. John. Theism does seem to me sufficient for the individual life of piety. Theism as much as

Christianity declares it is *no dream* that a power exists by means of which I may conquer WHOLLY—conquer by submission, by yielding my own personality to a Lord who will dispose of my whole heart as a King—in whom I may forget all but the joy of an everlasting service.

The same to the same

NELSON STREET, *Feb.* 6, '61.

I sympathize with what Mr. Hutton says as to the metaphysical difficulty, which formerly seemed to me, as it did to him (and does now to Miss Cobbe and Mr. Martineau) insuperable, having now quite passed away. Indeed, I came to this by much the same general train of argument as he has done. Notwithstanding this, I cannot express the same *assured* faith in the Incarnation that Mr. Hutton professes. Sometimes I believe it more than at other times, and I dare hardly say that I *believe* a thing till belief at least, though not realization, has become a strong invariable quantity, not liable to be affected by changes of mood or varying external influences.

One of the strongest *Scriptural* arguments for the divinity of Christ seems to me to be the marked distinction between the way in which St. Paul speaks of himself and the tone in which Christ does. Yet it was not that St. Paul too did not claim *authority* as a teacher and guide and revealer of God. He does so most strongly. But though he most earnestly claims authority for his *message*, he does not for his *personality*; nay, often speaks of that in disparaging terms. It seems to me that either Christ was justified in claiming the position He did, and which Paul claims for Him, or else Paul was deluded, and the authors of the Gospels gave incorrect reports of Christ's sayings, and it is a mistake altogether to regard Christianity as at all a *special* divine revelation.

I feel the same desire that you do, to know more of the claims of the Oriental religions, especially of Buddhism. My consciousness of ignorance as to the extent of their

claims to be also truly divine revelations has been the *second* obstacle to my receiving, as fully as Mr. Hutton does, the doctrine of the Incarnation; still the believing in *that* would by no means exclude my conceding the reality of divine revelation to Buddha, Zoroaster, Mahomet, any more than it does to Moses or Isaiah.

I do not concur with Mr. Hutton in his rejection of the Trinity, but think it hangs together with the doctrine of the Incarnation. I have no *clear* thought about it, but I am conscious that I have all along, even while rejecting entirely the Son, carried into Unitarianism and then Theism my old belief in the Spirit. All that you say as to your want of aid from the human side in approaching the Father, of your want of an Inspirer who shall be the Lord and Guide of your affections and your reason, &c., is what I have always felt, but always, too, I believed in the indwelling Spirit who supplied that want. I see now that the fulness of my belief in the indwelling Spirit has all along rendered my inward religion something very different from that of Unitarians in general; indeed I have always felt, that while able to join in all their symbols of faith and unable to join in those of other Churches, and therefore bound to worship and act with them as a body, I was *practically and inwardly* much farther from them than from the *really* devout among the orthodox. Not so with the Theists, *i.e.* such Theists as Mr. Newman and Miss Cobbe. They hold livingly all that the orthodox do concerning the Spirit, only they make no distinction between God as our Father and God as the indwelling Spirit. This has been my position. But *if* I accept any distinction of personality at all in the divine nature, as we do if we accept the distinction of Son and Father, and if we accept what seems to us to be the teaching of Paul on this subject and of Christ too, as reported by St. John, as respecting *realities*, then I think we cannot but ask what Christ meant by giving the name of the Holy Spirit with that of the Father and the Son as the symbol of faith with which His followers were to baptize; what He meant by "*another*

Comforter," whom the Father would send down in His name to bring all things to their remembrance, "to lead them into all truth," &c.; what Paul meant by the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities (Rom. viii., 26, 27).

Besides, if it be not irreverent to philosophize at all concerning the divine nature, and if eternal revelation confirming and explaining the dim forebodings of our souls, declares the manifestation of a Son, does not the divine nature then present itself to us under a threefold aspect: the Father, the ground and substance of all being, the ultimate essence to whom all else must be referred; the Son, who presents to us in actual realization the mind and character of God, bridges over the chasm between us and the infinite Author of the universe, gives to us, *outside* of ourselves and not to be confounded with our inward subjective experiences, that which our eyes can see and our hands can touch of the Word of Life (1 John i. 1, 2), as St. John expresses it; and then, that Spirit which does dwell in us if we love God, which speaks to us in conscience, in noble suggestions, in comforting assurances, a voice within us which we feel to be something distinct from ourselves, to which we feel all the credit of our good thoughts, wishes, acts, to be due, so that all that is good in us is the fact that we have not disobeyed the heavenly monitor, when (alas, how seldom) such is the case? However, I am conscious that I have but vague *Ahnungen* on this subject, only if the Christian Church has been right in ascribing glory to the Father and the Son I have strongly the presentiment that there *is* a true meaning, if we could fathom it, in the third name which has always been joined with them when the two first have been acknowledged.

While feeling utterly assured of the solidity and tenableness of Theism, if *there be nothing* more, quite satisfied that that at all events does supply the bread of life to the soul, one questions if one may not be allowed something more than bread alone. With reference to the Incarnation the 53rd and 54th chapters of the *Theologia Germanica*

have helped me in thinking, and given me some suggestive hints.

It is curious that my first glimpses and flashings of the idea of a *Church* came to me in hearing Mozart's Twelfth Mass the first time I was ever in a Roman Catholic Chapel.

The following extracts from letters to the same friend are put together, as all relating to the same subject:—

May 1861.

What Mr. Hutton says on intercessory prayer is exactly my own train of thought, and shows me that it is a *natural* outgrowth of the root-idea regarding Christ which I have come to on the path of reason and free inquiry, not on the track of authority. I used to feel intercessory prayer distinctly contrary to my reason though I could not help the practice, but came to see that my practice had been more reasonable than my reason.

You feel as I do, that instead of separating you from *any*, Christian truth draws you closer to *all* who love God and have the *spirit* of Christ (however little they may acknowledge Him in name) in the bonds of what we should call Christian love; draws you close, too, to those who do not love or serve God, in the sentiment of our common human nature, sorrowful as the sentiment is with such. With all this I can sympathize with F. P. Cobbe's sentiments towards Christianity, because I used to feel exactly the same. I recollect well, some twelve years since, wondering whether in any sense to call myself a Christian or not, because while I accepted Christianity in so far as my fellow-worshippers, the Unitarians, in general did, I felt as if calling myself a Christian was like putting a line of demarcation between me and my Jewish and infidel Theistic friends, whose piety, as well as good morals, I regarded with reverence. I feel so entirely that I could not then in the least have understood, if they had been told me by another, the experiences which have led me

to a different view of things, that I do not expect her to understand. . . .

Surely it is in accordance with God's whole plan of working throughout human history that the human mind should grow and be able to receive fuller and fuller measures of light. If God does send His Holy Spirit into the hearts of His children, that there should be "new lights," making the old dim by comparison, is just what we ought to expect. The churches have failed of their mission and become corrupt just in proportion as they have attempted to arrest this organic development of Christianity, and fix Christianity for ever in the shape in which they have found it. They have tried to preserve it "whole and entire" by artificial means, instead of trusting God to preserve it by continuing the gift of His free Spirit from age to age.

Sept. 12, 1863.

Since I have been ill I have felt as if the faculty of spiritual perception were sometimes asleep and only woke up now and then, and the rest of the time I have to live on the remembrance of those moments, not on *present* perception. I feel it difficult and, generally speaking, scarcely right to enter on topics of belief while in this condition, in which I can only speak of them as it were second-hand and from memory of past actual beliefs. This much, however, perhaps I may say; my belief in the Trinity, if to be called belief at all, is a very different thing from my belief in the Incarnation, not worked out from the depths of my own living experiences, but rather accepted or acquiesced in. I was brought up, as all orthodox people are, to refer all the personal influence of God in one's own soul to the Holy Spirit, just as one referred the external work of redemption to Christ. Of course, when I gave up the belief in Christ's incarnation, the divine acts which had been referred to the Holy Spirit were referred to the Father alone, but when by admitting once more that doctrine I admitted a complexity of nature in the Divine Being at all, which is the great point at issue between Unitarians and

others, there is no difficulty in admitting the triplicity as much as the duality, and it comes natural to me to refer those offices to the Holy Spirit, as distinct from the Father, which are generally adjudged to Him in the devotions of Christians. But when I say "distinct," I fancy that distinctness of person implies in the minds of all orthodoxly-educated people far less of separation in the divine nature than it does in the conceptions of persons educated in Unitarianism like yourself and Mr. Hutton, to whom, *as it seems to me*, the human side of Christ's nature remains still the most *real* side.

As to the authority of the Catholic Church, you know I should never feel myself bound on that authority to accept anything that contradicted my reason or conscience, but when the Church at large has concurred in asserting anything which I do not feel to be so contradicted, only which I have not come to see independently of my own accord, then I am inclined to think there has been good reason for other people so believing, and to acquiesce passively where there is no strong reason for doing otherwise. But I never confound this passive acquiescence with a positive active belief. The doctrine of the Trinity is certainly nowhere distinctly and formally enunciated in the New Testament, but the baptismal formula, coupled with a tradition of its interpretation, is to me a very strong argument for its taking a place among the original doctrines of Christianity, and if this be once admitted, it seems to me that there are several passages which would seem to imply it.

One of the great internal proofs of Christianity to me, though one that one cannot the least bring forward in argument with unbelievers, is the sense of infinity and richness of the moral universe, that seems almost to overwhelm one. I feel nowadays as if I could quite understand the existence of the contemplative orders, which used to be a great mystery to me. Not, of course, that I think a contemplative life *right*, except where God shuts us up to it by taking away the power of active usefulness. But I can

now better understand how such a life would be *possible*, and with imperfect notions of social duties supposed to be right, there seems such endless food for thought.

Catherine first made acquaintance with the Bishop of Argyll in 1858, when he wrote to her to express his great admiration of the *Lyra Germanica*. This led to what became one of her most valued friendships. At a later date she came to know him personally, and no one could do so without the deepest reverence for his saintly character, which shone through all his words and ways, and admiration for his depth of thought on spiritual subjects. Much sympathy, too, she felt in his views, nearly resembling as they did in many ways those of his friends, Maurice and Erskine. She paid many happy visits to him and his charming wife, Lady Alice Ewing, at Lochgilphead, and for many years he was one of her most frequent correspondents.

CATHERINE *to the* BISHOP OF ARGYLL

ALDERLEY EDGE, *March 14th*, 1861.

MY DEAR LORD,—When, a few days ago, I read over again the kind letter I received from you at Weston, I felt that you must think me very ungrateful never to have thanked you for it before. But though I have never said so, it is not the less true that I have thanked you for it more than once, and that its sympathy and encouragement have been a real help to me when I needed it. And I certainly owe an apology to the owner of Mr. Erskine's work "On the Freeness of the Gospel," for detaining it so long. But after I had read it to myself, I could not help wishing very much that some of my friends should read it too, and one or two more asked to see it, and as I saw it was an old work and found it was out of print, I thought I might keep it awhile where it was of so much use. A friend who is with us is

reading it now, and then I hope to return it safely to Pollok. I had often heard of Mr. Erskine, chiefly through a friend of ours, Mr. A. J. Scott, formerly of the Scotch Church, who has long been a friend of his, but had read very little of his writing. The deep practical religion of this book is very helpful, as well as its doctrinal teaching; and Mr. Erskine's perfect acquaintance with a mode of thought narrower than his own, and reverence for the piety that often combined with it, makes it, I find, possible for persons to read this work with pleasure, who would be alarmed at the names of Maurice and Campbell.

I was very much interested in what your "Charge" says about the Hymn Tune Book you are introducing, and when it is come I hope to see it. I am discussing with my coadjutors, Mr. Goldschmidt and Professor Sterndale Bennett, how far it is allowable to adapt the ancient chorales to the single rhymes of most of our English hymns. Of course, in some it could not be done without injuring the peculiar plaintive beauty of the tune, as in "O Haupt voll Blut," but there are others where a very slight change would adapt a tune in the common 7.6.7.6. metre to our common metre, and it seems to me that it would be a great gain to make some of these tunes available for our best native hymns. My friends, however, are such extreme Conservatives in music that they regard *any* modification as a sort of sacrilege, even such as are commonly adopted in Germany. I shall like, therefore, to see what forms your collection contains.—Believe me, with sincere thanks, yours very truly, CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

THE BISHOP OF ARGYLL *to* CATHERINE

BEECHWOOD, SOUTHAMPTON,
27th March, 1861.

MY DEAR MISS WINKWORTH,—I am glad to gather from your letter that you are better. Do not be in any hurry returning Mr. Erskine's book, if you think it likely to be of any use. It is impossible now to get his books, and he will

not republish them, I fear—he is now too old. Mr. Erskine is unquestionably to my mind the ablest theologian, or what is much better, the best man, who writes, in the sense, that is, of ever living in the divine presence, as in that of a Holy Father; things which to others appear so dark, or confused, are ever clear and simple in his sight; at least I have found it so with any difficulties I have taken to him. I shall try to send you his book on "Election." I am very glad you think of bringing out the chorale music to the hymns.

SUSANNA *to* REV. R. P. GRAVES

BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, MALVERN,
June 5th, 1861.

I have not been able to read much of late. However, I have, by degrees, read *the* book of the day, "Essays and Reviews," all but Mr. Goodwin's Essay on the Mosaic Cosmogony. I read them after the great outcry, yet I must say that, whether from want of comprehension or not, I cannot discover nearly so much of so-called heterodoxy in them as other people seem to do. Dr. Temple's Essay I liked much the best—indeed I was quite delighted with it; that gave me the impression of a decidedly orthodox author.

I cannot but believe that all the controversy to which "Essays and Reviews" has given rise will do good in the end. Outspoken doubts and objections seem to me so much less dangerous than passive latent unbelief; and then, too, outspoken disbelief calls forth outspoken belief, and at all events it is better for people to know where they are.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

WEST HILL, *Sept. 19th*, 1861.

Mr. Goldschmidt came to-day; he tells me that Longman wants to bring out our work at Christmas. I doubt whether it can be done, as far as printing is concerned; but at any

rate I find there will not be many more translations for me to make. We discussed general things for some time. The truth is, there is a fundamental difference in our conceptions of the work which cannot entirely be got over. I am always thinking of the practical and devotional use of the work among English people, who know nothing of its contents beforehand; he, of its scientific value among a learned musical class. We both agree in wishing to combine the two; but where they clash, I should always prefer the first, and he the second. On some points they have yielded to me, but on a good many I must follow them; and what I am a little anxious about, and can do *nothing* to prevent, is the general tone of the music, which I fear will be too severe. However it must be good of its kind, with such work as he and Prof. Bennett put into it.

During this year there had been much discussion as to whether Susanna could undertake any sort of memoir of Baron Bunsen. Her father's illness made any literary work impossible for her during the spring and summer, and in the autumn she herself had a serious illness (the result of the anxiety about her father and Catherine) which finally put an end to the idea. Her recovery was very slow, and for some years she was more or less of an invalid.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

WEST HILL, 1861.

If I could I would send you a love-letter every day, but with all my other letters to write I can't quite manage that. It makes me feel half jealous to think of Nessie and all the others doing so much for you when I do so little, though I am none the less grateful to them. But indeed I have found it hard work to submit in this last month. It has seemed to me hard that in one year the people I love best in the world should have been so ill, and I so unable to help them; and I have often thought with remorse of

my careless speech to Dr. Badgeley about never wishing to reciprocate the same services to you! But this feeling is a great deal selfish, I know. You have had the care, and indeed it does strengthen one's faith too, to see how a path is made plain through troubles, and how kind and willing to help one's friends are. And I do think you will be better after all this. You *needed* the rest; if you had waited longer for it the consequences would have been more serious, yet it was scarcely *possible* to take it by a mere effort of will; now it has been sent, and though it comes in a painful form at first, I do think it will prove of the greatest benefit in the end.

CHAPTER X

1862–1867

By February 1862 the "Chorale Book," at which Catherine had been working whenever she was able, for the last three years, was in the printers' hands, and it was published at the end of the year.[1]

Catherine *to the* Bishop of Argyll

Otto Goldschmidt's, Esq., Wimbledon Common,
March 13th, 1862.

I have just been spending a week here, going over Mr. Goldschmidt's historical notes to our "Chorale Book" with him. He has put an immense amount of conscientious and minute research into what will make no "show" when the work is printed, but he has all the love of thoroughness and exactitude which honourably distinguishes Germans, I think. Still it takes up a great deal of time in these hurrying days! Madame Goldschmidt interested me very much by telling me the other day that it was the anniversary of her first appearance, twenty-four years ago, when she was seventeen. She described the change that one day made in her position—"in the morning still a child that every one might order about; at night, a woman, fêted, lauded beyond expression, everything at her feet."

[1] "The Chorale Book for England; a complete Hymn Book for Public and Private Worship in accordance with the Services and Festivals of the Church of England; the Hymns, from the *Lyra Germanica* and other sources, translated from the German by Catherine Winkworth; the Tunes, from the sacred Music of the Lutheran, Latin, and other Churches, for four voices, with Historical Notes, &c., compiled and edited by William Sterndale Bennett, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, and by Otto Goldschmidt." Fcp. 4to. Longmans, 1862.

She spoke of the revelation it was to her when, in singing the great scene in "Der Freischütz," she saw that she held her whole audience spellbound "they could not draw their breath till I gave them leave." I said that feeling of *power* must have been a great temptation. "It humbled me to the ground," she said. "When I got home, I felt crushed—crushed by my gift. I could not get any peace of mind again till I had made a solemn vow that I would use it for the highest purposes, and prove that an artist's life, even a woman's, might be a true Christian's life." She has a very interesting and noble character, but I can see that she is one of those who always take life *terribly* in earnest, is always overwrought therefore, and thus may very likely disappoint people sometimes, and give rise to the stories one hears of her being "cross," "capricious," &c. Just now she is in great trouble for the death of Mrs. Stanley [the mother of Dean Stanley], who, she says, was more like a mother to her than any one else ever was. She was with her shortly before her death, and speaks of her departure as most peaceful and blessed. It will be a terrible blow to her son, to whom she was so peculiarly attached, but I hear that she sent him a message entreating him not to let this sorrow interfere with his public duty in attending on the Prince of Wales.

On October 30, 1862, Emily's youngest child was born; for some weeks she made fair progress towards recovery, but before the New Year the illness began which ever after kept her an invalid. From that time for many years the varying state of her health was the centre of family thought and the pivot of family plans, and most of the letters which remain between 1863 and 1869 are little more than bulletins and discussions as to arrangements. There are some who can still remember the faith and heroism with which the pain was borne, and the wealth of self-sacrificing love which was poured out to soothe it wherever possible.

Those who grew up under these mingled influences had many rare blessings, where outside eyes saw only the shattered home.

Catherine was very busy this winter bringing out her translation of the "Life of Miss Sieveking." In October 1861 she writes:—

I have entered into a partnership with a Miss Marriott, about Miss Sieveking's Life. She is a great friend of the Sievekings in England, and had set to work on the matter not knowing what I had done. She translates very well, and so we are joining, but she wishes only to appear as a "friend" in the Preface.

In July 1863 Catherine paid a visit to the Goldschmidts'. From there she writes to Alice:—

CATHERINE *to* ALICE

O. GOLDSCHMIDT, ESQ., WIMBLEDON,
Sunday, July 5th, 1863.

Friday was the nicest day, to my mind. After breakfast Mme. Goldschmidt announced that she had nothing to do for an hour, and we would work and talk a little. So we had a long, quiet talk, and I made her tell me why she left the stage, &c., &c., all which was very interesting, and I must tell you some day when I get home. I like to make her criticize other actors, for when she gets excited with it she will start up and say "they ought to do it *so* and *so*," and the way she will alter her whole aspect and expression is quite startling. Then I wrote letters till lunch, rested, and read Stanley's "Jewish History"; then went out for a long drive with the Goldschmidts, and in the prettiest part we got out and walked and sat under the trees; home to dinner, and then Mr. Goldschmidt played to us all the evening, which isn't long, for we dine somewhere from 7 to 8, and go to bed at 10 when no one is here.

We are to go to a great concert that the Goldschmidts are giving on Wednesday, and Mme. Goldschmidt has just

told me she will take me to see Ristori, so you see I am very well off! Altogether I enjoy being here very much. The whole tone of the house is so thoroughly good and simple and unworldly, that it makes one feel happy and at home. One *never* hears any one judged by position or money or anything of that sort.

FLORYS, WIMBLEDON PARK,
Thursday, July 23rd, 1863.

On Friday evening we went to the last camp meeting, a most picturesque sight; but I wished we had been to one of the others, for this was not nearly so *genuine* an affair, fewer volunteers and a great concourse of spectators. But I dare say you saw all about it in the *Times*. Lord Elcho managed it excellently, with wonderful tact and cleverness, and it was droll to hear Lord Fielding, Lord Bury, and various other titled personages singing songs in alternation with the Ethiopian serenaders, and that great crowd taking up the choruses. I felt quite sorry to leave the Goldschmidts, they have been so very kind to me. But we parted most affectionately, Mme. Goldschmidt declaring that she should call me "Catherine," and that I must come to see her every year!

CATHERINE *to* RICHARD MASSIE

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, ESQ., WIMBLEDON,
July 20th, 1863.

The *Lyra Eucharistica* has just been sent to me. I do not know much of the author [Mr. Orby Shipley], except that he wrote to me to say that he had permission from Longmans to make use of some extracts from the *Lyra Germanica*, and to ask for some more translations, of which I sent him some. I think the idea of the collection good, for there is rather a difficulty in meeting with good hymns on the Holy Communion, and the selections appear to me to have been made with much poetical taste. But the editor is extremely "High Church," and implies throughout

a doctrine on the Sacrament which I own I cannot distinguish from that of the Roman Catholic Church. He is about to begin another volume on the Life of our Lord, to be called *Lyra Messianica*, and begs me for contributions of translations and original poems. . . .

I think I agree with you that no woman could write an adequate life of Baron Bunsen, so much of his life as a learned man, a statesman, and a theologian was passed in spheres that a woman cannot enter into. But I am sure he was always a true Christian. On Biblical criticism his opinions were different from the usual ones, but he firmly held the historical character of the whole and the inspiration of Moses and the Prophets, though he affixed different dates and authors to some of the books from those they bear ordinarily, and I do not think that his belief of what Christ was to the world ever varied. He believed the Gospel and Epistles of St. John to be written by that Apostle, the beloved friend of our Lord, and to contain the highest truth about Christ. The doctrine they so clearly teach of the Incarnation, the relation of Christ both to the Father and to the whole human race, was to him *the* central truth that gave the key to all history. How completely he found in it a resting-place for his own soul was shown throughout all his last most trying illness. I dare say you saw that most touching account of his last hours? And all that we have heard from those around him confirms the impression made by that. Bunsen was quite fearless in what he said; and I think has consequently suffered greatly from that common habit by which people suppose that if a man does not believe *this* thing that they do, therefore he believes nothing. I own I am most unwilling to allow that a man could believe all that he did, and could drink so deeply into true religion *without* being a Christian.

The "Chorale Book" has sold very well, being now in a third edition. It is used in a church near here with a supplement of English hymns, and we are discussing the desirableness of making such a supplement ourselves.

CATHERINE *to the* BISHOP OF ARGYLL

FLORYS, WIMBLEDON PARK,
July 24th, 1863.

Since the "Chorale Book" was finished, I have been translating a "Life of Miss Sieveking," which my sister and I were asked to undertake some time ago. It is a life very bare of any romance, but as far as I could judge from my own feeling in reading it, the more likely to be useful and helpful to ordinary women, as it enters with very unusual "common sense" into the questions of home-work and work among the poor, which so many women have to deal with. And the account of the progress of her own mind from the rationalism of her early youth to a deep, living, personal faith in the Redeemer, is most interesting.

I have very much enjoyed my stay with the Goldschmidts; there is something singularly true and noble in the whole tone of her mind, and she is a charming companion when she "lets herself go." I had a great pleasure in the concert they gave—Handel's Allegro and Penseroso; the music is delicious, and Mdme. Goldschmidt's singing gives one that keen pleasure that very few things in the world can. I think it is the vivid, large conception she has of the music, and the utter absence of self-seeking in her singing that gives it its most wonderful charm; and then that there is no jar between the conception and the organ that expresses it.

I saw Mr. Maurice in town, who looked saddened, I thought, by all the Colenso controversies. He had evidently been much grieved by the Report on the book in Convocation; "if educated laymen are to think that the best men in the Church have no more to say on the subject than *that*, we shall lose them all," seemed to be the weight on his mind. He was very full of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, which he seemed to think would do Christianity a great service. He said it was the first time it had been attempted to give a positive representation of the character and person of Christ, and to explain his place in history from the

purely human point of view, leaving the Divine element entirely out of sight. It was done here under the most favourable circumstances by a man of extraordinary learning and genius, with a devout mind, as far as that can be said of one who believes we can attain no knowledge of God. And its utter failure, as he thought to explain the facts of history or the workings of the human mind, would rouse up many people to such a vivid sense of God's working in history as they had never gained before. He spoke with interest of Stanley's writings on the Bible. One of them, his "Jewish Church," I am just reading, and certainly that has a wonderful power of making one feel the *reality* of those far-off scenes and times, and appreciate the greatness of the gain to the world in the revelation through Abraham and Moses.

Catherine *to* A Friend

31 Cornwallis Crescent, Clifton,
Feby. 20*th*, 1864.

As to your great question, one dare not try to answer it at all, without saying first how inadequate one feels one's self to deal with these deep matters thoroughly. All I can do is just to put before you the considerations which satisfy my own mind, and leave you to think out for yourself all that is involved in them. It seems to me that our *certainty* as to the ultimate facts of the universe, or fundamental propositions of belief, rests on a twofold foundation —our own consciousness, and the external witness to that consciousness given by the consciousness of the race, and by the laws of the universe, so far as we know them. If we had the internal consciousness *only*, we could never be sure that it was not a subjective delusion; if we had the external testimony *only*, it might produce belief, like that of a blind man in colours, but not conviction or knowledge; we could not even rightly *understand* it. Our consciousness tells us that at any given time we can do one of two (or more) things, that one of these is higher, better than

the other, and that there is an obligation on us to choose the higher. The facts that we can choose; that there is a distinction of better and worse; that we are bound to choose the better; are ultimate facts that we cannot get beyond. And we have also the external witness of which I have spoken in its strongest form; the consciousness of the race, shown in its laws and languages; the testimony of the laws of the universe, since we find by experience that a persistent choice of the better course tends to the well-being of the whole, and a persistent choice of the lower alternative leads to suffering and destruction.

Your difficulty, as I understand, lies, however, in my second point—whether we *have* the witness of the consciousness of the race; whether there is not more disagreement than agreement in the intuitions of men on moral questions. I think you will come to see, the more you reflect on it, that the agreement infinitely transcends the disagreement; as might be *expected*, where the agreement rests on the common nature of men and their common relation to God and each other; and the disagreement springs from the different stages of development in the individual or people. The three great facts I have spoken of above find their witness in the fact, that all nations have *laws*, and think that those who disobey them ought to be punished; and all languages have words answering to "right" and "wrong" and "ought." Of course the moral faculty does not act alone, but in conjunction with all the faculties of the man, and is susceptible of cultivation, just as they are. It does not affect our certainty of scientific results to know that there are savages who cannot count beyond ten; or our perception of the beauty of music to know that there are others whose highest idea of harmony is a discordant howl, and to whom our concerted music would be mere unintelligible confusion. But that the primary intuitions of right and wrong are to be found in all men, we have plenty of testimony besides what I have quoted. Missionaries—Dr. Livingstone, for instance—tell us that their hearers *allow*

that they *know* stealing and murder to be wrong, though they may commit such acts and try to justify the individual case; and all who have to deal with the most degraded classes amongst ourselves insist strenuously that there is "something to appeal to" in them all; that they do recognize certain laws of right and wrong, and recognize many that they do not act upon. Thus the sources of disagreement in moral judgment seem to me to be three: First, the differences in the whole development and culture of the man or race, upon which depend, in morals as in other modes of thought, his range and keenness of perception, and power of tracing out consequences; secondly, the directly disturbing force of self-interest—as far as we can make out, Thugs do not think murder *in itself* a right and laudable institution, but they think the destructive principle so mighty in this world that on the whole they choose, for their own safety, to be on that side rather than on the other; thirdly, that even where the stages of development may not differ widely, two minds may form different judgments on a case, because, in fact, the same case is not present to them both. Have you not noticed how lawyers, in trying a case, pare off one circumstance after another till they get a distinct issue, and get a judgment on that? In daily life any case you can put involves more than one, often a great number, of these issues, and in discussions as to the right course to be taken you will constantly see that one person is giving judgment on one of these issues, and another on some other. If you think it over, you will see how this is eminently true of such complex institutions as laws of sacrifice or laws of marriage. Here all hangs on the power of discovering what is the highest and *governing* condition among the number of considerations present. But that some men or nations do not get beyond a lower aspect of the truth, does not prove that there is no truth to be arrived at. And whenever the same case really *is* presented to a number of minds, the unanimity of judgment is surely marvellous. Courage, self-sacrifice, loyalty, love

of family and country, are admired everywhere; treachery, cowardice, cruelty, are condemned. Chinese soldiers do not like to be *thought* cowardly, and can even grow brave, if a European shows them what it means, and puts *trust* in himself into them. Buddhists and Mahommedans praise virtue almost as we do, and call it "the highest good."

You will see, as you think it out, that it is in the application of our intuitions to complex forms of life that the difficulty lies; a difficulty to be met and successfully [overcome] by patience and experience; but our certainty that good is good and evil is evil, and we must love and do the one and hate and turn from the other, is independent of all systems, and lies at the root of all our conceptions of a world of personal beings.

I don't know whether all this meets your difficulties. I have wanted to show you, first, that we have the same ground for belief in the trustworthiness of the moral sense that we have for believing in anything—as in the conclusions of reason, and in the evidence of our senses. Then to show that the disagreements in moral judgment to be found in the world are like those to be found in other branches of thought, not such as affect the trustworthiness of the primary intuitions, but such as spring in the nature of things from the application of principles to complex circumstances, and disappear in proportion as the principles are clearly discerned and the whole of the circumstances known and appreciated.

CATHERINE *to* RICHARD MASSIE

31 CORNWALLIS CRESCENT,
Feb. 25th, 1864.

I am very glad you are interested in Miss Sieveking's Life. I think it is very full of instruction and interest too. The two points that especially attracted me in it were, first, the progress of her mind from a dry, hard rationalism to that warm, vivid, rejoicing faith, so strikingly characteristic

of her later life; and then the fact that a life under such disadvantageous circumstances—as a poor, proud, unattractive young woman, shut up in a dreary, narrow, formal little round of intercourse and occupation—should have unfolded itself into a career of such generous and *joyful* activity. Many of those who make so much noise about "Women's Work" nowadays might learn, too, from her how much may be accomplished by *quietly* embracing any opportunity of usefulness opened to the mind, and making no unnecessary stir about it.

In May 1864, Susanna came to London, and saw a good deal of her "spiritual fathers," Maurice and Dr. Martineau, and also of the Bunsens. She had been for some time considering whether her health would allow her to translate Bunsen's *Gott in der Geschichte*, which had been his most cherished work, and she finally decided to undertake it during this London visit. She was also engaged upon the most important piece of original writing she ever published. Miss Cobbe's "Broken Lights" had appeared at the beginning of the year, and representing, as this did, a stage of mental religious development which had been Susanna's own, but which had now been succeeded by what she felt to be a higher one, she deemed it her duty to point out where she considered the simple Theism of this book to be surpassed by the more precious truths of Christianity.

SUSANNA *to* MRS. R. P. GRAVES

18 CANONBURY PLACE, LONDON, N.,
June 14th, 1864.

I meant to have sent Mr. Graves the first thing I have published, viz. a Review of my friend Miss Cobbe's "Broken Lights," which is to come out in July. So you

will know now from whom it comes. If Mr. Graves has time, I should like to know if he thinks it correct in point of thought. That I have put what I had to say very feebly and poorly, I keenly feel, and more now that I read it over in the proofs than while writing it. But I hope that I may have succeeded in what I cared *most* about, namely, to be true in thought and *fair* towards my Author's arguments; and then, however poor the article may be in other respects, it will at all events have been worth the trouble of writing to me personally, as an explanation to my Theist and Unitarian friends, who have the prepossession deeply rooted in their minds that if one is orthodox one *must* be bigoted, and so vary between thinking one that, or supposing that expressions of interest and sympathy imply agreement of opinion when they do not.

When I return home, which I expect to do in about a fortnight, I mean to begin translating Bunsen's "God in History."

CATHERINE *to* A FRIEND

1864.

You say, you suppose people with weak spines must be content to remain always in a mist. The world would be out of joint indeed if it were so, that those who most need the great truths of religion to live by, should be the least able to get at them. But you forget that the evidence for them is of two kinds, as it is in every branch of knowledge which is an art, as well as a science. The scientific proof lies in their furnishing the best conceivable theory of the universe—that which explains the phenomena in the simplest and most harmonious manner. I believe they do this; but to ascertain this, of course it is necessary to examine other theories, to see where they fit and where they fail, and to compare them with the philosophy of Theism or Christianity; and people with weak spines certainly cannot undertake the study involved here. But there is also the same kind of proof in religion that there is in every other kind of art; that is, you live or act by the rules of that art, and the course of action thus guided *answers;* from which you

conclude that the principles by which it was guided are sound. If you find that the belief in a Living God, who cares for His children, enables you to lead a nobler, purer, more useful life, puts into your hands the secret of turning evil into good, and so, whatever be your own sufferings, of placing yourself on the conquering side in the universe, you have precisely the same justification for your belief which the sailor who guides his ship safely to the haven where he would be, by the laws of navigation, has for assuming the truth of the scientific principles on which these laws are founded. And the more you study, not books which tell you what might have been, but actual histories of what has been, in the lives of nations or of men, the more you will see that this kind of proof stands the test; that all theories of government, morals, religion, answer practically by virtue of the truth in them, and fail wherever the error comes in. And most certainly one feels it in one's own life. Some will say to you that if you choose you may think yourself into any set of ideas, and then they will seem true to you, and all the world to fit into them; but it is not so experimentally. If your set of ideas is a false one, some day it will bring you into collision with the laws of the universe somewhere, and you will find it fail you. Or you will find that, instead of growing more just, tender, hopeful, sympathizing, open to new ideas of truth and life, you are growing more restless, despairing, fond of trivial life, or self-conceited, narrow, unable to receive new truth or to understand other people's modes of thought and feeling, because you look on them all as so much less enlightened than yourself.

I do so heartily wish you would make this practical trial of the great verities of religion so far as they are yet shown to you, in the Theistic form if you are not yet called to the fuller Christian development. One can but live by the truth that is shown to one, and then more comes as one needs it. I have no doubt you do this practically, but without the comfort and strength of that full reliance on its firmness that you might have. I do not think it is your

duty to read books of controversy at present; perhaps it may never be, or perhaps the time for it may come hereafter; but you cannot do it to any good purpose while it gives you a pain in the neck. It seems to me you should rather read lives, sermons, hymns, accounts of practical efforts to do good, and their results, and so make yourself acquainted with the actual facts of religious thought and life—what people really have made of their lives. And, meanwhile, try it in your own life. At first it must be tentatively, but with growing conviction as you find there *is* firm ground under your feet.

CATHERINE *to the* BISHOP OF ARGYLL

31 LOWER CRESCENT, CLIFTON,
Feby. 4th, 1865.

It is especially cheering when men like Mr. Llewellyn Davies and yourself, who feel that you have a positive life-giving Truth to declare, come forward to assert the right to freedom of thought within the Church. For there is great danger that the championship of freedom and toleration should fall into the hands of that large section who are altogether at sea as to the results to which this freedom may conduct them; and thus the free following of Truth comes to be identified by many, not with the surrender of the mind to the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, but with the absence of any positive theology. It has happened that I have been brought much in contact with the extreme liberal party within the Church, and Unitarians out of it; in fact, I may say that I know all the chief heretics in England, except your friend Mr. Jowett! And very good men many of them are, entirely sincere in their allegiance to Truth and Honesty, and their determination, as they say, to follow Truth *wherever* she may lead them! But the difficulty is that Truth does not seem to lead them anywhere in particular; generally only to negations of other people's opinions, never to that positive revelation of God and His

order of the Universe, which our humanity is always craving for. And when I have seen (as it seems to me) how all their conceptions of God and our human life are darkened by the great shadow which is never removed, except by the Light from above, I have longed, more than I can tell you, that a positive message should be brought them by men among the clergy as fearless and honest as themselves, who could meet them on their own ground. There are a few such, thank God! Mr. Maurice is one, entirely honest, and with the most absolute conviction of the reality of spiritual things, and so he does a great work among this class. But there is a certain set of questions connected with the Bible which are puzzling men's minds now, that he leaves on one side, and we want some one to grapple with them as well. But any man among the clergy who can understand the present current of thought, and vindicate for whatever *is* good and true in it, a place within the Church of God, is, I am sure, doing the best work for His kingdom that can be done just now.

I see here a good deal of Miss Carpenter, whose name may be known to you, most likely, for her good works in the way of Ragged Schools and Reformatories. She has been going over with me lately a work she has just published on different systems of convict treatment, and I have been very much struck with seeing how completely the methods of Divine government vindicate themselves in our little human attempts at government and regeneration; the impossibility of awakening spiritual life except by contact with another spirit which has life in it; the necessity of recognizing that the Law is good and stronger than all individuals, the impossibility of making men good by any possible arrangement of circumstances, and the attainment of virtue being the fruit only of personal effort and desire, with the constant opportunity and sometimes the reality of failure, which all goes far to make one comprehend the inevitable *slowness* of moral progress, which, as you say truly, is often the greatest trial to one's faith.

The same to the same

BRUNSWICK HOUSE, GREAT MALVERN,
June 19, 1865.

I thank you most sincerely for [your little book]. The questions you treat in it of the Relation of the Bible to the Church and of the Revelation through the written Word to the Revelation by the Spirit of God to the spirit of each believer are most deeply important, and I cannot help hoping that what you have said may help many who are now perplexed to a clearer light on these great subjects. It has happened to me that I have seen most of the evils that arise among those who make the written Word the *sole* Revelation of God to man, and regard the very letter of that as infallible. But I can well conceive that where you have been lately [Palermo] these dangers would sink into insignificance beside those of making the Church the sole channel between God and man, not merely the recipient, as you say, of Revelation.

SUSANNA *to the* REV. R. P. GRAVES

31 LOWER CRESCENT, CLIFTON,
Feb. 24th, 1866.

I think it is since you have heard much of us that my dear father has become *totally* deaf, so that all our intercourse with him now is by means of writing. And as strangers will not, and Mamma cannot see to write much, practically nearly all his communication with his fellow-creatures depends on what my sisters and I write to him. Thus you can fancy that often the amount of writing to tell him all that may serve to interest and amuse him and a little beguile the tedium of his sad solitude is as much as I can manage. He had been unwell all the summer but improved as the cooler weather set in; his spirits often fail him a good deal, what with the various physical inconveniences and the solitude to which his deafness condemns him to a great extent.

Mrs. Shaen and her children have now been occupying

a house here for about two months. It is only in such *great* suffering that one learns to know all the comfort that faith can give, and this she feels most thoroughly.

Catherine *to* Miss Annette Knight

High Cleeve, Weston-super-Mare,
April 27th, 1866.

I used to like writing letters years ago, and could write some that were worth reading—in a moderate way. But of late I have got into the way of making only diaries or bulletins of them, to save myself trouble; so now my epistles have a certain small value for my friends' hearts, but none for their heads, and I always feel a little ashamed of them, especially when I have just read one of yours!

I saw that Review of "Ecce Homo" in the *Quarterly*. It is extremely adverse and very unfair, in a way that one could not explain without going through each detail of criticism. I remember well the passage to which your brother referred; it is not shocking at all, but very fine, I think. Only one thing in "Ecce Homo" shocks my feelings —that the writer thinks our Lord's prayer for forgiveness on his enemies did *not* include the Jews. I think Bishop Ellicott's Review in *The Churchman* much superior, though also adverse. But the two seem to forget what "Ecce Homo" claims to be—*not* the work of a Christian, fully believing all the faith and announcing his conclusions on points of doctrine, but merely the honest investigation of a man who does not know what to believe about Christ, and takes nothing for granted. It is a very *imperfect* work, because it deals with only half of our Lord's work—His moral teachings and the polity He founded; not with His revelations of God and the relations of man to God and to Himself. I think myself that this is a fundamental defect in method, because Christ Himself so entirely grounds the former half of His work on the latter; you cannot separate them without a certain arbitrariness of selection among His sayings and doings. But I can conceive a state of mind in

which it would seem that to begin with His influence on Society was beginning with what was certain and clear; theology was a region of comparative clouds. And beginning from this point, the foundation that is laid in "Ecce Homo" seems to me invaluable, and sufficient to bear the whole superstructure of Christian belief. It is a noble book with all its incompleteness. The way in which it makes its readers feel the *uniqueness* of Christ's character and work in the world is no small gain in these days.

Mr. Longman talks of bringing out an illustrated edition of the second series of the *Lyra Germanica*. And the American Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania is adapting a large portion of our "Chorale Book."

CATHERINE *to* RICHARD MASSIE

CLIFTON, *Dec. 6th*, 1866.

Now that my father is so dependent on us for society, it is quite "one woman's work," as we ladies say, just to attend to the little recurring claims of everyday life. . . . We were much struck with Mr. Liddon; the sermon was splendidly eloquent and full of deep thought and feeling. His manner is completely modern,—no conventionalities of the pulpit, no set phrases, a rapid distinct utterance in a style most direct, sometimes poetic, sometimes almost colloquial, sometimes full of a latent irony that reminded me of J. H. Newman. Since then I have read his "University Sermons" with great interest. It is always refreshing to read the writings of any man who has been so entirely fearless in looking at the other side of the question. And one can see throughout that he has not shrunk from grappling with any of the many forms of unbelief in our day. Yet here and there there are touches that make me feel that on some points we should have to part company. He must be much more ritualistic than I can think right, though I do not know exactly where he stands. I was glad to see that Dr. Hook, for whom I have always had a great respect from what I knew of his work at Leeds, had

protested against "Ritualism." Some day I must read "The Church and the World," for I promised Mr. Shipley I would, but I do not anticipate it with pleasure!

SUSANNA *to* A FRIEND

Dec. 23rd, 1866.

How happy it is, dear Friend, to be able to send each other *Christmas* greetings and reminders of all that this season is to us and "all who call themselves Christians." We could neither of us have this joy when we first knew each other, though that Christmas was in some respects the happiest I ever passed. I was in Ormond Street, and woke at five o'clock that morning with such a sense of what Christmas was to all the Christian world, that though not *fully* convinced myself, the joy and thankfulness were almost as though I were; as indeed I was in my heart, though not in my understanding.

SUSANNA *to* A FRIEND

CLIFTON, *Feb. 6th*, 1867.

I think all you say of the joyfulness and freedom of mind produced by Christianity very true and most excellent, but I can understand from my childish recollections the view taken by your Evangelical friend. I think Evangelicalism, especially Calvinism, does give a gloomy tinge to your view of the world, at all events if you care for your fellow-creatures. But then I think all those views that do so are in direct contradiction at once to the Scripture and to the teaching of the Church. Practically I don't think Evangelicals generally more gloomy than worldly people in ordinary life, but I do think that on the average they have a greater fear of death. Of course, those with a lively spiritual faith rise above that, and in some cases experience therefore great joy in the near prospect of death. But apart from that, I have noticed a much greater shrinking from death than among others, and think it is that their view intensifies the natural shrinking at once by the *unreality* of their notions

of futurity, and by their representation of the Divine Being as *naturally* hostile to us, unless reconciled by Christ. I don't know if I make myself intelligible. I think it is *a most utterly* mistaken view that the doing away with the old *imagery* of the future state makes it less real, and less entering into our everyday thoughts and calculations. On the contrary, I believe that the now ordinary way of regarding it as "a state, not a place," makes it immensely more real, just because we *can* picture moral states, and also relationships to others there, very distinctly, but cannot and never could picture it as a place without stumbling on difficulties directly. I am not now speaking of specially thoughtful or religious people, but of the ordinary run of somewhat worldly people, and I think what I say holds good of them, though, of course, it does not apply to those who have distinct intellectual doubts of a future life. I have been reading lately, with intense interest, Liddon's "University Sermons," and recommend them to you. He is more High Church than you will quite agree with, but the Sermons are full of deep philosophic thought in exquisite language, and it is refreshing to see how evidently, whether he is right or wrong, he has formed his belief with full acquaintance with all the arguments of various sceptical schools against it, whom he quotes often. Indeed I have been much struck in seeing how much more free and candid, in the sense of reading and trying to understand all that can be said on the other side, the really thoughtful of the clergy are than the extreme so-called Liberals, who are often as intolerant and unwilling to study both sides as the Evangelicals themselves.

SUSANNA *to* SELINA

No date.

I went to a nice little dinner at the Elliots' on Thursday to meet Miss Elliot. She told us of a dinner which she had just been at where Carlyle was her gentleman and in high feather, but went on against all philanthropists like Miss Carpenter and Miss Elliot "spending their lives trying to whitewash what God Almighty had

made black and meant to be black, instead of doing good to unfortunate honest people," &c. Mr. Froude was at the other end of the table, and Dean Milman next. Miss Elliot remarked to him, "Pretty well to talk about making black white when we are sitting between the whitewashers of Henry VIII. and Frederick II., compared to whom our ragged children are white already!" Both Froude and Carlyle were immensely amused.

CATHERINE *to* A FRIEND *in ill-health and mental difficulties*

HARROW COTTAGE, WEST MALVERN,
June 10th, 1867.

I cannot help believing that a good deal of what you tell me springs from your state of health. I am sure that peculiar deadness of feeling is a certain state of nerves, and as long as you can distinctly realize that it is so—that it is a misfortune which you hope will pass away like a headache, and meantime must bear with what patience and courage you can—it will do you no harm; you will allow for it, and it will not affect your real views in your mind and conscience. You will be able to know and do what is right, if you don't feel right,—and the feeling is perfectly certain to come back. There is not the least fear of losing it altogether, as long as you still hold fast to the right you *can* do. So with a good deal that you complain of in your imagination. One of the greatest trials of continued ill-health is the want of occupations for the thoughts. When one is condemned to hours of utter idleness, it is as impossible to fill them up with profitable thoughts as with any other kind of exertion—one's head is not strong enough. If one were just a little stronger, one might read something light; when one is too weak and tired for that, one can't expect one's poor brain to supply much. I used to find myself constantly making up stories, in which I sometimes took part myself, sometimes not—fancying if I had a fortune left me, what I would do with it, &c., &c. I was often disturbed by the foolishness of such thoughts, yet I came

to the conclusion that as long as I clearly recognized that they were a mere amusement, a concession to my weakness, they did not hurt me. And, indeed, I have found practically that as soon as I got stronger, the habit died out of itself, like other invalid habits. But I think it is well at all times to set one's self a bound, to have certain hours when one *makes* one's self read or think about something better, if only for a very short time. One needs fixed rules of that kind more at times of illness than at others, when one is well and one's life full, and one must seize one's opportunity for quiet, profitable thought when one can get it, and one is only thankful to get it at all. But when one is more or less ill, one is apt to put it off, because one feels disinclined to the exertion at the moment and thinks one has plenty of time; and then it slips out of one's day altogether. A few rules about one's day and one's thoughts, if not allowed to become *unreasonably* a burden to the conscience, but still looked on as a duty, brace up one's mind very much, and are a great help. So don't be too hard on yourself, where you are not really in fault. One always feels it humiliating when the weakness of illness touches one's mind and thoughts, making one stupid, or dead, or full of fancies. But it does no harm as long as one clearly sees the truth, that it *is* a part of illness, and keeps one's will and conscience set the right way. And that with God's help one may do, and then *this* trial of ill-health, like all its others, may be turned into good discipline for one's self, and an added power of sympathy with others.

But you will probably say, all this accounts only for *part* of what is troubling you, and there is more behind. I think there may be a tendency, not to active selfishness, but self-engrossment and self-consciousness; and this is just to be striven against with might and main. As God Himself is Love, and all happiness is in Him, so there is no happiness for any of us His creatures, except in living out of ourselves, which is the life of love. To be shut up to one's self is the most terrible punishment that can come to one, not only in the highest sense of all, but in its daily

effect of taking the interest and the reality out of everything, which it *must* do, because it is contrary to the true law of our being. But, no doubt, self-engrossment is one great temptation of ill-health, when one is cut off from active work for others, and has a train of acute and miserable sensations in one's self always soliciting one's attention. And self-consciousness is, I am sure, a peculiar temptation of these present days. All sorts of books, novels, and others too, foster it. Sometimes I think it is in the air! For the former, I think, the only cure is first to be thoroughly alive to the danger and on the watch for it; and then to take every little opportunity of helping others, in ever so trifling a manner, that one's powers and life permit. If one can *do* almost nothing, it is a great help and comfort to know what others are doing, and follow it with one's sympathy, and some way of helping will often show itself after a time. I have found it a great help to follow some undertaking or kind of work through books and periodicals; one feels that one drinks in a little of the great stream of life that is flowing through the world. Home duties are undoubtedly the greatest real help in overcoming this tendency, but they often have something irritating and wearing in them to nerves that are already tried in other ways. Any interest that takes one into the larger world has a very soothing effect upon them, and enables one to come back fresher to the little round of everyday cares.

As to the self-consciousness, the only way I know to get over *that*, is to get it thoroughly into one's head that it *is* a very bad and wrong habit, that there is something mean in thinking of the impressions one is producing and what others are thinking of us, instead of caring honestly for the subject apart from one's self. We must acknowledge this *heartily*, and ask God to lift us out of such a low miserable state, and then think as little about it as may be. When the habit recurs, as it will, there will be an instant revulsion of feeling against it, and by degrees it will die out, as the mind grows full of other things. But to be always examining one's self on this point, or mentally chas-

tising one's self for every instance of failure, only deepens the evil; it still keeps the mind fixed on *self*.

So it all comes to this: *the* great help is love to God, and if we cannot attain to this, love to those whom He has given us to train us in living out of ourselves; and if we cannot rise to *feeling* love, one *can* do the *works* of love towards them, and God has so ordered it that the feeling will certainly follow. But in all our religion, we must not think chiefly of ourselves, of our sins even, or be always examining what our religion is doing for *us*, what its effect on *our* mind and feeling is. One must think of God, of His infinite, unspeakable goodness and patience and tenderness, till one can't help longing to make *some* return at least to show that one *is* thankful, by doing His will wherever one can see it. Then one is *glad* to do one's own little bit of His great battle with evil, whether it be in helping others, or struggling with pain and weakness in one's self, and turning it from a curse into a blessing.

The same to the same

HARROW COTTAGE, WEST MALVERN,
June 28th, 1867.

I have been feeling, ever since I sent off my last letter, as if I had hardly been true to my own faith in stopping where I did. I did so, because I wanted to appeal only to those principles and beliefs in which I felt sure that you agreed with me. Yet now, when I read your complaint that duty often seems an alien ruler, and that it is a hard task-work to go on striving to *do* right without the spring of *feeling* right to help you, I cannot help wanting to say that it is exactly *here* where Christianity *would* help you, and give you what you need. We all need, not only to know what is right, but the motive power that enables us to do it: the spring of feeling that transforms our obedience to duty from the laborious fulfilment of a law into the joyful compliance of affection. And this we find, when we can once grasp the truth, that our Father in heaven has cared so intensely for His children on earth (even when, too often, they did not

care for Him), that He has interposed in their behalf in a way that seems only too good to be true, and yet is absolutely true, a fact that has become the turning-point of history. For He has sent His own Son, a very part of Himself, to live and die in human nature, so to show us, as no other means could, at once what God is towards us, and what the ideal life for man, and his true attitude towards God, ought to be. When we have once learnt to see this truth, we feel that our feet are on the rock, because the *fact* of what God has done for us and His great love to us is always there, and does not shift with our variable feelings and moods. And we see, too, that it is merely reasonable to interpret God's dealings with man in the light of this great instance of His goodwill to us, and of the revelations of His nature and purposes that He has thus made, and therefore to trust where we do not understand. While we do learn to understand far more than ever we did before, for our faith proves itself to us practically by the way in which it brings order out of confusion, and unlocks to us the problems of life as we go on.

I cannot tell you, dear ——, how much I wish that you would give this truth a fair chance of entering your mind. I am sure it is what you want, something that should awaken and satisfy all the love and trust and hope that we are capable of; and that should give at the same time an outward corroboration of that inward witness of the consciousness, which you often fear to trust, because it is dimmed by human weakness and sin. God's revelation of Himself through Christ gives us the key to all His other revelations of Himself, whether through Nature or the mind of man; it does not supersede His revelation of Himself to our own hearts; it is the coincidence of the two that produces *conviction*.

Nothing helped me so much, when I had begun to feel the want of this revelation of God, as the writings of Mr. Maurice, because they were the first that taught me clearly and fearlessly the true nature of revelation, and the

relation of this great typical revelation of God through Christ to all the other methods. And also, which is of quite as much importance, because they made me see the practical effect of this faith in life and in thought. I could wish you to read some of his sermons, and perhaps his "Kingdom of Christ," if I knew whether you would enter into his mode of thought; but to some people it seems at first difficult. But the greatest helps in learning to know what this truth is, are sermons of the right sort, hymns and prayers, and such parts of the Bible as you can understand; probably the Psalms and parts of the Epistles at first. Next to these come lives of good people, who have had to struggle with the same difficulties that we have. Please think over this; and let me say for once here, what I am inclined to say whenever I write about such things—don't let the inadequacy of my presentment of the truth stand in the way of the truth itself; one is so afraid of injuring where one longs to serve.

One bit of comfort about self-engrossment is this; it is the danger of all suffering, and specially of illness, but it is certainly not its *necessary* consequence; for one does see, as fact, that those sufferers who overcome it have the readiest sympathy and the most large-hearted affection of all.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, ESQ., OAK LEA, WIMBLEDON,
Monday, Sept. 30th, 1867.

I am enjoying myself here very much indeed; the Goldschmidts are kindness itself, and Mme. G. is in one of her most charming moods, full of life and originality. We had "Ruth" the other morning, Mr. G. playing it, and Mme. G. singing what she could to me. Some parts were difficult and not tuneful, but a great deal of it had charming melody, the sort of airs to run in your head. Mme. G. said to me, "It has more originality and melody than I thought Otto had in him," "and so I am satisfied it will be liked some day, or at any rate part of it," which is just

what I think. Now I am going to look over Mr G.'s books on German hymnology, so good-bye.

Catherine *to* A Friend

Clifton, *Oct. 29th*, 1867.

I have the deepest belief that all truth is *shown* to us (of course we may shut or darken our eyes), and that each soul, that desires and submits to be led, *is* led by degrees to the truth it needs for life. That you should now be led to those aspects of truth that you find in Mr. Martineau and Mr. Thom,[1] rather than to any others, does not therefore disturb me about you. It is your clear duty now to learn all you can there; only not to turn away if other aspects of truth should after a time be opened to you. To believe heartily in God, in His Providence and His response to prayer, is so blessed a thing, that one can be only too thankful for any means by which God brings home this truth to the soul.

I don't think I can at once suggest any future means by which you may reach the poor and suffering whenever you have strength for such work; nor, indeed, do I much believe in so forecasting one's work. It so often happens in life, as in travelling in a mountainous country, the onward path seems absolutely blocked up, till you reach the very point of obstruction, and then you find an opening into some new and utterly unexpected scene. Now that you are once alive to the happiness it is to be permitted to be in the least degree a helper and joy-bearer to those who want it, I am quite certain that if ever you have time and strength to spare from other duties, the way will present itself.

Thank you for all the kind things you say of my own health. I have been much stronger for the last year, and I hope I am really and essentially stronger. I have been able greatly to enjoy my round of visits, especially that to Madame Goldschmidt's. She is most charming, and I love

[1] John Hamilton Thom (1808–1894), Unitarian divine, minister at Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, for many years.

her with all my heart. She has all that intensity and fulness of life which belong to a great artist, and makes all life seem more vivid beside her; and she is a deeply thoughtful, religious woman besides. I have also been at Emily's for a few days; she is still completely an invalid, but this year is much less suffering than she was, so that she can enjoy conversation more, and have her husband and children much more about her.

The same to the same

No date.

I was interrupted this morning by a long call from Mr. Channing, who is certainly, I think, one of the most agreeable men in conversation I have ever met. And so good, too, with such a warm, living faith. Dear ——, your last words made me sad for you, though, after all, what you say is simply the universal experience of all who try to lead the higher life at all. In one's self one has not strength for it; it is the simple matter of fact that only by the continual inflowing of God's Spirit is it possible for one's life to be anything but a succession of failures. The weakness of will that you complain of is the disease we are all sickening under; the one Christ came to heal. Only sometimes it seems hard to lay hold of the truth closely and *firmly* enough to make it pierce through all one's life. God seems far off, one's apprehensions of Him dim. But if one does once believe that He does care for us all so intensely that once in the ages He came and dwelt among us in the person of His Son, to make us know and trust His love even when we see Him not, then we can keep hold of His love through everything. And nothing short of that can be of any use to us. We must learn not to look at ourselves—not even at our own failures—not to think always of our own poor little souls and lives, but to look at Him, to cast the care of our souls on Him, to feel that the only thing worth living for is to do His will, to do some work for Him, however small, as He sets it before us. It is that horrible spirit of mistrust

that keeps us apart from Him, as it does from each other. But in human beings your trust may always be disappointed in some one respect; with Him it never can. The more absolutely you trust Him, trust your whole life and character and being to Him, the more certain you are to find strength and guidance given as you need them. And this complete surrender of your own self to His will does bring peace, and nothing else can; peace that takes away present conflict and discouragement for the future, because you know that now the very Source of strength and of all goodness is on your side. If I were you, I would study St. Paul. You need not trouble yourself with questions of criticism there—the most destructive critics believe that his Epistles are genuine. So just read them for what they are, and see if he does not teach you what the secret of strength and peace and progress and unity truly is.

In 1865 Catherine began translating a little life of Pastor Fliedner, the founder of the Institution of Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth. This was published in 1867, and she sent a copy of it to Dr. Martineau; the following is an extract from his letter in reply:—

DR. MARTINEAU *to* CATHERINE

10 GORDON STREET, LONDON, W.C.,
Nov. 2nd, 1867.

In the presence of such a life as Fliedner's, all the differences of doctrinal thought vanish into nothing, and the witness of God's Spirit in the inmost heart of humanity speaks for itself in the most winning tones. We are in the midst, as it seems to me, of a momentous religious revolution—separating more and more the people who can only *think* from those who can only *love and work;* and it is my profound conviction that the faith which, for want of material, is perishing from the former, will not only be preserved by the self-sacrifice of the latter, but, with

inherent tendency upwards, will work its way into an ever clearer light, and recover at last the world of thought from its dreary interregnum of unmellowed intellect. Nothing so nurtures and quickens this hope as examples like Fliedner's.

ALICE *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Dec. 8th*, 1867.

Meta told us some funny stories of saying *mal-à-propos* things. A little while ago Sir Roundell Palmer, very shabbily dressed, was looking for fossils in a Welsh quarry, and Admiral Harcourt (Mr. Vernon Harcourt's father) came and offered him a tract, and said, "But perhaps, my good man, you don't know how to read it?"

This made Kate tell of Miss Elliot and Tennyson; how she met him at a dinner party of notables at her uncle's when she was just out, and they all quoted each other's works, and at last talked of Macaulay's History, which was just published, and abused it for one-sidedness, and spoke of one thing that was quite mistaken. She was fresh from reading it with her governess, and in her simple directness she turned first to her uncle. "Have you read the book?" "No." Then she turned to each and got the same answer. "Then," she said, "I am happy to tell you that Macaulay did *not* say so." This tickled Tennyson so much that he talked a great deal to her, and asked where she was going home to at night, and said he would see her home. She was afraid this was very improper, and absolutely refused, and when she got home and expected to be praised for her propriety, her father was so vexed at having lost the opportunity of making Tennyson's acquaintance.

CATHERINE *to* RICHARD MASSIE

CLIFTON, *Jan. 6th*, 1868.

One of my visits last autumn was to Mme. Goldschmidt and very delightful it was—lovely weather, and Mme. Goldschmidt herself in her sweetest, happiest mood. There is a

sweet playfulness about her, which, added to her warmth of heart, her artistic gifts, her deep seriousness and earnest religious faith, makes her perfectly delightful to me. I am very fond of Mr. Goldschmidt too; he is a high-minded, well-educated, conscientious man, somewhat over-sensitive, and has not his wife's *force* of character, but perhaps they suit all the better for that.

On my return "Fliedner" came out. I hear it is selling well. My present work is a sketch of the history of sacred song in Germany, to form a volume of Macmillan's new "Sunday Library."

Clifton is hardly as gay as last winter. It is a gloomy time altogether; what with Fenianism, distress among the English poor, bad trade and Trades Unions, new Reform Bills, and quarrels in and out of the Church, every one must feel more or less of the general anxiety about the future. It is the greatest comfort when one can turn from it to a peaceful home and a settled faith; how hard it must be to those who have neither.

CHAPTER XI

1868–1871

In November 1867 a society was started by the Revs. J. Martineau, J. J. Tayler, and others, having for its objects the "Union, in counsel and effort, of persons seeking some religious fellowship and means of social action exempt from the oppression of dogmatic conditions"; and also "The awakening of private effort towards the establishment in London of a *Central Church*, for the maintenance of Christian worship and life, apart from doctrinal interests and names." Its preamble sets forth that "the terms of pious union among men should be as broad as those of communion with God": "Love to God and Love to Man." It was joined by people from various Churches, both at home and abroad. Mr. Henry Sidgwick became its Vice-President, and Athanase Coquerel was among its members.

SUSANNA *to* WILLIAM SHAEN

CLIFTON, *January 3rd, 1868.*

Yesterday I went to call on Miss Carpenter, and found her very busy with her book, which is printing as fast as written, and to-morrow week Kate and I are to go and have a *tête-à-tête* with her to hear about her Brahmo-somaj friends, &c. I am intensely interested in all that Hindoo movement. . . . We have just been reading the *Inquirer* about the "Free Christian Union." I feel we may very possibly not have got a full idea of it from that, since the *Inquirer* is evidently not altogether friendly. But as far as I can see, I think, and believe Kate does too, that it is not sufficiently wide and free in its basis, and both agreed that

we should decidedly object to joining any society in which a committee should have power to decide on our right to "profess and call ourselves Christians," instead of, as in the Anglican Church, simply making that profession for ourselves being sufficient. If there were a simple Theistic Church established, under that title, where it should be sufficient to constitute membership that a person enrolled his name without payment of money, which at once restricts it to the rich, and without ceasing thereby to be a member of any other church to which he might already belong, I should be most happy to give my name, and feel that in so doing I was made a member, not only of the Christian Catholic Church, but of the wider Theistic Catholic Church, and thus put in communion not only with Christians, but also with all pious Theists—Jews, Brahmo-somaj, Hindoos, or Mahometans.

WILLIAM SHAEN *to* SUSANNA

January 4th, 1868.

The blot you name in the Free Christian Union is a blot, and all the more remarkable as it is distinctive of the Unitarian body to have both free membership and free communion. It is a peculiarity which is shared by the Anglican Church, owing to the assumption that as the Church of the nation it includes every Englishman who does not by an act of his own secede from it. Whether they will retain it when they lose their exclusive connection with the Civil State will depend, I suppose, upon whether the Broad Church party, helped by old habit and a desire for numbers, will prevail over the natural tendencies of both High and Low, which would be only to *admit* members through the Priest on the one hand or the Creed on the other.

The same to the same

THE RED HOUSE, *12th June*, 1868.

I should be glad to have any further account of the obstacles you find barring the entrance to the Free Christian Union. Of course I am very sorry that having once

inhaled a sniff of the "fresh woods and pastures new" of heresy, you should have got again entangled amid the "beggarly elements"; but it must ever be a great difficulty to find a common platform for the respective votaries of Natural and Unnatural Religion. Don't think that is a mere verbal taunt; it is a sad and serious thought, and indicates, I believe, the rapidly approaching line of religious controversy that is gradually to divide our Protestant world; what I dread is its also dividing the religion of our men from that of our priests and women.

The same to the same

THE RED HOUSE, *21st June*, 1868.

As to the Free Christian Union: of course no one can feel that their belief is retrograding, and no one can consciously believe in beggarly elements; what we believe in, of course, seems to us precious wealth, and I might as well, perhaps better, have refrained from the expression of my protest. I fancy the fact is that I differ from you and Katy as to the meaning of the word *Church*, and as to the proper basis of union for a worshipping Society. Those who believe in exclusive salvation must fence their union round with those dogmas "which except a man believe he cannot be saved"; but those who believe that to say so is blasphemy seem to me only consistent when they declare that the sole basis needed for a worshipping Society (that is, in my view, for a Church) is "filial piety and brotherly love." And it is only as a required bond of a worshipping Society that the Free Christian Union disapproves of more detailed dogmas, not in the least denying their value, and even necessity, as an extension of individual conviction, and of course also a special bond of spiritual sympathy between individuals sharing their belief. In religious sympathy, as in every human bond, we are each the centre of a number of concentric circles, and though I admit that the Free Christian Union is a wide one, yet undoubtedly the real Church, in which the human

family will all unite in worshipping their common Father, must be wider still, where we shall cease to say, "I am of Mahomet, and I of Christ, and I of Krishna, and I of Zoroaster," but all prophets will lay down their official robes of authority, and God shall be all in all.

In February 1868, Dr. Percival, Headmaster of Clifton College (now Bishop of Hereford), his wife, and ten other ladies and gentlemen formed a Committee to promote the Higher Education of Women. Catherine was a most hard-working member of this Committee, and when Mrs. Percival and Miss Brice gave up the Secretaryship in 1870 she became Secretary. After a time Miss Alleyne was made co-Secretary, and helped her with the clerical work, though the responsibility and labour of finding suitable lecturers, making all business arrangements, &c., fell to Catherine. Of course in this she was greatly helped by Dr. Percival, and they obtained the services of most distinguished men as lecturers, such as Mr. J. A. Symonds, Professors Nichol and Grant of Glasgow, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Rev. M. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, Mr. Humphry Ward, Professor Bonamy Price, Rev. J. Franck Bright, &c.

Catherine writes in April 1868:—

Miss Emily Davies has been here too, about a College for Ladies, and I was asked to one or two meetings, &c., about that, but got convinced I didn't approve of it, except for teachers and very exceptionally clever and studious girls; nor can I get converted to women's franchise, so some of my friends here look on me as a very half-hearted sort of person, Florence Hill especially.

In 1870 besides the Lectures there were set on foot Classes on various subjects to aid women in preparing for the Higher Cambridge Examination.

These Lectures and Classes were remarkably successful, both in the numbers attending them and in the quality of the work done, and they may be said to have raised the whole intellectual tone of Clifton society. In 1876 Dr. Percival felt that the time was come for Bristol to have a University College, where young men and women could carry on systematic study, and it was decided by the Committee that they would not organize any independent Classes, but circulate the prospectus of the proposed College among their students. They also resolved to make an effort to raise a Fund for Scholarships to be held by women at the College, and succeeded so far as to be able to offer four Scholarships in the next year, two of £15 and two of £50 per annum, each tenable for two years. On the death of Catherine two years later, it was felt by her friends that a suitable memorial to her would be the founding of permanent Scholarships, by which the higher education of women, for which she had worked so hard, should be helped forward through all future time. Bristol was the first town in England to possess a University College open alike to men and women and offering Scholarships to both, and this it owes to the Headmaster of Clifton College and the Committee for promoting the Higher Education of Women, of which Catherine Winkworth was the mainspring.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Sept. 30th*, 1868.

I am now at work on my Vol. III.,[1] and wish much, if possible, to get it out next spring, before the excitement caused by the "Life" has died away. Kate has to get hers done by January, so both are very busy. I have persuaded Henry de Bunsen to send his father's life and

[1] Of her translation of Bunsen's *Gott in der Geschichte*.

write himself to the Brahmo-somaj. I have received from Keshub Chunder[1] three new addresses of his, two of which are splendid; also messages in a letter from Soshe Pado to Miss Carpenter, that he and Keshub have got my books and "greatly admire" my letters, but Keshub had not long returned from a former preaching tour, and was now gone on another to Simla in company with the Governor-General! So Sir John Lawrence has taken to patronising him. Such a beautiful letter from Soshe Pado! He preaches, too, and has besides set up a girls' school, Young Men's Improvement Society, &c., &c., all which he teaches and supports himself, though very poor—too poor to accept the invitations he and his wife get from the English since Miss Carpenter was there, because they can't afford to ride into town in the humblest vehicle.

Catherine *to* Mrs. Heugh

Oct. 12th, 1868.

You and Mr. Heugh probably know Lochgilphead; it is just at the beginning of the Crinan canal, a little flowery, bowery nest of a Gothic house and church with peeps to the Lake, very pretty and very close and damp. The Bishop is a great friend of Mr. Erskine's, also of the Bishop of London (Dr. Tait), and of old Sir John Maxwell of Pollok. He is quite a "character," as people say, but very clever, courteous, humorous, and liberal in the best sense of the word. He sees very deep into many questions of theology and spiritual life. I read a number of most beautiful letters of Mr. Erskine's there. I never met with such deep spirituality, such entire realization of the presence of God; and so simply expressed, and in the same page with little touches of humour, of domestic affection, or criticism on books of the day.

I have been writing, and also helping about some Lectures for Ladies which are being got up here, and in which the Percivals and Mrs. Wait are prime movers. Mr. Nichol, of Glasgow, is giving our present set. About

[1] See page 275.

150 ladies go to them. The last few days I have been spending in one of my *autumn colds;* and consoling myself with the "Earthly Paradise." I quite agree with Mr. Heugh about it. I think it is perfectly enchanting.

I am so glad that you liked Bunsen's Life, and I find so many people feel it to be not only intensely interesting, but in the true sense of the word *edifying.* Did you see that review of it in the *Times* lately by Max Müller? I thought that a most just appreciation of the work. And do you think now that "that clear breast ever *was* clouded"? Surely, whatever we may think of some of his speculations, one must feel that his heart was always "right with God," and his reliance on Christ at the last is very touching.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Nov. 8th*, 1868.

What people are fond of saying—that if we really believed in the happiness of heaven we should always be longing to go there—has always seemed to me untrue. As long as the people whom one loves most dearly of all are in this world, one must long to stay with them and share their lot; and it is not wishing to be away from God, for God is here too. If most of them were gone to heaven, I should be always wishing to go there too. I do not see how the thought of parting can help bringing intense pain and longing regret for all that might have been: yet in the very midst God sometimes sends us such peace, even a sort of happiness, that it makes one understand how He Himself is really sufficient for us, how entirely filled with happiness one could be in heaven, feeling His presence and His love close and near, and able to trust Him utterly, even though one might yet be waiting for the joy of seeing those whom one loved.

Emily had been much more suffering during the summer, and as autumn came on she grew very much worse, until, in November, the doctors gave up all

hope of her life, and all her sisters, except Selina, who could not leave her children, came to Malvern to see her. For about five weeks she lay in an apparently quite hopeless state until the beginning of December, when she suddenly seemed to hover back towards life, and by Christmas Day, to which they had looked forward with sinking hearts, they were able to rejoice, though still with trembling.

During the time that Emily lay at the point of death Catherine was constantly with her, and her strong and loving faith was a great support and comfort to her sister. Catherine wrote day by day an account of what had passed between them, from which the following is an extract:—

Katie, Christianity is the perfect religion, because it embraces the whole man, gives aliment to every part of his nature. No mere philosophy or system of morals does that. Religion includes them, and more besides. They find God in knowledge or in the moral law, the sense of right and wrong. Religion finds Him everywhere. God loves the *sentient* part of our nature as much as the purely *moral* part. The powers of perception, of love, of enjoyment, are as much emanations of Himself as the sense of duty—not *more* but as *much*. Where the conscience is made the sole source of religion, and so religion becomes nearly identical with morality, it either *impoverishes* the nature—as, I think, Mr. Martineau's way of looking at life does when fully carried out—or *falsifies* it—as, I think, it does with Miss Cobbe in many ways, for instance when, to complete her system, she tries to bring *love* under *law*, and to make out that we can love by an effort of the will. We *can't*, but that does not mean that we cannot and ought not to be judged by *what* and *how* we love. You must think that out for yourself; that is only a hint. Religion supplies the lever that moves the *whole* man. A God who is love as well as righteousness, and who cares to reveal

Himself—I am not saying *how* He does it, I leave that just now—but who does so reveal Himself as to attract and satisfy our love, is the keystone of the arch, the centre that gives stability and intelligibility to the universe. . . . That is very imperfectly said, only remember the *sentient* part of our nature is also a revelation of Him. Religion includes the moral law and also the great sphere of *affectional* right and wrong—a sphere that lies partly *within*, but partly also to a great extent *beyond* the domain of the sense of duty. You must think that out. . . . Another thing, the value of the Bible. Of course we think of it as the subject of the purest possible criticism, and of course God has revealed Himself elsewhere too, in other books to some extent, as well as in other ways. But when you have allowed for all that: when you come to a bit of absolute truth—"Like as a Father pitieth," for instance—it is not only *true*, it *brings you in absolute contact* with the heart and intention of God Himself, who willed that it should be said to men so as to touch and comfort millions of hearts; and it brings you in *absolute contact* with the millions of hearts that have been comforted by those words. You may say, we see His intentions elsewhere: yes, sometimes we do; but sometimes we can only get at them by a process of piecing things together and guessing; sometimes we *can't* see them—why He made tigers and brutal savages, for instance. We *need* to see them clearly sometimes to strengthen us and justify us in trusting when we don't see. And in such passages of the Bible we do come in contact with His *intention* that men should know such things about Him. And whenever we do so, it is right to question as much as possible and to make as sure as we can first; but whenever we *do* come in contact with an *intention* of God, His *purpose*, it is the most solemn and adorable thing in the universe. Wherever we recognize that, in public institutions, in private life, in products of art, in our own soul's history, no reverence is enough. . . . And we do see His intention in the Bible, so clearly that it should make us reverence almost

the very outside of the Book. Criticism is all very right, but I do think the habit of looking at it only critically prevents people from seeing the core of the matter at all. They miss the very thing which really makes the Bible of so much consequence, and so they don't see what there is to be reverenced. . . . Look at the Parables, as fresh and true now as when they were spoken, and so they will be as long as there are human beings in the world at all. Look at the Comtist rules; they are *odd* now, they will be *old-fashioned* three centuries hence—strictly speaking, unscientific.

In April Catherine was again at Malvern with Emily, who by that time was so much better that the sisters could rejoice together over her returning life.

Catherine was summoned home from this happy visit by the sudden death of her father. He had been in his usual health, but as he was dressing on the morning of May the 15th, he was taken ill and became at once insensible; all efforts to restore him to consciousness failed, and before the doctor arrived he had passed away. He was buried in St. John's Churchyard, Redland.

CATHERINE *to* MARGARET SHAEN

2 TRINITY VILLAS, WESTON-SUPER-MARE,
June 27th, 1869.

Every one says the same of him, how wise and just and candid his mind was, how sound his judgment, how religious and unworldly his whole tone, how unvaryingly kind and considerate his conduct to others. One likes to hear from all that every one who had to do with him was the better for it—the men in his employ who prospered in their money affairs and learnt respect and sympathy towards their master too; men of business, who felt his high and honourable standard of dealings; friends, who say that every talk with him sent them away wiser and more inclined to good and earnest thoughts. Most of all those in

his own home; for it has been no light blessing to us to have lived with a man who, while he took the liveliest interest in all the questions of the day, yet always recurred to those deep principles of duty and religion which really underlie them all; and with whom the religious aspect of things constantly rose to his lips, not from any effort, but simply because religion—our relation to God—was really the most vivid and ever-present interest of all. As you go on in life you will learn more and more how rare are the patience, the unselfishness of his life, and the humility and candour which made it possible for his mind to be constantly progressive, and to gain new views of truth without losing sight of old ones, up to the very last. Another thing that he preserved in unusual freshness was his power of enjoyment of nature in the beauty of natural scenery, and of art in the forms of painting and music. His enjoyment of these was remarkably keen, and I often thought it was given him as a compensation for the absence of high spirits; for he was naturally grave and serious, with little brightness or elasticity of feeling, and sometimes even a tendency to melancholy—the consequences partly of his bilious temperament, partly of a life which had had many prolonged sorrows and anxieties. But this never made him gloomy or irritable; and when his love of beauty was gratified, especially when we were travelling in beautiful places, he was full of refreshment and pleasure. He would so have liked to hear about the journey you are going to take! I have often longed to tell him, and see the look of eager sympathy in all your pleasure, that I know it would have called up. Ah! how we seem to be living just now in the past, and unwilling to turn to the future, which will no doubt bring its duties and interests, but *must* be without the friend and father who has been with us ever since we can remember. . . .

Some I have known have felt afraid when any great happiness was given them, lest it should not last, or half ashamed that only the easy part of life was theirs, and its harder and more honourable side was for others. But I

think there is no need to feel like that; it seems to me ungrateful not to enjoy as much as ever we can whatever good gifts God gives us; He means them to give us a store of strength and brightness; only one must remember this, and feel that one would be ready to leave the pleasant resting-place, and go into the battle the moment our Captain gave the word.

CATHERINE *to* MRS. HEUGH

CLIFTON, *June 8th*, 1869.

As yet the blank in our home life seems to make itself only more and more keenly felt as one tries to begin daily life again without him. Ever since we grew up my father was so completely our sympathizing *friend* as well as father; and of late years his very illness had so closely drawn us together by making him increasingly dependent on us for companionship, that we miss him at every moment. And such losses are never really filled up; of course in time they become latent in one's life, instead of being the one foremost thought, but they are not the less really there. Yet sometimes I feel as if it were almost ungrateful to be as full of mourning, as one cannot help being just now; that we should have had such a father, and for so long, and that when the summons did come it should have been in such a swift and gentle form, are blessings that do make one intensely thankful in the midst of grief.

I am sending you my little book.[1] My pleasure in it is sadly marred, for Papa had read two-thirds of it with great interest, and I had looked forward so much to giving it him as a whole.

We have lost another old friend quite lately in the Rev. J. J. Tayler. He was a true *saint* of a Unitarian type, which sounds odd and yet is precisely what I mean. In his style of thought and expression there was something

[1] "Christian Singers of Germany," published by Macmillan in their "Sunday Library."

philosophical, scholastic, and at times vague, which made his sermons sometimes cold; but his prayers were exquisite. He was a man of the most deeply devotional spirit, whose whole life was pervaded by piety; and for humility, charity, and candour, I never knew any one like him except Mr. Maurice. No one ever thought of being worldly or cynical or intolerant when conversing with him; and the consequence was he thought people much better than they are. But I have always felt that gift of drawing out the good side of every one with whom you came in contact was deeply to be envied. I am sure he is in heaven, for he loved and served God with his whole heart, and I often wonder whether he and my father have met. He loved Christ too most deeply, though he did not see all the truth concerning Him.

June 16th.—I am reading Mill on "The Subjection of Women," and learning from it with some amusement what wretchedly oppressed, miserable creatures we all are—especially you unfortunate married women. One would think that for a husband or father or brother to be good to the women of his house was one of the rarest occurrences in the world! But there are some very clever and wise things in it too.

Dr. Martineau *to* Catherine

Sept. 24th, 1869.

My dear Miss Winkworth,—Most heartily do I thank you for the book ["Christian Singers of Germany"]. It constitutes a most interesting chapter of religious history; and gives, in a way eminently attractive, an insight into the inner life of Europe during times which would seem to have nothing in common with our own, were it not for the undying trusts and aspirations which make us one spiritual family, and which have nowhere such pure utterance as in the Christian hymn. Congenial as such reading has always been to me, I am indebted to you for an introduction to several poems which I had not met with in the original form, and for the appropriation of one or two known pieces

to their right authors. The biographical element of the volume immensely enhances the interest of the poems. Indeed, so *insular* is my taste in regard to religious lyrics that the *personal* history of the German hymnology is almost essential to my thorough enjoyment of it; and, notwithstanding some few grand exceptions, its general type seems to me considerably below the standard of our English hymns. After the Scriptures the Wesley Hymn-book appears to me the grandest instrument of popular religious culture that Christendom has ever produced. But for the German antecedents, however, it would never have come into existence.

This year has brought to you, as to me, some testing vicissitudes; the sorrow of your venerable father's death, the joy of your dear sister's return to life, and the departure of our beloved, and almost perfect, friend, Mr. Tayler. Natural as it is for the old to pass away, and for the young to tarry with us, all three events bring their pathetic surprizes, and their appeals for higher trust and better faithfulness. The image of your father's cheerful patience under one of the most trying of human infirmities will always remain with me. And from the guiding influence of my venerated colleague, Death can never divide me: his pure, bright, and tender spirit, his large and *living* knowledge, his absolute devotion to truth and goodness as the way of communion with God, not only remain ineffaceable in memory, but blend inseparably with every diviner hope.—Believe me ever, yours very faithfully,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

WILLIAM SHAEN *to* CATHERINE

15 UPPER PHILLIMORE GARDENS,
31*st March*, 1869.

I think your book is charming. I admire the pictures you give of the general condition of Germany in the different centuries, and the way you point out the leading great causes of the different national movements; which is all put

together as if you were just selecting a few facts out of no end of well-arranged knowledge in your own head; and the way in which you identify your editorial "we" with the entire educated nineteenth century is quite masterful! and proves that it is not necessary for women to go to Oxford!

As to the translations, if they have a fault it is that they are too good, too little like translations, and I think you should say somewhere distinctly that you have everywhere followed the metre and rhyming of the originals. Otherwise, though you imply it, people will not believe it.

And now I must conclude with one little protest. Where does the Episcopalian body get its right to monopolize the term Church, and to stigmatize all their fellow Christian worshippers who are Presbyterians, or Congregationalists, &c., as sectarians? I can understand the Christian Church meaning the whole body of professing disciples of Christ, or "a Church" meaning, as it did in apostolic times, any association or any number of associations of such disciples, and "our Church" meaning the particular association to which "we" belong. But your book, and I suppose your "we," is meant not to be confined to the Anglican Episcopalian community, and the moment you cross the Channel, or indeed the border, you show that you feel free to recognize various Churches, and even irrespective of the incident of their being or not being established by the Powers of the World.

I trust the day is approaching when, having got rid of the absurd and faithless Act of Uniformity, the term "Nonconformist" will cease to have any but an historical meaning, and we may then begin to learn how to "stand fast in our Christian liberty," and to feel that every breach of religious equality is a wound to Religion itself.

SUSANNA *to* SELINA

31 LOWER CRESCENT, CLIFTON,
October 8th, 1869.

It was most provoking for us Bristolians that the bad weather came just when it did during the Social Science

Congress! the which we have been much enjoying, despite the weather and rather too much fatigue. We did not attend the evening meetings on account of our mourning, with the exception of the opening one to hear Sir Stafford Northcote (who made a capital speech), which we could go to in *bonnets*, &c.; but went to the opening of the Ladies' Congress, where we heard Miss Carpenter, who always speaks well, and Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and liked the latter very much. Also several of the Education Meetings, especially the last grand discussion as to educating boys and girls together, in which we were disgusted with Dr. Cooke Taylor (part editor of the *Athenæum*), who advocated the same in a speech which made nearly all (*all* the better and cleverer) the ladies *furious*, and was neatly put down by Miss Carpenter and Dr.——. Mr. Kingsley was President of the Education Department, and we saw a great deal of him and his wife, who were, with the H. de Bunsens, the Percivals' guests. Mrs. Percival very kindly asked us to dine there the night of their arrival. They had only just arrived and gone up to dress when we got there, and as soon as they came in Mr. C. Kingsley came up to me—I did not think he would have known me again—and greeted me in quite an affectionate manner, and began directly about all the old times. I sat by him at dinner, and we had lots of talk, mostly about people—Scotts, Bunsens, Max Müllers, &c. Mrs. Kingsley is about fifty-five, just like Mrs. Froude grown very stout and got to that age. Her *voice* so like hers that it quite went through me, and somewhat the same eager manner. But I fancy she *is*, as we have always heard, more warm-hearted and sweet. I sat with her and the Percivals at the meetings next day, as indeed we did several times, and got little snatches of speaking to Mr. Kingsley between the meetings, so altogether it was very pleasant. We also saw every other creature we knew, and sat by turns with all the people we liked best. We did so hope Mr. Kingsley would have preached in the Cathedral; however, he didn't, but Mr. Percival asked him to preach to the boys in College on Sunday afternoon, and sent us

tickets, which was a great favour, as of course every one wished to go, Mr. Kingsley being the greatest, or at least the favourite, lion of all our guests, and very few could get into the tiny ladies' gallery. He preached an admirable sermon, just *to the boys.*

In November Catherine paid a visit to Madame Goldschmidt, in order to be present at the performance of Mr. Goldschmidt's cantata, "Ruth."

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

O. GOLDSCHMIDT, ESQ., OAK LEA,
Nov. 18*th*, 1869.

On Tuesday we drove into London early, to the rehearsal at 10.30. There was a large musical audience, and we were delighted with "Ruth." Mme. Goldschmidt, too, sang beautifully. On Wednesday night we were more than an hour getting to Exeter Hall, men with torches walking by the horses' heads, &c., &c. The fog was against the performance, as it made many people arrive late, also made the whole hall look dim instead of bright, and worst, it damped Mme. Goldschmidt's voice very much. The day before she had sung *brilliantly*, last night she sang with expression, but her voice was often a little husky and strained. The room was full, every ticket sold, and not a place to be had for some days, and the performance was splendid. One or two of the parts *puzzled* the audience, and they applauded uncertainly, but many they clapped and cheered loudly and wanted to encore, but no encores were allowed, which I thought rather a pity, for encores make an evening seem to go off well, if there are not too many. At the end there was a great deal of cheering, but whether the papers will praise it remains to be seen. Some of the choruses are very fine, and one, "Blessed are the pure in heart," sung by Mr. Leslie's choir, is *lovely*. Afterwards we went into the Gs.' private room (I had joined their party at the hall), and there was a *levée* of friends coming in to congratulate.

Nov. 21*st.*—All the notices of "Ruth" that have yet

appeared, except the *Pall Mall*, are favourable, and it seems to be turning out a great success. The Goldschmidts are as delightful and affectionate as ever, and pet me up to the last extent, and I am enjoying my visit, and should do so more still but for my cold.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Dec. 6th*, 1869.

I cannot quite remember what I told you about Oak Lea, but I know I wrote after "Ruth." The *Times* never noticed it; the *Pall Mall* was severe; the *Daily News* moderate but cold; all the other papers *praised*, and there were no end of private letters; so altogether the Goldschmidts were satisfied and in good spirits. He was very cordial, she very delightful; intercourse with her has the same sort of vivifying charm that it used to have with Lily (Mrs. Gaskell), and when I come away I feel quite a blank for a little while. Jenny is going to have a splendid voice, and her mother says, "If Jenny likes she shall sing in public; when God gives a gift it ought to be used." Ernest, too, has a great musical faculty.

On the Sunday we drove to Westminster Abbey to hear the Dean preach in the afternoon. It was Advent Sunday. There is something very striking in the whole service in the Abbey by that light, but the music is not specially good. The Dean preached a very good, earnest, intensely Christian sermon from the words, "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ." Afterwards we went into the deanery and had tea. There were several people there, among them Mr. Ernest de Bunsen, Mr and Mrs. Walrond, and Dr. Vaughan. The Dean talked a little first to me alone, then to Mme. Goldschmidt and me together, about Rugby, Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and religion in Italy, from which place he had just returned. He spoke of the Archbishop of Canterbury's illness with the utmost sorrow: speaking of that touching letter of the Archbishop's to those who were praying for him, he said, "As if there was not one of our

lives but would be *well* given, *well* given for his," and his eyes filled with tears. He thinks the [Œcumenical] Council is going to be a *fiasco*, because the French and German bishops are so opposing the dogma of the Papal infallibility that he fancies the Pope won't dare bring it forward; and if he doesn't, the Council will have nothing to do. I wish it may be so!

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

17 HYDE PARK TERRACE,
March 3rd, 1870.

I was yesterday at the Home Secretary's to see Mrs. Bruce about a scheme for promoting the application of endowments to girls' schools.

Last Saturday we were at the Women's Franchise meeting. The ladies spoke *uncommonly* well. Miss Helen Taylor made a most remarkable speech. She is a slight young woman, with long, thin, delicate features, clear dark eyes, and dark hair, which she wears in long bands on her cheeks, fashionably dressed in slight mourning; speaks off the platform in a high, thin voice, very shyly with an embarrassed air; *on* the platform she was really eloquent. I also heard Mill for the first time, but the other men speakers were not remarkable. Mill's was a clear, cogent, steady flow of sense and argument. His face is thin and clever, with a broad brow, but a certain pinched, poor look about the mouth.

K. C. Sen came to see me yesterday, and I like him very much; he is a tall, broad-chested man in spectacles, with a slow, deliberate, dignified manner.

Keshub Chunder Sen, the leader of the Brahmosomaj, paid a visit to England in 1870. He was a very striking personality and a most eloquent preacher. Dean Stanley and Professor Max Müller were amongst those who most felt the value and significance of this spontaneous movement towards a reformed religion in India. There are many interesting references to K. C. Sen in the life of Professor Max Müller by his wife.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

KENSINGTON, *March 14th*, 1870.

I saw Miss Grant on Thursday; she had spoken to Dean Stanley, Mr. Grant Duff, and Sir Bartle Frere, who were all prepared to take K. C. Sen up, Mr. Grant Duff especially from the political side. Dean Stanley means to ask him, as soon as he arrives, to a dinner or a reception at the deanery. I mentioned him to Dr. Vaughan yesterday, and found Dr. V. had heard of him through Dean Stanley and *Lord Lawrence*, and spoke of them as both intending to take him by the hand when he came. Dr. V. spoke of him as "in a very interesting position mentally; his whole tone of thought completely the offspring of Christianity; hoped his visit to England would give the final impetus, and make him entirely a Christian; he must not be allowed to associate merely with the free-thinking set who might probably claim him, but see what Christianity was here," &c. "Well, he won't see unity, at any rate," sighed a Mr. Ainger, who was there. "No," said eager little Mrs. Vaughan, "but we mustn't let Tyndall and Huxley and all that set get hold of him and make capital out of him against all religion." "I suppose" —turning to me—"he is like an advanced Unitarian, is he not?" To which I said, "Yes, very much, but very *Christian*, rather than Theistic or Deistic, in the devotional tone of his piety."

SUSANNA *to* ALICE

23 HOLLAND STREET, KENSINGTON,
April 14th, 1870.

We had to go at 5.30 to the meeting.[1] A great cram to get in, but had good places, in the third row—saw lots of people, but all whom I knew Unitarians—sat there from before six till ten, meeting beginning a little

[1] A soirée at Hanover Square Rooms, on April 12, where Dean Stanley moved and Lord Lawrence seconded the resolution welcoming Keshub Chunder Sen to England. Ten different denominations were represented on the platform.

after seven, in a crammed, very hot room. I was very thankful I did not faint! But it was worth any fatigue. The Sunday sermon was good and correct, but rather below the average of his printed lectures. But Tuesday was quite above anything I ever read, and he is a real first-rate orator, more like Kossuth than any one else I've heard, though, as Will says, not so perfect an artist as Kossuth. I felt rather ashamed that none of the English speakers there could hold a candle to him, though Mr. Martineau did make an *extremely fine, short* speech, *by far* the finest next to Keshub's.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *May 24th*, 1870.

The Sunday before Easter I heard what was out and out the finest sermon I ever heard in my life. It was at St. James's, Piccadilly, by Mr. Liddon, on the character and claims of Christ, and it certainly beat any sermon I ever heard in sheer intellectual and philosophical power, and scarcely fell below Mr. Channing's in point of eloquence. The yard was full before the doors opened at 2.30, when the church was instantly crammed, and remained so till 5.15, when he concluded a sermon of one hour and forty minutes long. Well, he was to preach Easter Sunday evening under the dome of St. Paul's. But in the afternoon I went to the deanery, where I was kindly received by Lady Augusta and the Dean. Just after, in came Mr. Sen and some six of his Hindoo friends. The scene in the Abbey was lovely. A fine afternoon, with the sun throwing the most lovely cross-lights over the architecture. The whole place one sea of heads of a quiet, reverent congregation. The sermon, on "I know that my Redeemer liveth," very good and clever, but a little too much about Job, and too little about Christ. The only drawback, that the music was not loud and full enough for the size of the place, and rather lost. Still the whole service very impressive. Then we returned to the deanery to tea, where we were joined by Sir Harry and Lady Verney, and three or four more.

(You remember she is the sister of Florence Nightingale.) He had called on me in the autumn with Pauline Irby, so we spoke, and now he introduced his wife and daughter. Then the Dean proposed to show us all over the Abbey, so we saw it with his historical commentaries. It was extremely interesting to watch the Hindoos, and see how things struck them. What they cared most for was the old English history—the tombs of Queen Eleanor and Philippa, Harry V.'s armour at Agincourt, &c. They knew it all quite well, but evidently had had a half mythical feeling about it, till they saw the veritable proofs of reality. Keshub himself cared most of all, I think, for Cranmer's pulpit, where he preached his last sermon. I left before they had done, for Mr. Liddon was preaching the Easter sermon under the dome of St. Paul's that night! Lady Augusta, whom I had told of it before service, insisted on giving me some sandwiches and sending for a cab. So I ate and went. It was the grandest thing I ever saw in my life. The Abbey was nothing to it, save as to architecture. But that was very grand, too, at St. Paul's, and the music was entrancing! Five minutes of it would have been worth all the fatigue and expense! The whole congregation of 7000 (it's considered full with 5000, but that night there were 7000) people joining in responses and chants!! The sermon was very fine, all I heard of it, and though *very* far back, I believe I *could* have heard nearly all if I could have attended, but was so deadly tired I thought I should have fainted, and had just to sit still and make the whole time as much of a rest as I could, and I did get better after the music was over and sermon begun. It was a thing for once in a lifetime.

The interest excited by the visit of Keshub Chunder Sen to England suggested to Mary Carpenter the idea that this was a good time at which to form an Association having for its objects to extend a knowledge of India and to co-operate with her more enlightened natives in their efforts for the improvement of their countrymen.

Susanna was consulted by Miss Carpenter on the subject, and helped her in the formation of the "National Indian Association," in which she always took the warmest interest.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Sunday, July 12th*, 1870.

I went to hear Mr. Sen preach this morning, a most earnest spiritual sermon on the New Birth, entirely *Evangelical* in tone of feeling and thought, an intense feeling of *sin*, not in act only but in the very nature, the necessity of *real regeneration*, the insufficiency of any outward virtue or good works that fall short of that, our helplessness without God's redeeming grace. The prayer afterwards was very simple and earnest; in it he prayed ardently for the soul of Rammohun Roy, who is buried at Bristol.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Sept. 23rd*, 1870.

K. C. Sen came with his friend, Mr. Roy, and we talked about Hindoo women. He says great numbers would gladly be educated, and many would like intercourse with English ladies in the way of conversation, but scarcely any, not even his own ladies for instance, would *eat* with English people. He is anxious, he says, for them to have as much education as they will receive, but wishes any movement towards *emancipation* to be made *very* cautiously. I can see he is rather afraid of English women going too far in that direction. He spoke very sensibly as to the danger of upsetting established ideas with women, and we agreed extremely well. He says he wishes two or three ladies would go to them for a short time like Miss Carpenter, just for intercourse, besides the regular teachers, who would have to stay permanently.

The Queen has given him her portrait, a large engraving with her autograph below, also her two books. Miss

Carpenter speaks of him with real enthusiasm, and is convinced that he "*is* practical." She has engaged to send out two lady teachers, and he to find scholars for them. But he insists that on all points affecting customs and "emancipation" the ladies shall be under his control and guidance.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

O. GOLDSCHMIDT, ESQ., OAK LEA,
November 19th, 1870.

Mme. Goldschmidt is very well and very affectionate; full of the war, and we work at flannel shirts for the German soldiers at all odd moments. [Thursday] night we went to Sir T. Gabriel's to dinner, a large house near here; he was Lord Mayor two years ago, and everything was very magnificent. The Bishop of London, Italian, Greek, and American Ministers, ladies resplendent in diamonds, and a very grand spread. I was taken in by Mr. Moran, American *chargé d'affaires*, in place of Mr. Motley, and sat between him and the Italian Minister—a better place than I was entitled to, which I suspect Mme. Goldschmidt manœuvred me into. Both my gentlemen were pleasant, and I enjoyed it very much, only I had to talk politics in Italian and French, and felt that I was making an awful hash of my languages. Lady Gabriel was a little overwhelmed, and did not look much after her guests, and after dinner, in the drawing-room, neither the Bishop of London nor Mme. Goldschmidt had any one to speak to, and were not introduced. Whereupon Mme. Goldschmidt came up to me and said, "Look at that poor Bishop, how dull he is. *Why* does she not present you and me to him? But as I must not speak to him, I will sing to him." So she went up to the piano, and offered to sing, to the intense delight of Sir T. and Lady Gabriel, and then we came away, the Italians crowding round Mme. Goldschmidt and making an immense fuss over her.

One can't help feeling anxious about war: how dreadful it will be if we have to go into it now. Mr. Goldschmidt writes from Hamburg that the people there and at Berlin are tired of the war and *very sad*, and long for peace, and

don't much care for Alsace and Lorraine, only they have implicit confidence in Bismarck and Moltke.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Dec. 24th*, 1870.

I was surprised to find every one I met in Bolton and Manchester, whether Radicals or the reverse, almost fanatically French in politics, worshipping Gambetta, wishing the King of Prussia and his son taken prisoners or shot, &c., &c. On Wednesday Kate and I dined at the J. A. Symonds'; no one but "Mr. Green, of Balliol,"[1] a great light, the leader of the Hegelian philosophy in England *versus* the Positivists. He was, however, so silent and impossible to bring out that I passed rather a dull evening, though Kate, who was discussing the programme of his forthcoming lectures with Mr. Symonds, was very merry. I did so long to have said a few earnest words to Mr. Green, begging him to popularize his philosophy, and the *necessity* thereof if he and his are to hold their ground, but I hadn't a chance. Yesterday I spent the afternoon at the National School, helping clergy, churchwardens, and district ladies to distribute Christmas dinners to all old people over sixty, some five or six hundred, but had to come away with fatigue before the end. To-night I drink tea alone with Miss Carpenter, and afterwards help her with her prize-giving, which is a sad work for her this year without her sister. I do so love Miss Carpenter, and wish those who only see her outside, tiresome little ways of ordering everybody's movements could know her real goodness and warmth of sympathy and faith.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Christmas Eve*, 1870.

When I remember both our last Christmases I feel very thankful to God that this one is in many ways happier

[1] Thomas Hill Green (1836–1882), Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Two years ago you were still deep in that time of terrible suffering. Though the very worst had passed, one could hardly yet begin to have any hope or comfort about you; one felt afraid of letting hope steal into one's heart after having given it up so utterly; and Will looked ill and worn, and though Papa was still with us, he was feeling very weak and weary, and almost longing to be away. And last Christmas he was gone, and it was very hard to be without him. I do miss Papa dreadfully, but I don't believe he has forgotten us, and I know how he would like us to be happy together and yet think of him at this time. One thing I specially miss are his long talks on morals and religion. I used to think I got too much of them when he was here sometimes, though I valued them, too, very truly; but now that we have none, I feel that our family talk is so much more trivial and less rich than it used to be. "Why don't you make it better, then?" you may very justly reply; whereunto I can only say that I am not as good as he was, "though I do try," as the children say.

Emily's health had much improved since the worst time of all in 1868. For the next fifteen years, though always a complete invalid, she was able to see much more not only of her husband and children but also of her many friends. Among these one of the most intimate was Frances Power Cobbe, who writes to Susanna in February 1871:—

You will not need telling what a delight it is to me to see dear Emily again with some freedom of intercourse. The vigour and brilliancy of her mind have not been dimmed, I think, a shade by all these years of illness, and as for the rest, Miss Swanwick told me she thought her countenance looked as if she had spent them in heaven!

CATHERINE *to* MRS. HEUGH

CLIFTON, *March 5th*, 1871.

We see a great deal of the Symonds family, and the son, Mr. John Symonds, is a remarkably clever young man. He and the Percivals are my great allies in all the lectures and classes for ladies which go on here, as they are doing now in so many places, under the name of the "Higher Education." This winter I have had a great deal to do about them, as all my ordinary helpers among the ladies here have been disabled in one way or another, and I have had all the work on my hands. However, I shall have more assistance soon, and meanwhile the affair goes on very flourishingly here. We have from one to two hundred students, all girls (nearly) who have left school, and they really work so well and write such clever papers that I am quite amazed at them sometimes!

I have just finished my translation from Bunsen's Collection of Prayers.[1]

For some years Catherine had been translating at intervals a selection from Bunsen's Collection of Prayers, which she had undertaken at the request of Madame Bunsen. The prayers are drawn from a wide range both in time and thoughts, and include many of great beauty. The book is now out of print in England, but we believe still on sale in America.

[1] Published by Longmans in 1871.

CHAPTER XII

1872–1874

In the course of her district visiting Susanna was much struck by the difficulty experienced by decent poor people with large families of children in finding apartments in respectable houses. In the Hotwells, the poor district of Clifton, the houses are mostly large and let out in tenements, and the noise and dirt made by children coming in and out caused their rejection from any but the poorest and worse-kept houses. She wished to provide accommodation for a few such families, and also thought that the standard of repair might be raised and the character of the immediate neighbourhood be improved, if she took a few houses in a part which much needed such improvement, and made a home in them for respectable tenants. She therefore took several houses in Dowry Square, which were at that time inhabited by a very rough and low set of people, put them into a thorough state of repair at a great expense, and placed in each a superintendent to let the rooms, collect the rents, and enforce order in the house. The cellars were turned into wash-houses, coal-cellars provided to obviate the necessity for coals being kept in cupboards in the rooms, and a set of rules framed to prevent the interference of one tenant with the comfort of the others. The advantages of these abodes were soon recognized by the respectable families in the neighbourhood, and the whole character of the Square was raised, as she had hoped it might

be. She was not able to get a proper return on the money laid out on the houses, partly owing to the lowness of the rents paid by the poor in Bristol, and partly to the fact that after a few years it was discovered that the roofs of three of the houses were in a rotten condition, and they had to be entirely rebuilt. Besides the expense, there was also anxiety and trouble in the management of the houses, but the experience she gained here helped her in the larger scheme which she initiated later on of building model lodging-houses. She was the first in Bristol to make efforts for the better housing of the poor, which now engages the attention of so many people.

In 1872, she also undertook the management of a Sanitary Mission, started by a lady in Clifton a year before. A woman was engaged to visit the homes of the poor to show them how to use disinfectants, to teach them habits of cleanliness, and to collect small sums for the purchase of sheets, which were supplied at wholesale prices. Susanna collected the money necessary to carry on this work, superintended it, and added to it at one time a set of lectures on Sanitation, and at another the distribution of pamphlets on the same subject.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

KENSINGTON, *April 9th*, 1872.

I daresay you have heard that Mr. Maurice became *suddenly* worse on Easter Sunday, and asked how long he could live. The doctor said, not many hours. He begged that his sons, who had gone to their homes, might be sent for, that he might once more receive the Communion with them. They did not, however, arrive in time. He fell asleep a short time before he actually expired, but retained consciousness till about an hour before his death. The last

words he spoke were, that he suddenly raised himself in bed, and held up his hands, saying the blessing, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you—with *us*—all. Amen." Mr. Stopford Brooke's sermon about him was a very fine one, as far as it went, but it was completely an estimate of him *historically*, as the leader of one of the two great aspects of the religious revival of the last thirty years, J. H. Newman being the founder of the other; and *theologically*, as marking out the precise place he held in philosophy and in theological thought. He spoke also of his *social* influence as the founder of co-operative societies and working-men's clubs, and of his personal saintliness of character, but did not dwell so much on these points. What I missed was that he did not bring forward his *prophetic* character, which was after all the most striking thing in him, and is just what Mr. Martineau in his sermon *did* recognize properly, I suppose because Mr. Martineau is a *prophet* himself, and Mr. S. Brooke, though a great preacher, is *not* a prophet to my mind. I was saying this to Will, how marvellously Mr. Maurice could see the Unseen, and make his fellow-men see it, how his words went into one's heart and conscience like arrows, and Will entirely agreed, and said how he had felt that with Mr. Maurice in the same *kind* of way as he did with Mazzini.

Mr. Martineau's sermon must have been a grand one, on the question whether the highest, wisest thought of mankind was only the collective thought of humanity, or was illuminated by a source above and beyond humanity, by God. He showed how this highest thought was embodied in certain great thinkers who were like mountain summits catching the light and reflecting it into the valleys, and how precisely they of all men most strongly declared the light not to be their own, but drawn from a higher source. How one of these great summits, so to speak, had just passed from us; our generation had seen no man with a clearer insight into the eternal laws of God; with a more intense sense of the unity of humanity. But this did not make

him put humanity in the place of God, it was the presence of God's Spirit in all men that gave him this sense, that enabled him to recognize with extraordinary vividness at once all the sin, pain, and weakness of humanity, and yet never to despair, but feel the most confident hope and joy, and make the most untiring efforts on its behalf. Mr. Brooke, too, noticed how much "hope and joy" Mr. Maurice had taught men to feel in religion.

On Easter Sunday I was at the deanery, and had a long talk with the Dean. I was also introduced to Princess Louise, who was very pretty and gracious.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

ILFRACOMBE, *Sept. 2nd*, 1872.

Did I tell you of the two delightful days with Selina to Morthoe and Berrynarbor? where Selina sketched while the boys and I chased butterflies. Friday and Saturday were even better, for I sailed! When it cleared on Friday after the storm, the sky and sea were lovely blue, but a brisk wind, and the sea covered with white breakers. John proposed a sail, and when we reached the harbour a man offered to take us, and I found he had a beautiful big boat; but when we were going to get in, and John saw the surf outside, he turned tail, so I went alone. I wasn't rash at all, for I soon found the boat had taken first prize of small cutters last year, the man three prizes, and he was a pilot and one of the crew of the lifeboat, so he knew perfectly well what was safe. So I let myself go, and most uncommonly I enjoyed it. At first I thought I should be back in half-an-hour, but I got used to it and stayed out three hours, and it was glorious! The greatest treat I ever had in my life!! The sea was clear as crystal, and you could see ever so far into the great swells as they came along beside you, a brilliant green tipped with beautiful white foam, which sometimes made rainbows in breaking. Then when a cloud came, they were a delicate red slaty grey with purple shadows, while the landscape on shore glowed in green and

orange; and there is nothing so graceful as the motions of the waves. Soon after we started a pelting shower came on, but the man, with great difficulty in introducing me there, put me into a little cabin in front about as big as a Newfoundland dog's kennel, only the door was hardly big enough for a Newfoundland, or for me! There I sat till the rain was over, and then he pulled me out again. He uses it as a herring-boat in the winter, and then one man sleeps in the kennel while the other watches. I felt so much better after my trip, that I thought I would repeat it next day, when the weather was much the same—stormy night, and clear afternoon afterwards. I think the most beautiful aspect of all was as we were coming home, with the sun and wind behind us, and the tremendous swells rising behind hiding the sun, and looking as if they were running after us to engulf us, and then all of a sudden passing beneath us and rising up between us and the land, blotting out the hills half-way up, and fleeing away in all sorts of fantastic and graceful shapes. But as I was in the middle of telling the men a Hindoo story, swash came a great wave and ran along the deck, wetting our feet, &c. But it soon ran out into the bottom, and the second man mopped, and then we finished our stories.

In the autumn of 1872, Catherine was asked to be one of three English delegates (the other two being Miss Carpenter and Miss F. Davenport Hill) to a Congress of Women Workers at Darmstadt called together by H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse. Susanna accompanied her and attended many of the meetings, and after their return wrote an account of the Congress which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*.

SUSANNA *to* EMILY

GASTHOF ZUR TRAUBE, DARMSTADT,
Oct. 12*th*, 1872.

On Monday we started at nine for Cologne, arriving there at 4.30. That was a very fine day. We walked,

after depositing our things, across the new bridge, and found at Deutz a fair going on. Came back to dinner and bed, with a little merry talk with Miss Davenport Hill first. The next morning went, at 9.30, to high mass in cathedral, and afterwards saw round it. It is indeed a perfect marvel of beauty no less than grandeur. By far the grandest and loveliest building in the world. Every detail is perfect, and the beauty and variety of the painted glass indescribable. It brings the tears into one's eyes only to look at such a place, and how much more when one thinks how proud and happy the Germans must feel that it is all their own now; no danger of its loveliness being ever marred by French bombs! Indeed this is the feeling which is constantly uppermost in my mind, together with the remembrance of how sad the best Germans were about their country when I was here last, fourteen years ago. We did not see the cathedral to advantage, for it was a dark, dull, east-wind day; but even so, that and the scenery on the Rhine were glorious. We started at 10.45, and got to Mayence about 5.30 or 6, dined, and then Kate went to bed, while Miss Davenport Hill and I went to meet Miss Carpenter by 8.56 train, and brought her home in safety. Yesterday morning I woke with a violent headache, so could not stir, but persuaded Kitty to accompany the others to Darmstadt, and in the evening received a telegram from her to say [they] were invited to supper at the Palace at 8.30, but she forgot to give me her address here.

This morning I have come on here, where I have driven about in various directions to find Kate in vain, but at last got word from the Princess's lady-in-waiting that she was lodged here. So here I sit, waiting till she returns from the *Versammlung* at two, to dinner.

Kate has come back from the *Versammlung*, and says I must write all the letters, as she has to prepare a paper to speak! and we have to be at the Palace in two hours, so good-bye.

CATHERINE *to* ALICE

HEIDELBERG, *Oct. 16th*, 1872.

At the station at Darmstadt two royal carriages and the Princess's secretary, Dr. Becker, met us; the others went straight to the Palace. and I went to the hotel, where at first I felt very forlorn, for I had to dine at a great *table d'hôte*, chiefly of officers, and no other lady! However, at four Dr. Becker came to fetch me for a little walk. He is a very pleasant, clever man, ten years private secretary to Prince Albert. Then he took me to the first meeting of the *delegates* to this meeting—a sort of very large committee, forty people or more, where I was presented to the Princess. At this meeting till seven, then rushed home, dressed, and went to the Palace, where a small number, eighteen perhaps, were invited to supper with the Prince and Princess. Thursday, at nine, to the meeting with Mrs. Preyer. We English ladies had always to sit on the platform. This and the others I went to were large public meetings of gentlemen and ladies where certain papers were read and then any one who wished spoke. The papers were on the kindergarten system by Frau Goldschmidt, Otto Goldschmidt's mother, and on the employment of women in the Post Office, Telegraph, &c., by Miss Büchner; a great many people spoke, and I interpreted for Miss Carpenter. Altogether, my being the only one of us ladies who spoke German gave me a great deal to do. The number of people who wanted to talk to Miss Carpenter *through* me was immense. I found that "Higher Education" was to be a subject next day, and that I was to be asked some questions about it, so at night I just thought over my facts and got them clear in my head. Next day to the meeting again, where *nursing* was discussed, and a paper read by a fat, good, motherly old woman, who it seems did wonders of nursing *on* the battlefields in both the late wars—Marie Simon. The day before there had been no clapping, but every one stood up and cheered this good old soul, and Prince Louis came to hear her and shake hands with her, and she did look so shy and frightened and nearly

cried. The nursing lasted till the pause. After that Miss Carpenter was to speak, and Miss Hill to read a paper, both in English. Miss Carpenter spoke *uncommonly well;* it was only a pity that every one could not understand her, but many did. Then some of the gentlemen came to me, and to my horror informed me that the gentleman who was to read a paper on education was not come, and there were to be two speeches on it, one from me and one from a Frau Calm, and would I speak German? They put it so that I *could* not refuse, so with great inward quaking and amusement combined, I got up and spoke, and got through without breaking down. Of course the people were inclined to be kind to a guest, and clapped me very much, and a great many spoke to me afterwards and said that I had just given the account of *actual facts* that they wanted. But as a speech it was nothing at all to Frau Calm's, which was really one of the best I ever heard anywhere. Indeed all the German women spoke well. Miss Davenport Hill's paper was very good. At 7.30 Susie and I went to the Palace, where the Princess wanted an English evening, but there was a great farewell supper going on at the principal hotel, and we English guests were wanted there, so Miss Carpenter and Miss Hill went to the hotel, while Susie and I stayed to supper at the Palace. We enjoyed that evening very much. There was no one but the Prince and Princess, the lady-in-waiting, and the governess. Princess Alice really is perfectly charming, and you need not think I say so because she is a Princess; if she were *Mrs. Louis* she would be just the same. In the first place she is very pretty, with a brilliant changing complexion, bright blue eyes, light brown hair. Then she has animated gentle manners, and that sort of beaming, welcoming look in her face that Emily had when she was young. Then she is a clever, *able* woman, clear-headed, and gets through an enormous amount of work. She made me tell her a great deal about education in England, and seemed quite up in all that was going on. Prince Louis did not talk so much, but joined in and made funny little half-quizzical remarks; but

they are very fond of each other, one can see. At parting she asked us to come to see the children, so we went the next morning. She has six fine little things, the baby a fat, dignified little darling; the others not pretty, but rosy and well grown. She has commissioned me to send her all manner of Higher Educational information for the benefit of Germany, so I must collect that when I get home.

I was vexed to see in a *Daily Telegraph* that we were declared to have gone in for "Women's Rights," from the Princess downwards. There was *not a word of truth* in the statement; there was not a bit of politics talked, and Princess Alice is no more a "Women's Rights" woman than I am! So at last we said good-bye, and were very sorry to do it.

CATHERINE *to a Friend on the puzzles of life*

1872.

I am sure there is no reason why you should blame yourself for that feeling of discouragement about life sometimes. It is very hard to bear, and when it seems to be caused by what other people could help, it makes an aching, sore pain in one's heart. But I think two things help one; the first is to *accept* the fragmentary, resultless life, where it really *is sent* to one, as one's *appointed* work. It often happens that one is called to that kind of work, which consists in rendering services, not in producing results, and then one has to remember that, though it is often wearying, it is a very noble and needful part of the world's work, and one may well be willing to take one's appointed share. The other consideration is seemingly, but not really, opposite; that one should not take *more* of this work than really is appointed to one, because one may be misleading other people into a weak or selfish shirking of their own share. There are relations, indeed, in which one has to recognize that any just apportionment of the burden is for ever impossible; one must *always* take the larger half or all the ministering, and perhaps meet with very inadequate recognition of the fact from

the other side. Here one can but once for all make the sacrifice for God's sake and love's sake, and try to think as little as possible of the individual instances of what one has accepted as a whole. But there are many relations where this is not true, where one side is constantly "put upon," criticized, or blamed, finds all its life and strength frittered away by the other out of the merest stupid thoughtlessness, a want of comprehension of what is being done. Then it is much more *right* to assert one's self, and one's individual and substantive life, though I own I hate doing it, but it is right. It saves the others from falling into injustice and selfishness from which they would recoil themselves if they only saw the true state of the case. I don't know that I can put what I mean clearly, but my belief is that you would let yourself be eaten up by sisters, nephews, and nieces, and servants too much sometimes, beyond what is good for *them* as well as yourself! I often wonder how any woman gets through life at all without that personal love and trust and loyal service of our Father in heaven and our great Master, which keeps a place of peace and rest open for one's heart and soul. Women feel the frets and the anxieties of life so keenly, that they need this refuge in the larger, serener life of heavenly love more than even men do, I think. Their life seems often at once so engrossing and so trivial that they need some points above it, from which they may see how it all forms part of the infinite web of human life through which God's kingdom is to be realized on earth, to give it any freshness and value.

CATHERINE *to a Friend*

CLIFTON, *Nov. 24th*, 1872.

One often has to feel one's failures and shortcomings so painfully, that to find that one has really been allowed to carry a little bit of God's good gifts to any one else, gives one an intense sense of thankfulness. And I do believe this never happens without His sending; any little bit of comfort or help or brightness comes from Him,

and is His blessing to the one who is allowed to carry His message, as much as to the one who receives it. If I gave you any help, it is quite as much help to me to hear you say so, as anything I said can have been to you. For it makes one realize afresh the *truth* and reality of what one has been taught to see of God, whenever one finds that another soul has tried to live by this particular aspect of truth, and has found it *answer*.

People are fond of saying that you can make any error seem true, by giving up your mind to it, and framing your life by it. But it always seems to me that this is singularly false. When one tries to live by some false view, sooner or later one is brought up against the great facts and laws of the Universe as against a great rock; the puzzles of life grow more puzzling, one's courage and faith weaker. Whenever one gets hold of a principle that really unlocks riddles, brings clearness into one's thoughts, peace and hope and joy into one's life, one may be sure that it is a real ray of truth from the Source of truth; only one ray among millions, very likely, but not the less real for that. And so, if that thought, that joy is a part of God's nature, and therefore His law for His creatures, has helped you, it must be because it is really true.

Of course it gives one no right to shrink from pain. One sees how God thinks goodness so infinitely valuable, that it is worth while for us to endure *whatever* pain may be necessary to open our eyes to sin, and burn it out of our hearts. But in all this, pain is the means not the end; and behind it all lies the truth that God Himself is Joy and Light and Peace and Love, and that one may welcome every bit of joy and beauty that meets us, as a ray from Himself; every bit of happiness in our lives, every bit of brightness around us; and that part of our work for Him is to make joy and brightness and peace prevail, if it be only by giving pleasant moments to those we live with as often as we possibly can.

I have the feeling that we are all apt to be so very ungrateful to our God, and to make our burdens so much

heavier than He ever meant, by refusing to recognize the little (*and the great*) occasions of happiness He gives us. When I myself, or others that I watch, let some one trouble or care, worry or grief, *or even repentance*, cover all one's mental field of vision and shut out all the bright things in one's lot, it makes my heart ache with a sense of God's *unrequited* tenderness towards us, if I may dare to speak so.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

CLIFTON, *Jan. 26th*, 1873.

In a slighter degree than yours I know so well how hard the slow struggle back to life is, and it makes my heart ache for you. Of course it is far better than remaining ill and secluded, but it has its own sharp trials none the less. In complete illness one's life, though narrow, is intense, one's duties clear, one's heart and mind (when not too suffering) free to rise easily to God; one lives in a world of stillness, of gentle voices and tender consideration. As one comes back to the real work-a-day world one slips into a more hurried, worrying, superficial life; all the jars and roughnesses come upon one, and one has forgotten how to take them lightly; one's spiritual vision is often dimmed by being tired out or engrossed with trifling cares, and one has not that intense sweetness and clearness of religion that sustained one in darker days; one gets a little fussed or unreasonable and is filled with (often excessive) self-reproach; one begins to measure one's life by the standard of other people's, and so to feel one's privations with a new pang just when everybody is congratulating one on one's progress. All the dulness and limitations of one's lot begin to tell, when the strain of acute suffering and submission is taken off, and every little drawback has a sting of disappointment in it. Altogether it needs immense faith, courage, and patience to get really anything like *well* out of a long bad illness; but there is this comfort, one does know for ever after when one is *well off*, and enjoys and is thankful to the utmost for every bit of happiness and pleasure that comes in one's way.

I am reading "Middlemarch" straight through, and feel its power and nobleness and richness and subtlety, and wealth of insight and sympathy, of allusion and humour, more than ever. But I resent Lydgate's being made to suffer so cruelly and fail so entirely, and Dorothea's marrying Ladislaw, he is so slight a creature compared to her depth and nobleness; I wanted her and Lydgate to come together at last. And I feel in this, as in all her later books (*not* her earlier like "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner"), the oppressiveness of the utter want of *Versöhnung* which comes from her ignoring of religion. Nothing can be grander than her morals often are; but all the problems and perplexities and harassment and waste of life are pressed with extraordinary force into the core of one's soul, and no hint given that there is any reason why good "shall be the final goal of ill." Rosamond and Lydgate are wonderfully drawn. Caleb, they say, is her father. And her interpretation of the inarticulate workings of stupid minds is marvellous.

Emily *to* Selina

Kensington, *Feb. 6th*, 1873.

Yes, that was a beautiful paper of Mr. Hutton's, on Tennyson; did one good, and gave one a fresh hold on the life *in* life that we are all longing for—the higher life as it is called—only that is rather a slang term nowadays, and besides, what we have to feel is that it is a life that lies close to us every day and all day long, if only our eyes are open and our hearts warm. Chance bits of reading do me so much good that I often wish somebody would cut out bits of Mr. Hutton's and Miss Thackeray's, and above all George Eliot's, to make a book of them, to turn to, like sermons, when one gets hard pushed and down-hearted. Just now I am reading Canon Liddon's sermons, and they are full of such bits, though of course there is much in them that seems to me very wrong. That a man who has thought and felt all that he has, a man who knows what words mean, and takes the trouble

to realize things as they are, should yet uphold the Athanasian Creed, shocks me past expression.

The other night, when the Huttons were here, I asked Mrs. Hutton if "Dinglefield Green"[1] was Englefield Green, where they live, and she said, "Oh yes," and the "Admiral" lives next door to them, and Mr. Hutton is said to be the "Scientific Gentleman." Mrs. Oliphant pretty well supports her two boys at Eton by her writings.

Several times in her life Catherine had intensely vivid dreams, which remained with her afterwards as if they were part of her actual experience. The following one she wrote down shortly after she dreamed it:—

ST. CHRYSOSTOM

A REAL DREAM DREAMT IN THE NIGHT OF MONDAY, FEB. 10TH, 1873, BY C. WINKWORTH

I thought I found myself in a large room in the British Museum, where a number of people, some of them very distinguished, were assembled to witness the unrolling of a new mummy, and hear a lecture upon it from a great scientific authority. I remember that Mr. Gladstone and Professors Huxley and Tyndall were among the audience, but I cannot now recall who the lecturer was. [A friend, who heard her tell the dream at first, remembers that it was Professor Owen.] The mummy lay on a table in the middle of the room; and the lecturer began by telling us that what made this occasion so peculiarly interesting was that there could be no doubt that the object before us was the body of St. Chrysostom. The place of his burial had long been known, and it was believed that his body had been embalmed, and lately the Turkish Government had

[1] This refers to a series of stories by Mrs. Oliphant, dealing with characters supposed to be living at "Dinglefield Green." These stories were afterwards published in volume form by Macmillan & Co., and under the title of "Neighbours on the Green," and is still to be had in a cheap edition. The book is dedicated to General George Chesney and Mr. R. H. Hutton, "who, at the time these stories were written, gave distinction to The Green."

been induced to allow his tomb to be opened and his body brought to England.

A sort of brown wrapper was then removed, and inside lay the body in a long white robe. The lecturer immediately made us notice how wonderfully the body had been preserved; instead of looking brown and shrivelled, the appearance was that of a man who has only been dead a day or two; the face had just that eerie look of a waxen mask. The lecturer said this preservation was so remarkable that it made him anxious to try an experiment on the body. A new form of electrical current had recently been discovered which came nearer in its effects to the vital principle than anything that had yet been found out, and he wanted to see whether it would not produce some effect even in this case. Accordingly, apparatus was brought, and the current applied. Presently, convulsive twitchings began in the limbs, and we all held our breath and a sort of shudder ran through us as the eyes unclosed. "Look, look!" the lecturer exclaimed, "we are on the very threshhold of the discovery of life itself: we shall be able to give life!"

Just then the body raised itself, slid off the table, and stood upright before us. "No," it said "I, Chrysostom, have been sent down to reanimate my old body for a time!" Mr. Gladstone cried out, "This is the most terrible of all—that these men with their electric currents should have power to compel a saint back from heaven to earth!" "No, it is not so," answered St. Chrysostom. "I am sent by God, because He saw how the present tendency of thought, in the rush of scientific discovery, is to make men disbelieve that there is anything in life beyond electricity, any soul in man, any future life at all. He has commanded me to tell the people the real truth, and has ordered that my return to earth should take place in this manner, that the fact might be established before unimpeachable witnesses, and beyond all question." Then he asked for something to eat.

Here, somehow, the scene changed, and I next found myself walking towards the Victoria Rooms, at Clifton, and

crowds of people were streaming thither down all the roads. I knew that St. Chrysostom had been preaching all over the country, followed everywhere by crowds, and a great revival of faith was taking place. Now he had come to Bristol, and was going to speak in the Victoria Rooms. The large room looked just as it really does, but vaster, and crammed with human beings, and I felt the dead hush when he came on to the patform, in the same long white robe I had seen before, and began to speak to us. At first, though I was intensely interested, I was not utterly carried away. I was mentally writing a description of the scene before me for my invalid sister, and I remember saying in it how well I understood why he had been called Chrysostom, from the sweetness and splendour of his voice and style. Then what he said began to take more hold of me; I felt it was wicked to be admiring from the outside instead of letting myself feel all the reality of what he was telling us. Some asked him to describe Heaven, but he would not tell us much, only that it was infinitely more beautiful than we could conceive; if he told us more it would make us despise this earth where we had now to live and work for God. Then others asked whether there was any Hell. Yes, indeed there was, he said; but in one point it was more like our idea of Purgatory—it was a place of punishment, but also of purification.

Then he went on, leaving these things, to speak to us of the goodness of God and our ingratitude, and all the people began to weep and sob, and I wept too. Suddenly a great shout went up from them all: "We will follow St. Chrysostom! Chrysostom shall be our Leader and King!" I had a kind of momentary vision of St. Chrysostom's soul, how a qualm of terror went through it like lightning, lest he should be tempted into a moment's self-complacency, and then was swallowed up in the thought of the people before him, and he fell on his knees with outstretched arms and cried, "O God, take me back to Heaven, for I am not doing Thy work. I am leading this people to myself and not to Thee."

And with this I awoke.

Catherine had always been a wonderful teller of stories to children, first to Alice when she was a child, and later to her nephews and nieces. She continued this practice up to the last year of her life, and the two nephews, who lived with their aunts then, used to sit on the ground beside her in the evenings when lessons were done, and listen entranced to Aunt Katie's stories. Her sisters and friends were most anxious that some of these stories should be committed to paper, but the time to carry out this intention was never found.

In August 1873 Catherine joined the Goldschmidts at Bonn for the great Schumann Festival there.

CATHERINE *to her niece,* MARGARET SHAEN

41, SCHLOSSBERG, HEIDELBERG,
Aug. 21st, 1873.

On Saturday morning, at 8.30, we met the Goldschmidts going on board the steamer [at Mainz,] and we all went down the Rhine together. It was a splendid day and the river looked lovely, but the boat was dreadfully crowded and the smoking incessant. The Crown Princess of Italy was on board, looking very sweet and refined, but sadly delicate. We went to the Hotel Royal, at Bonn, a very nice hotel with gardens down to the Rhine. We had two very grand rooms on the first floor, for salon and Mme. G.'s room. Jenny and I had each a tiny little room beside them, and Ernest and the maid were upstairs. We unpacked, had tea and "bifsteck," and sat in the gardens, and all sorts of musical friends began finding out Mme. G., and they left cards on Mme. Schumann, &c.

On Sunday we all went to the English Church together, and then looked a little at the town, which was gaily dressed with flags. In a very little while we had met Dr. Becker (Princess Alice's private secretary), Mr. Oakeley and his Edinburgh brother, &c. We all dined at the *table d'hôte,* a

tremendous long affair, and oh, so noisy! How the Germans do shout! But we talked hard, and had to shout too. Old Heller was in our hotel, and made a great fuss with Mme. Goldschmidt.

Monday morning Mr. Goldschmidt and Jenny went to the rehearsal, Ernest and I for a little walk to refresh one's self after the evening before. Mme. Goldschmidt was beset with visitors, and when I came in got me to help her receive them. At dinner we had two Swedes and Dr. Becker to dine with us, and I had a great deal of talk with the latter. He tells me that Princess Alice has been quietly in the country since her child died, and has now recovered her health and calmness quite, but the shock was so great to her at first, especially as she was unwell at the time, and actually *saw* the child die, that they were very anxious about her. We had a great deal of Darmstadt talk, and he made himself very pleasant. Then more friends—Hollands, from Wimbledon—coffee, dress, and to the concert. The Oakeleys sat just behind us, Joachims (only he was never there) in front. Also Hiller, and a charming Professor Wacht, married to Mendelssohn's youngest daughter (*she* was in England). The Manfred Overture is *very* grand, very tragical, but really splendid in power. Then Joachim led forward Mme. Schumann to play, and the whole audience rose, and began to throw her flowers and wreaths. Joachim waved his handkerchief, and forthwith everybody began to cheer, the drums and trumpets struck up, and the whole scene was really overpowering, especially when one thought through what years of terrible conflict and sorrow she had supported him, and struggled to make his music appreciated after he was gone, and now she had got her reward, and every one was honouring him through her. I wondered she could play at all after it, but she played all the better, I think, and every one said so. There was a smaller scene of the same kind when she had done. Then came a most exquisite "Nachtlied," which I advise you to hear if you ever get a chance in London, then another Symphony, then very difficult but exceedingly interesting vocal music for

the end of the second part of "Faust." Everything in this concert was fine, just picked gems, only one (*i.e.* a small "one" like myself) could not fully take in so many important works at once. And oh! it was hot! If Mr. Oakeley had not taken me out, and got me some *Himbeerensaft* to drink, I shouldn't have been alive to tell the tale! Professor Wacht had invited us to his house after the concert to meet the Joachims, saying he would "give us a cup of tea, but we must expect nothing in a bachelor's household," so we drove there, and found about twenty people, had our tea, and began to despair, as we had not had a mouthful of anything solid since dinner, and it was now eleven, and Mme. Goldschmidt was telling Joachim he must be so tired *he must go to bed*, but was relieved by his bursting out with his great jolly laugh, "Ne! Gott bewahre! ich bin gar zu hungrig," so we all had a very grand supper, just like a dinner, without soup, then great drinking of healths and shouting again, Mme. Goldschmidt singing a "Hoch" for Joachim, then her health, then Joachim proposed the memory of Mendelssohn, &c., &c., till we got home to bed about one.

Catherine *to* Evelyn Abbott[1]

15 Upper Phillimore Gardens,
Dec. 9th, 1873.

Here is "Fifine" back with a great many thanks. I have read it, and I think understood it at last! But it is desperately hard reading. Some passages are very fine, but as a whole I think he has given too much scope to his love of the grotesque and discursive; it vexes me with the feeling that he could have done it all better if he had chosen to try!

Mr. Symonds' two lectures on Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini were extraordinarily good. I thought all the time how far superior the first was to Mr. Pater's Essay on the same subject. But then, though I admire Mr. Pater's discriminative descriptions of poetry and painting

[1] Editor of "Hellenica," then a master at Clifton College.

extremely—that marvellous subtlety of discrimination gives me keen pleasure—yet his wonderfully *borné* view of human affairs aggravates me, and would bore me in the long run; and one feels this specially when he has to deal with so big a man as Michael Angelo. I am afraid you think me more "higher educated" than I am. I can't read your Sophocles, except the English parts. Once, ever so many years ago, one of my sisters and I were taught Greek for a little while, but we were soon interrupted, and I never had another chance. All I know of Sophocles is out of Mr. Plumptre's and Mr. Lewis Campbell's translations, the latter of which especially gave me very deep interest and pleasure. Rugby has again filled me with dread lest Mr. Percival should be tempted away there; what he is doing here, both for the school and for the whole public life of a very large city, is so valuable that he will not easily find a more really important sphere. Other men may restore Rugby, but no other man could exactly step into his present place in Bristol and Clifton.

Did you meet a very old friend of mine who was visiting the Master of Balliol lately, Mr. Martineau? I think you could not meet him without feeling that he is a man of singularly deep and powerful mind and very noble character. I do so wish he would write a great work on philosophy. He seems to me the only man now who could show the philosophical bases of religion and morals in a way to help the numerous people whose faith is shaken and bewildered by the speculations rationalistic, scientific (I don't mean these as synonymous), and others of these days.

CATHERINE *to an invalid Friend*

RAVENSWOOD, BOLTON-LE-MOORS,
May 11th, 1874.

This morning I read your letter again, and through the heartache it gave me, pierced more brightly than ever the ray of comfort that darted into me as I first read it: how good you were at bottom—which means, how God was

upholding and guiding you through a most bitter experience, which I have no doubt whatever will bring out both sweetness and usefulness to you and to others in the end. For the life you are now leading—monotonous in spite of change of *place*, wearing to the nerves, full of physical suffering and the misery of being *forced* into constant attention to your own sensations, with all the sickness of hope deferred, the long, dull anguish of patience—is trial enough, had you not the added pain of this inward deadness to contend with. That through all this you should still trust in God, and cling loyally to duty, and hope in a future of blessedness, is just the strongest possible sign to me that God *is* close to you, helping you, sustaining your fainting courage, making you feel that the noblest things, Love, and Life, and Righteousness, *are* the most beautiful and blessed of all things, when you must be tempted by circumstances continually to throw up the struggle, to seize *any* bit of ease or pleasure, however low, to sink into despairing complaints, or at best a bitter stoicism. I wish I were near you, and could talk to you and kiss you, and make you *feel* that all you have told me, so far from making me "despair of you," makes me full of tenderness and pity and respect; and if I feel loving longing to help you more than I ever did, how infinitely more must our Father feel it; how truly He *is* helping you now. I want you to let this thought flow into you, to lean on it, and to trust Him utterly. I am certain that some day you will do so, and then all this icy crust will melt away, and you will rejoice in the living glow of that Love, which is not merely watching over you, which you yourself actually possess, far beyond what you are conscious of at this very moment. I am quite sure that serving one's fellow-men does teach one to love them, and that serving God makes one love Him. Nothing—no temporary excitement of emotion—will enable one *really* to love either God or man without willing service. But a service done *for the sake* of its reflex action on one's self would hardly have this effect. One must be willing to make others happy whether one is happy one's self or not;

only then comes in that real love which grows and grows till it sweetens all one's life. But I think one can help its growth very much, by opening one's heart to all the bits of sweetness or pleasure or affection, however small, that lie in one's way. One must have a true unswerving allegiance to the law of God—*i.e.* Duty—as the background of one's whole state and character, but that is not enough alone; one must not *only* cultivate strenuousness and self-denial, but the power of seeing and delighting in all bits of beauty or happiness that lie near one. One *can* cultivate this faculty very much, and it is very closely allied to Love.

Your life is of a kind that forces you back on to yourself; even the companionship you have only partially helps you. The companionship of old people, their want of hope and outlook in their own lives, their incessant demands on the spirits and energies of others, are very trying and exhausting to that nervous energy of which you have already too little. Still the feeling that you may be of use goes for much, and *any* thing that helps you to live out of yourself is a good tonic for you. Whenever you have a chance of fresh companionship, I would have you take it, take pains to get it; it is more *real* change to you than change of *place*.

You ask, "May we renounce in hope?" Yes, I answer most entirely; with all eternity before one there is space enough for the development of all one's powers, and when one sees how complex human nature and human life are, and how long we take to learn one small lesson, cannot we be content to learn the lesson that is set us fully, and wait for the next? To-day it is patience, renunciation—to-morrow it may be development and active responsibility—to-morrow here, or hereafter. Even in this life alone, it does seem to me, the older I grow, that the richest and finest natures are those that take each lesson as it comes; that those who try to develop their own natures harmoniously for themselves grow one-sided and poor in comparison. And so I do believe, that whatever we give up for duty now, will be rendered back in this way hereafter.

It was in 1874 that, finding one day a plot of ground most favourably situated for such a purpose advertized for sale, the idea occurred to Susanna of rescuing it from speculative builders and building on it good model "dwellings." She worked extremely hard at this scheme, for she feared the land might be sold before she could get sufficient people to take it up and raise the necessary money. She prepared the plans herself and took them round to some of the principal business men of Bristol, who she thought were likely to interest themselves in the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. Her own enthusiasm infected them, and she succeeded in forming a company who purchased the coveted ground and built the large pile of dwellings known as Jacob's Wells Buildings. A few years later, finding that these were much appreciated by the poor, they bought another piece of land adjoining, and built another block called Brandon Buildings. Susanna took infinite pains about the building, going to London and studying the different blocks of model houses there. Her intimate knowledge, drawn from the experience of many years, of the life and habits of the poor, enabled her to provide many convenient arrangements for them which would hardly occur to the ordinary architect. When she talked over her plans with the architect, he exclaimed in admiration, "Why, Miss Winkworth, you are a born architect!" One great feature in her scheme was (as in Octavia Hill's) the collection of rents by ladies, who would thus be brought into close and natural relations with the families whom they visited for the purpose. Many of her friends undertook the office, she herself being "Managing Director" of the whole concern. In the percentage made she was disappointed. Owing to

some, as she thought, unnecessary expenditure in the building, and to the failure of the contractor before it was finished, the whole outlay was greater than she had reckoned for in her preliminary estimates of profits. But in the great object of providing really wholesome and convenient dwellings for the poor the buildings were a great success. One proof of this was that several times when there was a single case of scarlet fever in them it did not spread, a most remarkable testimony to their good sanitary condition.

The Goldschmidts were leaving Wimbledon this summer, and considering the possibility of going to Wiesbaden, where there was a proposal to found a school of music of which Mr. Goldschmidt was to be head.

CATHERINE *to* SUSANNA

OAK LEA, *June 24th*, 1874.

Mr. Goldschmidt extremely wishes for the Wiesbaden plan, which would give him the kind of work and status he would like, and Mme. Goldschmidt says he ought to have it if he can, and she likes the climate and the work, but that she will miss her English friends so terribly, and that *merely* artist society (which means music with her) seems so narrow to her, *when she has nothing else*, that she only half likes the plan. Still she fully means to go if the school comes to pass. So this is my last visit to Oak Lea and to her, I fear, and I *am* sorry.

We start at twelve [for the Handel Festival], and she has been inspecting my dresses after her fashion, and says I had better wear my alpaca for fear of hurting my new silk with the rain; "it is too beautiful to be spoiled, dear Catherine."

June 26th.—Mme. Goldschmidt was most affectionate and sweet, and sang to me for an hour or more yesterday, Schubert and Schumann, for a farewell, and gave me two lovely Dresden vases that I used to admire, and I went away with a great pang.

CATHERINE *to* EMMA SHAEN

ILFRACOMBE, *Aug. 14th*, 1874.

I came away from Wimbledon just after the Handel Festival. I was a week alone with Arthur, then came Susie, and she was instantly plunged into fresh complications about her projected houses and the Merchant Venturers, and all the month she was at home was very busy seeing people, writing letters, going over plans, &c. I kept house, did up our year's educational business and report, talked to Arthur, and found all my time eaten up by many people, who, when I have been away some time, think they have a right to as much as ever I can give them. Sometimes I get puzzled and half vexed at finding myself doing no writing. I have done nothing now, but one or two little articles, for four years. I see how it is: family and social claims leave but a small margin of time and strength, and that gets used up by my educational work, but sometimes I wonder whether I might reduce the social claims. Yet it seems hard to do so, for very little indeed is in the shape of party-going or *mere* "society"; our portion of this sort of work is small, and most of what I do is seeing people whom I really want to see, and who say that my going to see them or letting them talk to me is some real help and comfort to them. Sometimes I say my sort of district visiting is not like Susie's down in the Hotwells; it is among young ladies who tell me their love affairs and their religious doubts and difficulties, and lonely, middle-aged women who tell me their sicknesses and troubles. But I am often tossed in my mind whether a life in which I neither write books nor visit the poor is rightly arranged for a woman who is not married nor an invalid. However, I can't do *more*, I think, than I do; it would be a question of *what* should be done, and about that I fall back on my old doctrine of following the leading of Providence, only trying to keep my eyes well open to see what that leading really is. As to my educational work, I can see that that is likely to take new forms before

long, which may require much less of my personal work. If the new College of Science and Literature *is* founded at Bristol by next year, our lectures and classes may be absorbed into that, while all the endowed schools of Bristol are going to be reorganized, and I hope some good middle-class schools for girls really started there—at last! So then I think I shall have nothing more to do in that line. What a long screed about myself. I don't generally treat my correspondents to such an affair.

CATHERINE *to an invalid Friend*

21 VICTORIA SQUARE, CLIFTON, *Sept. 29th*, 1874.

The slow struggle back to something more like ordinary life is terribly trying to the spirits and temper; it is full of qualms and doubts and fears, recurring disappointments, irritability and overstrain of nerves, sudden despairs, and unreasonable hopes; and one has to battle through all this with other people withdrawing the sympathy and help one wants more than ever, congratulating one when one feels most miserable, and turning their petting and attention into some other channel. I do verily believe that many invalids have not patience and courage to fight through this stage when it lasts long, but just let themselves sink back into invalid life, perhaps a step or two higher. In acute illnesses every one knows how cross convalescents are apt to be, and it is almost welcomed as a sign of improvement, while Nature carries the patient through to health before her or her friends' patience is exhausted; but in cases of very tedious convalescence from chronic illness, very very few have the tenderness and patience that the patient needs, and the poor thing has to "do without." I don't at all wonder, dear ——, at your saying "you don't like to get well"; when you are a *good deal* better, that feeling will go off, and you will feel added strength and usefulness is well worth all you have gone through to gain it, but for the present you will have new trials to contend with in the process, actually keener *now* than the old ones you have learnt to

bear. Only don't be afraid, and you will find yourself rewarded for all the effort you make; not only in usefulness to others, but your own greater comfort and capacity for enjoyment. A great deal of what you tell me of your feelings towards [those around you] really belongs to this state of health, and is not the least wrong, so long as you keep it in check by remembering that it does form part of a certain condition. When any person with whom one has to live, *whom one loves* and is closely bound to, jars on one's nerves in that way, it *is* a terrible trial, and has something in it peculiarly depressing. Their very presence seems to bring an association of low spirits with it. But there is this comfort, one can do a great deal to get over it, by steadily fixing one's mind on the nice things in them, refusing to let one's thoughts dwell on the vexatious side and the defects, and remembering often what one should think of them and feel towards them if they were dead. I think the way in which we all let trifling defects in those we love rob us of the real solace and joy we might have from their higher qualities is one of the saddest pieces of *waste* one sees in life. And by cultivating this habit, it is astonishing how one learns to bear defects with equanimity that used to set one in a suppressed quiver of irritation. STILL, even this won't altogether do away with the difficulty, and I am quite sure a little occasional *separation* is often the best medicine; one comes back with one's nerves soothed and calmed a little, a new stock of patience and good resolutions in hand, and one's real affection quickened by absence. This is especially true of a case like yours, for the constant presence of old age is depressing to every one, and at times almost unendurably so to an invalid who has not strong spirits and a rich, full life to help them to sustain it. I suppose there are a few cases of very placid old age where this depressing influence is not felt by others, only the pleasing influence of tender and reverent watchfulness; but I believe such are very rare. In general, old age requires attention as incessant as one gives to childhood, without the spring of hope and gladness in it. And so my practical conclusion

for you is, that you must go away sometimes to your other relatives or friends whenever you get the chance, and *forget* home cares and difficulties, and you will come back far better able to cope with them. Write to me when you can, and tell me *how* you are, and what you think of the prospects before you in your new house, &c. If you could tell me that more peace, joy, and faith had come to you, more power of forgetting yourself, even your sins, in love and trust in God, more hope in the future in this world and the one to which we are all hastening, it would make me rejoice in my very heart. But if not—patience! I am *sure your* "tedious way will issue out in glorious day"; it is only a question of time.

Protab Chunder Mozoomdar, to whom the following letter was written, was one of the most interesting of the early leaders of the Brahmo-Somaj religious movement in India. He had not the commanding presence or wonderful eloquence of his friend and leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, but quite as vivid a sense of the reality of things spiritual and eternal. The latter part of the letter is not given as it is only fragmentary, hardly more than heads of subjects to be amplified.

SUSANNA *to* PROTAB CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

October 1874.

DEAR SIR,—I have often thought since of the conversation we had during our drive together across Clifton Downs, and wished that we could have resumed it. If you remember, it turned on the Pantheistic and materialistic tendencies of thought in the present day, with their consequences on human character. You spoke of Christianity as having delivered the Brahmo-Somaj from that Pantheism, which under the guise of sublimating all things into Spirit or Deity, really obliterates the distinctions between moral right and wrong, and so introduces practical immorality. In the conversation upon Christianity itself which ensued, we seemed

to be in entire accordance of views, till we came to the pre-existent and superhuman nature of Christ, in which I expressed my belief; and you said, "I cannot follow you there." Now I have often felt a desire to explain to our reverend friend, Mr. Sen, and now again to you, how it was that I, who was at one time a sceptic, entangled in the same sort of doubts that now beset our physical philosophers, and afterwards a Theist, holding, I apprehend, much the same Theistic views with yourselves, should have come to accept the orthodox doctrine of the Christian Church respecting its great Founder. *1stly*. Any really independent religious experience has its value for the scientific collector of religious facts; and, *2ndly*, as regards myself, I wish friends, with whom I have so deep a religious communion as I have with your Brahmo brethren, to have a not erroneous conception of what I do believe; and, above all, to understand, that whether my ideas be true or false, at all events I have not arrived at them on the pathway of external authority, but on that of free and personal independent inquiry.

As I have before told you, the successive upheaval and overturning of one point of belief after another, had at one time left me in a chaotic state of mind in which nothing remained certain to me excepting that (*1stly*) there was a fundamental difference between right and wrong—a distinction that was no figment of our own creating, but something externally imposed in some way; and (*2ndly*) that moral goodness was the chief good, worth the sacrifice of all else.

But whether the Supreme Power of the universe were a God who took any note of us as individuals, or whether there were a future life in store for us, was all uncertain to me. From this chaotic state I had by slow degrees emerged (or been led up) into the glorious belief that God, the Almighty Author of All, was truly the Father of our spirits, holding communication with our souls, and imparting sustenance to all our spiritual needs; in short, I had risen into a spiritual Theism which I found absolutely

satisfactory to intellect and heart, yielding adequate consolation and support for all the sorrows and emergencies of life. For the Divine gift of such a faith I was unspeakably thankful, and felt that to live it out, doing what little in me lay to impart to others the blessings I had received, was henceforth my life's task; that all before me was clear and bright, save my own shortcomings.

Though my religion with its evidences was abundantly sufficient for my own needs, I felt that it was not easy so to present it to the ignorant multitudes as to be a motive power for their conversion and elevation. This practical difficulty met me at once, still I hoped that it was not insuperable. Later on, I became sensible of another of wider scope; namely, that the creed I held laid a tremendous burden on weak human free-will. It did indeed hold out every promise of Divine aid if I did my part, but it was conditional on my doing that; there was no pledge that God's purposes would overrule my sinful propensities in spite of myself. It was in my power to withstand the promptings of His Spirit for ever if I would. What was true of me held good for all. The multitudes of the depraved could, if they chose to resist God's grace, remain depraved. If so, might not all our philanthropies be unavailing to redeem the world? What pledge have we of a millennium? Moreover, although there was undoubtedly a certain human brotherhood constituted by the fact that all alike owed their birth to the common Father (as indeed, in a sense, the lower animals did too), yet that did not imply but what there were, as we evidently saw to be the case, immense, seemingly ineradicable, disparities between the intrinsic worth of one human being and another. In fact, looking at the world as it is, these inequalities between human beings are so vast and obvious, there might seem to be considerable justification for the ideas that underlie caste institutions. Why should the intrinsically higher nature sacrifice itself for one of a lower type? though reasonably it might do so for one intrinsically noble, and only adventitiously degraded. This latter difficulty, however, was

not so constantly present to my mind as at all to interfere with my sense of the duty of practical exertions. The latter was clear to me and abiding. The former only flitted across my mind by times as a painful unsolved problem.

The first difficulty I mentioned, however, was an ever-present practical one.

During these years my attitude towards Christianity was that I regarded it not as a subject for inquiry, but as a system already exploded, whose evidences had been tried and found wanting. I joyfully recognized, indeed, the excellence of its Founder and His followers, and the benefits they had conferred on the world, but practically I felt that to exchange my Theism for the Christian creed would have a certain narrowing effect on my mind; that instead of, as now, eagerly appropriating, so to speak, every outgrowth of human goodness and piety as equally emanating from God, and inspiring a sense of brotherhood with its possessor, be he Heathen, Mahometan, Christian, or what not, I should have to restrain the outflowings of my spiritual affections, and love Christians in a different way from others.

Yet, though continuing for several years to hold these general views, as I grew in spiritual life, in earnestness and devoutness, while in the stress of practical effort my attention was more and more drawn away from speculations to concentrate itself on the experimental side of religion, I found myself growing conscious of a deeper and deeper sympathy with the utterances of Christ and His Apostles (recorded in the New Testament), though not for a moment receiving them as authoritative any more than the words of other good men whom I knew, but regarding them simply with the same kind of reverence as the latter. In fact, the Theism which I already held I found again in the Bible as I found it nowhere else.

Gradually, however, but very slowly, I was led up to a suspicion of there being something special in Christianity by a variety of separate experiences, each by itself an in-

sufficient cord on which to hang so weighty a matter as the truth of the Christian religion, yet all combined forming a cumulative body of probabilities of immense strength. The *Theologia Germanica* was one of the books which I found most helpful and stimulating in practical religion. One day I was reading aloud to my sister, Mrs. Shaen, the chapter entitled "*How, when a man is made truly God-like, his Love is pure and unmixed, and he loveth all creatures, and doth his best for them.*" As I was reading the words, "*As though God in human nature were saying,*" &c., a sort of lightning-flash struck through me: "What if that were true; what if Christ were that, and once in the history of the world had really been embodied in a human form to reveal to us what God is, what man should be?" It was but a momentary flash, gone again swift as lightning, and it was long after that before any abiding suspicion of the truth of Christianity took possession of my mind, but I note it as the first *mode* in which that suspicion dawned.

All my life my strongest emotions had been in the habit of embodying themselves spontaneously (for I was not conscious of any voluntary action) in some imaginary personage, whose life experiences I felt through, rather than witnessed, and whenever I was under the influence of strong feeling, I fell into their life, as it were, instead of my own. In one of these imaginary lives the hero's forgiveness of, and prayer for, his enemy, while suffering the last pangs of a crushing torture, became, by a natural development, the germ of that enemy's restoration.

All at once it flashed upon me, "Why, this is redemption by vicarious suffering. Might not this, which I feel to be a simple, natural process in the case of one individual, be possible, too, on a larger world-wide scale?"

After the main points of Theistic belief were for me established, so that my attention was free to direct itself without rather than within, the phenomena I observed in human life brought more and more into prominence the idea of a spiritual solidarity in the human race. I refer to such phenomena as the mysterious moral influence which

we exercise upon one another, seeming often to act almost like an actual contagion for good or for evil; the electric current of sympathy running through crowds; the intense love that springs up in our hearts towards persons whom we have never seen or shall see, and who know not even of our very existence, whose devotion excites our admiration and sympathy; the sentiment of unselfish patriotism common to all highly developed races; the anxiety for the welfare of distant posterity that we shall never witness; the impulse to prayer for others; the instinctive notion of thus influencing those with whom we have no apparent channels of communication; the sense of invisible spiritual bonds; the way in which our actions act and react throughout the moral universe, inasmuch as their consequences spread in every direction like the waves of light or sound, thus producing the most remote and occult effects. Surely these phenomena taken together pointed towards some underlying subtle connection of the seemingly separate individuals, tended to indicate that we are indeed members with one another of some vast organic whole. But if the human race be indeed some such vast moral organism, a body of which we are all members, what more probable than that this body should have a head—the source of sensation and motive force.

Now, such an organism, and such a Head, St. Paul expressly describes.

What if his statement, "How that by revelation He made known unto me the mystery . . . which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and *of the same body*, and partakers of His promise in Christ through the Gospel," were simply, literally true? Of a similar kind are Christ's descriptions of Himself, where He calls Himself the Vine, and His disciples the Branches; declaring that as the sap running from the root is essential to the fruit, so the existence of a spiritual connection between Him and us is essential to our bringing forth spiritual fruit. All these probabilities and hints, how-

ever, would not prove a fact, only point towards some fact or facts. But while all these scattered phenomena were presenting themselves on the one hand, on the other stood the great historical fact that at a certain date a faith had entered the world that had become the centre of a new life in decaying Roman civilization, purifying and exalting men to the extent to which they yielded themselves to its influence, so that, very partially and imperfectly as it was received, the face of society was changed. The absolute moral regeneration which in numberless individuals had visibly taken place, was ascribed by them to the power of Christ; the sins and shortcomings which marred them and their Church they ascribed with equal unanimity to themselves. The existence, in short, of a Christian Church as a turning-point in the history of mankind, and the benefits it had conferred upon European society, could not be ignored. Neither could I conceal from myself that, *supposing* the central doctrines of Christianity to be well founded, they would supply just that lever which was wanting to raise the fallen and infuse a new vitality in their degraded natures. If to the most sinful and degraded we could say not merely "Try and pray, and God will help you to be good," but "The sinless Son of God pitied you so that He has left His glory and joy, and actually taken upon Him your nature and your life, with all its suffering and humiliation, even unto a cruel death, that He might bring you back to God, and He is standing ready to change your heart and impart to you His own nature till He raise you up at last to the heaven where He dwells, if only you will trust Him and yield yourselves to Him," that it would *naturally* have, as in point of experience it always has had, a power which mere Theism has not hitherto exhibited to raise the very lowest of our race. What was I to make of this historical phenomenon of the Christian Church?

Afresh I opened the Christian Scriptures, not with any notion of submission to their authority, but simply as I would any other books, and moreover read them, too, with a constant remembrance of the dicta of modern criticism as

to the respective claims to authority of the various documents included in them. The most destructive of these critics, however, admitted the authority of the chief Epistles of St. Paul, the 1st of St. John, with the very ancient date of the composition of the Gospels, showing at least the tradition of Christ's sayings and the general belief of the early Christian Church.

It is of course impossible and would only weary you to recount in detail the impressions I received from this renewed study; the next result only can be indicated, and that was distinctly that Christ claimed for Himself, and His earliest followers for Him, *1st*, Absolute moral goodness and perfect unity with the will of God; *2nd*, Authority and headship over men.

This was combined with all that we can conceive of nobleness, purity, love, and self-sacrifice.

How could one so good lend Himself to a conscious deception? Or if unconscious, have we not constantly seen that, whenever a great man has come to any self-glorification, even though apparently justifiable by the facts of his career, the purity of his nature has instantly deteriorated, and his influence has no longer remained an unmixed channel of good? More than this; all the noblest men, excepting Christ, have in very proportion to their nobleness been characterized by humility and a deep sense of their personal unworthiness. Not that they are by any means blind to the things in which they excel others, for that would again be want of common sense, but in proportion as they rise themselves does their apprehension of God's holiness and claims on our obedience, and the scope of man's ideal, become cleared and intensified, so that the distance between aspiration and accomplishment seems to widen as they advance instead of diminishing, keeping them constantly lowly with the sense of unachieved duties and fallings from God's perfectness. And all the goodness in them, while conscious enough of it, they refer with gratitude to God, while the sin in them they feel to be their own.

Whence this absolute contrariety between the deepest experiences of Christ and that of all other good men?

Either He must be lower than they, less sensitively alive to His own weakness and shortcomings of God's standard, or else He must be immeasurably greater, even that which He claims to be, and His followers assert that He is.

The following sentences from a similar letter written in February 1882 seem to complete the thought left here unfinished:—

It seemed to me that IF Christ was what He claimed to be and His disciples claimed for Him, His life and teachings furnished the key to the otherwise insoluble problem of the moral Universe. It is a tremendous *if*, but one must accept or reject. And whatever difficulties there might be in the accepting, it seemed to me there were still greater, intellectually no less than morally, in every hypothesis of negation.

So I became a Christian, and then, of course, Christian worship and Christian communion became equally a want and a duty. Where best to find it? No Churches or sects could I think perfect, in theory any more than in practice. But the Church of England did seem to me incomparably the best of the Churches, and it was that in which I had been baptized and confirmed, and so I joined it, and find its services inexpressibly beautiful and edifying on the whole, and leave on one side that which is not so, hoping that a future time may clear away that which can be no longer true to us in these later ages.

I am quite sure *truth* ought to be followed at all hazards, that all we most need is summed up in our final prayer: "In this world knowledge of Thy truth, in the world to come life everlasting."

EMILY *to* SUSANNA

KENSINGTON, *Nov. 17th*, 1874.

Mr. Mill's book[1] *is* a sad one, and will do infinite harm to people with worse hearts than his. For himself I cannot

[1] "Three Essays on Religion: Nature; Utility of Religion; Theism." Longmans, 1874.

help thinking he was feeling his way to something better at last, chafing against the prison bars, and if his life had been spared a few years longer he would have said something better to the world than this. I agree there with the ghastly writer in the *Pall Mall* (who is *not* Mr. Stephen, I am glad to say), that Mill could not have stopped where he was; he would have begun to look for grounds for his hope, and then he would have come to belief; for which, of course, the *Pall Mall* holds him up to ridicule!

The same to the same

KENSINGTON, *Nov. 23rd*, 3 A.M., 1874.

Mill and Leslie Stephen are so oppressed by the suffering and evil of the world that they cannot believe in an omnipotent and loving Creator. But they would have us devote ourselves, sacrifice ourselves, if needful, to lessening the suffering of others, and tell us to look for our best happiness in working and hoping for the future good of the race.

I quite agree with what you say about Mill. The "experience-philosophy" cannot get at religion except by a happy fluke. But besides his philosophy there is such a strange gap in his experience. He seems never once in the whole of his life to have even conceived of the feeling with which it is natural (to us and surely to most men in all ages) to regard the Infinite Being—the absolute awe, trust, thankfulness, adoration—one cannot put it into words. He had a high and ardent ideal of *human* affection, but he never seems to have dreamt of the possibility of transferring it to anything Divine. The sort of trustful, reverential, wholehearted love he had for his wife was a much better thing than he even imagined any one feeling for the Supreme Being. He would have *seen* more of the happiness of the world if he had *trusted* more. It needs some trust even to see, truly and widely.

Nov. 26th.—Yes, no doubt the great thing in Mill's book is the intensity with which he realizes, and forces us to realize, the suffering of the world. About that one has

many thoughts—too many to write now—that are helpful, without "hardening one's heart"; but at the end of all it must remain a mystery. Only then it obviously belongs to the region of things so absolutely beyond our ken, that mystery is the natural thing, not the unnatural. And for all who have known what it is to go through the very extremity of anguish and to feel after all that it was *worth while*, that they would not have been without it, that through it has come to them—and they may perhaps hope to others—a blessedness that could never have been known to them in any other way, then the edge of the veil seems lifted, and they have a glimpse of purpose and good in other suffering beyond their own.

After all, the final effect of these books upon believers seems to me to be to make them prize more than ever the unspeakable treasures they possess. As one reads one feels chilled through to the heart's core, and a great black pall seems descending over the universe; one realizes for a time the desolation, aimlessness, worthlessness, *deadness* of human life without a God or a hereafter. But then suddenly it comes over one with a rush that this is all an illusion; that it is not *true;* that we *have* a Father in heaven, who cares for us and for all; and the unutterable blessedness of that thought overpowers and melts one as it never did before. One is shamed to think that one can ever be discontented or impatient or desponding, and a great flood of hope rises in one's heart, not only for one's self, but for those who do not yet know these good things.

CATHERINE *to her aunt*, MISS MARY BURGESS

UPPER PHILLIMORE GARDENS, *Dec. 24th*, 1874.

I know well how full these seasons must be of sad memories to you, but I trust they bring some happy ones too, of the good people you have loved and who have loved and respected you so heartily. I often think, when I hear talk so common nowadays of the difficulties of a single woman's lot, how *you* have managed to surmount them;

how, with only yourself to rely on, your own education, energy, and character, you have won your way to usefulness, esteem, affection, and independence, and the power of helping your family, instead of leaning on it. Now, I know you have much to bear, much loneliness, often much suffering; yet I think the consciousness of all this in the past, the trust in Him whom you have trusted all your life, and who has guided and supported you thus far unto the present, and the hope of a glorious future with all its happy meetings, must often bring you a deep peace and satisfaction, and make it easier to be patient and submissive at all times.

CHAPTER XIII

1875–1887

In the spring of 1875 Catherine went abroad with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Percival. They started by way of Avignon, visiting J. S. Mill's house and tomb; after a day or two at Nîmes, they went on to the Riviera, and returned by Turin and Paris, reaching home early in May.

CATHERINE *to* EVELYN ABBOTT

21 VICTORIA SQUARE, *May* 12, 1875.

I have been put on the Council of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, so I shall sometimes have to go over there and learn something about the working and effects of a large girls' school. I often think of what you said to me in your last letter about the ill effects of large boys' schools; the way in which they annul the individuality of the boy, and give him a school individuality (rather an Irish way of putting it) instead. I believe it to be quite true, and yet, what else is one to do? I don't see that the boys I have known, trained in small private schools, make better men than the others on the whole, I should say (though I *have* known some very good single specimens among them), and they certainly lose something of fitness for that corporate life which is so essential an element in a country like ours. Perhaps one can't have the two good things combined—fitness for social and political life in a great community, and the highest development of the individual. Do you think that is the truth? And that we are inclined here in England to sacrifice too much to the corporate life? But its exigencies are imperative in these days, and with our institutions, which can only be well worked in so complex an Empire on condition that the

educated classes maintain their willingness for, and superior readiness in, corporate action. Only this is one of the points where I don't wish women to imitate men too closely. I want them to feel that it is their business to maintain variety of type, and individuality of development, and leisure (which has nothing to do with idleness), the leisure for calm thought, and grace, and affection, against the tendency to excessive competition, intense overwork, and running character and action into uniform grooves. I daresay that you will say that there is not much danger on this side with women, and that it is all the other way—what they need to learn *is* the power of working together, and this is true. But I don't want them to learn it at too great a cost it we can help it.

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

KENSINGTON, *Nov. 25th*, 1876.

Yes, G. liked Princess Alice at the party.[1] She came *quite* alone, in a big hat and old black gown, ran about like a young girl, and would not have the least notice taken of her. Octavia Hill has been a great deal with her, to the East End, &c., and tells me amusing stories of their adventures.

Mrs. Tom Hughes has just been telling me about Dean Stanley taking Princess Alice to call on Carlyle, and how pleased the old man was, and how he began telling her all about his first learning German, and what he first cared for in German literature. She sent for George Macdonald too, because she likes his books. Altogether she seems to have been interested in all the things and people most worth caring for.

The same to the same

KENSINGTON, *Dec. 24th*, 1876.

I wish Mrs. Kingsley had not been so fond of her husband! I am only half through her first volume, but it provokes me to see so many of his merely rhapsodical letters put in; it gives an unjust impression of his intellect.

[1] A party for the entertainment of the tenants from various houses for the poor, managed by Octavia Hill.

And I wanted my boys to read the book and get good; for his rich, free, vivid, intense nature is just the sort to take hold of them, and his warm piety, his direct vision of God in everything, is just what they want. I am disappointed, too, to find that he knew less thought than I had supposed. It was his wife converted him, not Mr. Maurice. He went through a year of the old, smooth, complacent Deism, but of Theism, as it exists now, he seems not to have a conception. I wish he had met Mr. Martineau thirty years ago.

Mr. Martineau's last volume of sermons are beautiful and full of Christianity, but there is a tone of lofty melancholy running through them.

CATHERINE *to* EMILY

HOTEL DE PROVENCE, CANNES,
Jan. 7th, 1877.

When you talk of ——'s being so near and longing for the Kingdom of Heaven, I feel how intensely true it is, and how I long to be able ever to speak of such things as I ought to do. If you feel that, I have ten times more cause to repent of the half-heartedness and the shyness that weigh upon my tongue. It not unfrequently happens that I am called to speak of God and our relations to Him, or to try to "justify His ways to men" to others, and in a very blundering way I can at least attempt it. But when it is to ——, my mouth seems shut. If I were a great deal better than I am, the fire within would kindle and burst out, I know that; I can only wish that it might be so some day.

CATHERINE *to* EVELYN ABBOTT

HOTEL DE PROVENCE, *Jan. 14th*, 1877.

The glories of the sunsets behind the Esterels are worth coming for alone, I think! For the last three days there has been such clear radiance of light, such glow of colour, as hardly summer can bring with us; and the garden full of roses, passion-flowers, honeysuckles, &c. I do love sunshine with all my heart, both natural and spiritual, but we

are going to lose a bit of ours. It has been very charming to see the children's delight in everything, and they make the Christmas, that would have been a little dree without them, very warm and bright to us. But alas! they are going back to England and school.

I hope you like Kingsley's "Life"? I was fond of him always, there was such life and warmth and steady affection and humility in him. How that gift of vividness of life in itself attracts one! and when the life is noble as well as vivid, it has a wonderful fascination in personal intercourse.

The same to the same

21 Victoria Square, *May 27th*, 1877.

On the Italian lakes we travelled for some days with the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, without knowing who they were. He talked alternately art and Eastern Question to me, and on the latter was strongly Gladstonian in his views; only *more* pro-Russian and anti-Turkish; so that I set him down for some rich young High Church man with excellent intentions and Greek Church proclivities. I had always understood the Roman Catholics, especially the new ones, were anti-Russian. Both he and General Walker knew the Czarewitch, and gave the same unpleasant account of him;—that he is a coarse, hard, mere soldier; his head full of military glory and aggrandisement, and an open enemy to Germany; and that his accession will be a real danger to the peace of Europe. Mr. Ruskin was in Venice when we were there, but we did not meet him—we only heard of him as "the great Ruskino"—and one of our party asking *why* he was great, was told by the head-waiter that it was because he always ordered the very best French wines, never drank more than two or three glasses, and never had the bottle up a second time. What will he do, alas! on £300 a year?

You see I am writing gossip because the other things that filled my days through the winter and spring are less easy to say anything about—lovely scenery—and art of

all kinds except music. I heard no good music, even in the great cathedrals on the grand occasions, but of all the beauty that comes in by the eye I had a delicious variety. As to reading, I read nothing but an occasional newspaper, and I feel a perfect ignoramus among my friends in England.

The same to the same

MACKWORTH, DERBY, *Aug. 1st*, 1877.

I have felt unhappy about various friends lately. Miss Carpenter's death was a great loss to us, especially to my eldest sister, and the Symonds' departure from Clifton is a dreadful loss to me. We may hope for them back in two years, if all goes well, but two years is a long time, and meanwhile we shall have no one the least like them. They are very individual people indeed, and really and truly dear and close friends to me.

I have been reading Mr. Frederic Harrison on "The Soul and the Future Life" since I came here, with the same curious bewilderment with which I read most of his utterances. There is very much that I admire and agree with in what he says; but one-half of his argument seems to me to cut all the ground away from under the feet of the other half. And when he says that belief in a future life indisposes to effort for the improvement of this, the statement seems to me singularly untrue, in spite of the recluse ascetics of whom I suppose he is thinking. All the greatest efforts for the amelioration of the sufferings, the ignorance, and the wickedness of mankind, have come from a true Christian faith, just because it gives boundless hope, and a good ground for infinite hope, and hope is of all things what one needs for effort.

EMILY *to* CATHERINE

KENSINGTON, *Nov. 23rd*, 1877.

We have been seeing a most charming Russian lady lately, whom Will and Meg met abroad, a Madame Novikoff, sister of the Russian Ambassador at Vienna. We have

introduced Mr. Hutton and Mr. Stansfeld to her, for she is full of interesting Russian information, knows both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, but, of course, does not like the latter. She was at the Old Catholic Congress, too, and is very full of the union of the churches, and I want you to know her some day, when she comes over again. Her brother was the first Russian volunteer killed in Servia last year, and she says we can hardly imagine the hearty *enthusiasm* for the war in Russia.

CATHERINE *to* EVELYN ABBOTT

VICTORIA SQUARE, *Dec. 23rd*, 1877.

I will not let Christmas pass without bringing you a greeting from me, full of good wishes for the coming year to you, and of thanks for your kindness in sending me "Duncker."[1] I have read parts of it, which have interested me extremely: the introduction, the description of the physical features and the religion of Egypt, and a good deal about the Semitic nations. Some day I mean to read it quite straight through, though there are parts—giving reasons for various theories of chronology, for instance—where I am too ignorant to follow the argument clearly; but, as a whole, it gives exactly the picture of those great lost civilizations which I have always wanted. All I know—and it is like many other people's knowledge—is a number of incoherent fragments, mostly picturesque stories, which float vaguely in my memory. I find "Duncker" very pleasant and easy reading, which shows how well it must be translated.

The same to the same

TORQUAY, *April 28th*, 1878.

My winter has been a very busy one. There has been a good deal to do in starting our new Girls' High School. We are trying very hard not to overwork the children, but to keep the even way of good but moderate work.

[1] "The History of Antiquity," by Maximilian W. Duncker. Translated by Evelyn Abbott. 6 vols. 1877–1882. Bentley.

I have had but little time for reading. What I have read has been chiefly for "edification," such as my old friend Bishop Ewing's "Life and Sermons" and the second vol. of "Erskine's Life." When one's daily life is very full of small cares and of serious anxieties, one always needs some rill from the great fountain of life and joy flowing through it to sweeten and freshen it. Art does this in many shapes. I suppose Science does to people who understand it better than I do. And these are all streams from the one fountain; but nothing does it so completely as spiritual writings of the right sort, because these refresh one's heart and tranquillize one's affections as nothing else does. It will be a long time before mere *intellectual* overwork is common among women; but overstrain of their hearts is very common, and often hurts their health, without any question of "love" in the technical sense at all.

During the winter of 1877–8 Catherine was often much overtired by her work in connection with the High School, the long Council meetings, the arrangements for starting a boarding-house, &c. When in London she consulted a doctor, but he saw nothing in the state of her heart to cause anxiety, and she therefore started quite alone on her journey to Mornex, near Geneva, where she was to join Annie Shaen and help her in the care of their nephew, Frank Shaen, then an invalid. She arrived on June 17th, and on the 21st they proceeded to Monnetier, a beautifully situated village between the Grand and Petit Salève. On the morning of the 1st of July she was suddenly attacked by a pain at the heart, and in half-an-hour all was over. Susanna immediately started for Monnetier, and in a few days Catherine was laid to rest in the corner of the churchyard set aside for Protestants. As soon as Alice could make the necessary arrangements she took their stepmother

to Clapham, to stay with her sister Mrs. Edgar; this was the last time that Mrs. Winkworth was able to make the journey to London, and henceforward the two remaining sisters never left home at the same time. Alice then went out to Susanna, who had by this time joined the Shaens at Beatenberg. From there the sisters returned to Monnetier, where they remained for a time to superintend the erection of the monument to Catherine.

In order to do honour to the memory which was so dear to them, her friends raised a sum sufficient to endow two "Catherine Winkworth" scholarships for women at the Bristol University College, and also to erect a memorial tablet to her in Bristol Cathedral. The inscription is subjoined:—

In Memory of
CATHERINE WINKWORTH,
Who, in her Lyra Germanica,
Rendering into English verse
The treasures of German sacred poetry,
Opened a new source of light, consolation, and strength
In many thousand homes.

Her works reveal a clear and harmonious intellect,
A gift of true poetic insight and expression,
And the firm Christian faith
Which was the mainspring of a life
Rich in tender and affectionate ministration,
And fruitful in various fields of active service.

Her loss is mourned by all who shared her labour,
And by the many friends whom death has bereft
Of her rare sympathy, her wise counsel,
Her bright companionship, and her unfailing help
In every time of need.

To commemorate her work, and to perpetuate
Her efforts for the better education of women,
A scholarship, bearing her name,
Has been founded in University College, Bristol,
By friends who now dedicate this tablet
To her memory.

Born in London, September 13th, 1827,
Died in Monnetier, Savoy, July 1st, 1878.

"The child has now its Father seen,
And feels what kindling love may be,
And knoweth what those words may mean,
'Himself, the Father, loveth thee.'"
LYRA GERMANICA.

A few extracts are given from the many letters received from friends after her death.

Her sweet, calm, tender *wisdom* (when people asked me if she wasn't "very clever," I always said "much more than *clever*, she is most *wise*"), which she spent her life and precious strength in applying to the help and comfort of others, and her exquisite power of sympathy, made her stand out quite apart from all others.

The other day Dr. Percival gave a short picture of her and her work to the girls at the High School, urging them to imitate her bright example of pure and beautiful womanhood, dwelling on her great gifts and high culture, but especially on her modesty and gentleness. He said she was all that both men and women most wished that those they loved might be.

MRS. J. A. SYMONDS *to* SUSANNA

DAVOS, *Sept. 15th*, 1878.

Why should you speak so humbly of yourself, you who have all your life been doing good work for others and forgetting only yourself, cheerfully going through the drudgery of real benevolence? How often and how long I have admired the self-devoted excellence of you two sisters, cheerfully putting aside the mere culture of your intellect, in order to help less gifted people and unravel the tangles of their insignificant lives! This seems to me real devotion to God's work, and the purest unselfishness

this world can produce. If I had ever wanted a friend's help or advice in perplexity I should have come to you two sisters instantly, knowing yours was the practical friendship that would care for one most in trouble. Kate's eminent gift, above all the women I have ever known, was her exquisite tact. It was real genius. I think of you now finding all the holes in the work, tedious tiresome work, that she gave her noble heart to, because others wanted it of her, and there seemed to be no one exactly to do it but her. Like you, I have mourned so often for the wealth of originality left untouched in her mind, the stories untold, unwritten, because to bring them out she would have had to take some time of rest for herself, which other people claimed of her. It was when my little Madge was recovering from illness, five years ago, that I first heard her use that rare gift of telling stories, which entranced all children that heard her. Her voice is in my ears now as I think of it, that "sweet, deep voice," as the *Examiner* truly called it.

After Catherine's death Susanna was elected in her place as a Governor of the Red Maids' School and a member of the Council of the Cheltenham Ladies' College. She did not long survive the sister who was the chief joy of her life. She died on November 25th, 1884, and her death was swiftly followed by those of Selina in February 1885, of Stephen in July 1886, and of Emily on October 2nd, 1887, who survived her husband exactly six months.

"Their very memory is fair and bright,
And our sad thoughts doth clear."

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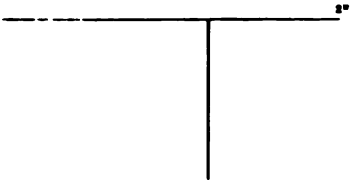

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